

11601. c. 19.

THE
WORKS
OF THE
ENGLISH POETS.

WITH
P R E F A C E S,
BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,
BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

VOLUME THE TWENTY-EIGHTH

L O N D O N:

PRINTED BY H. BALDWIN;

FOR C. BATHURST, J. BUCKLAND, W. STRAHAN, J. RIVINGTON AND SONS, T. DAVIES, T. PAYNE, L. DAVIS, W. OWEN, B. WHITE, S. CROWDER, T. CASLON, T. LONGMAN, B. LAW, E. AND C. BILLY, J. DODSLEY, H. BALDWIN, J. WILKIE, J. ROBSON, J. JOHNSON, T. LOWNDES, T. BECKET, G. ROBINSON, T. CADELL, W. DAVIS, J. NICHOLS, F. NEWBERRY, T. EVANS, J. RIDLEY, R. BALDWIN, G. NICOL, LEIGH AND SOTHEY, J. BEW, N. CONANT, J. MURRAY, W. FOX, J. BOWEN.

M D C C L X X I X.

1847
LUCAN'S PHARSALIA.

BOOK V.

THE ARGUMENT.

In the first book of the Pharsalia, Lucan, who was a
contemporary of Pompey, and a friend of the latter, describes
the death of Pompey, and the fall of the Republic.

R O W E ' S
L U C A N.

VOLUME II.

THE SIX LAST BOOKS.

R O W E S

L U C A N



THE BOOKS

LUCAN'S PHARSALIA.

B O O K V.

THE ARGUMENT.

In Epirus the consuls assemble the senate, who unanimously appoint Pompey general of the war against Cæsar, and decree public thanks to the several princes and states who assisted the commonwealth. Appius, at that time prætor of Achaia, consults the Oracle of Delphos, concerning the event of the civil war. And, upon this occasion, the poet goes into a digression concerning the origin, the manner of the delivery, and the present silence of that oracle. From Spain, Cæsar returns into Italy, where he quells a mutiny in his army, and punishes the offenders. From Placentia, where this disorder happened, he orders them to march to Brundisium; where, after a short turn to Rome, and assuming the consulship, or rather the supreme power, he joins them himself. From Brundisium, though it was then the middle of winter, he transports part of his army by sea to Epirus, and lands at Palæste. Pompey, who then lay about Candavia, hearing of Cæsar's arrival, and being in pain for Dyrrachium, marched that way: On the banks of the river Apfus, they met and incamped close together. Cæsar was not yet joined by that part of his troops which he had left behind him at Brundisium, under the command of Mark Anthony; and being uneasy at his delays leaves his camp by night, and ventures over a tempestuous sea in a small bark to hasten the transport. Upon Cæsar joining his forces together, Pompey perceived that the war would now probably be soon decided by a battle; and upon that consideration, resolved to send his wife to expect the event at Lesbos. Their parting, which is extremely moving, concludes this book.

THUS, equal fortune holds a while the scale,
 And bids the leading chiefs by turns prevail;
 In doubt the goddess, yet, their fate detains,
 And keeps them for Emathia's fatal plains.

And now the setting Pleiades grew low, 5

The hills stood hoary in December's snow;

The solemn season was approaching near,

When other names renew'd the Fasti wear,

And double Janus leads the coming year.

The consuls, while their rods they yet remain'd, 10

While, yet, some shew of liberty maintain'd,

With missives round the scatter'd fathers greet,

And in Epirus bid the senate meet.

There the great rulers of the Roman state,

In foreign seats, consulting, meanly sat. 15

No face of war the grave assembly wears,

But civil power in peaceful pomp appears :

The purple order to their place resort,

While waiting liſtors guard the croud'd court.

No faction these, nor party, seem to be, 20

But a full senate, legal, just, and free.

Great, as he is, here Pompey stands confess

A private man, and one among the rest.

Their mutual groans, at length, and murmurs cease,

And every mournful sound is hush'd in peace; 25

When from the consular distinguish'd throne,

Sublimely rais'd, thus Lentulus begun.

If yet our Roman virtue is the same,

Yet worthy of the race from which we came,

And emulates our great forefathers name,

Let

Let not our thoughts, by sad remembrance led, 31
 Bewail those captive walls from whence we fled.
 This time demands that to ourselves we turn,
 Nor, fathers, have we leisure now to mourn;
 But let each early care, each honest heart, 35
 Our senate's sacred dignity assert.
 To all around proclaim it, wide, and near,
 That power which kings obey, and nations fear, }
 That only legal power of Rome, is here. }
 For whether to the Northern Bear we go, 40
 Where pale she glitters o'er eternal snow;
 Or whether in those sultry climes we burn,
 Where night and day with equal hours return;
 The world shall still acknowledge us its head,
 And empire follow wheresoe'er we lead. 45
 When Gallic flames the burning city felt,
 At Veia Rome with her Camillus dwelt.
 Beneath forsaken roofs proud Cæsar reigns,
 Our vacant courts, and silent laws constrains;
 While slaves obedient to his tyrant will, 50
 Outlaws, and profligates, his senate fill;
 With him a banish'd guilty croud appear,
 All that are just and innocent are here.
 Dispers'd by war, though guiltless of its crimes,
 Our order yielded to these impious times; 55
 At length returning each from his retreat,
 In happy hour the scatter'd members meet.
 The gods and fortune greet us on the way,
 And with the world lost Italy repay.
 Upon Illyria's favourable coast, 60
 Vulteius with his furious band are lost;

While

While in bold Curio, on the Libyan plain,
 One half of Cæsar's senators lie slain.
 March then, ye warriors! second fate's design,
 And to the leading gods your ardour join, 65
 With equal constancy to battle come,
 As when you shunn'd the foe, and left your native Rome.
 The period of the consuls power is near,
 Who yield our Fasces with the ending year:
 But you, ye fathers, whom we still obey, 70
 Who rule mankind with undetermin'd sway,
 Attend the public weal, with faithful care,
 And bid our greatest Pompey lead the war.

In loud applause the pleas'd assembly join,
 And to the glorious task the chief assign: 75
 His country's fate they trust to him alone,
 And bid him fight Rome's battles, and his own.
 Next, to their friends their thanks are dealt around,
 And some with gifts, and some with praise are crown'd:
 Of these, the chief are Rhodes, by Phœbus lov'd, 80
 And Sparta rough, in virtue's lore approv'd.
 Of Athens much they speak; Massilia's aid
 Is with her parent Phocis' freedom paid.
 Deiotarus his truth they much commend,
 Their still unshaken faithful Asian friend. 85
 Brave Cotys and his valiant son they grace,
 With bold Rhafipolis from stormy Thrace.
 While gallant Juba justly is decreed
 To his paternal sceptre to succeed.
 And thou too, Ptolemy, (unrighteous fate!) 90
 Wert rais'd unworthy to the regal state;

The

The crown upon thy perjur'd temples shone,
 That once was borne by Philip's godlike son.
 O'er Ægypt shakes the boy his cruel sword:
 (Oh! that he had been only Ægypt's lord!) 95

But the dire gift more dreadful mischiefs wait,
 While Lagos' sceptre gives him Pompey's fate:
 Preventing Cæsar's, and his sister's hand,
 He seiz'd his parricide, and her command.

Th' assembly rose, and all on war intent 100
 Bustle to arms, and blindly wait th' event.
 Appius alone, impatient to be taught,
 With what the threatening future times were fraught,
 With busy curiosity explores

The dreadful purpose of the heavenly powers. 105
 To Delphos straight he flies, where long the god
 In silence had possess'd his close abode;
 His oracles had long been known to cease,
 And the prophetic virgin liv'd in peace.

Between the ruddy west and eastern skies, 110
 In the mid-earth Parnassus' tops arise:
 To Phœbus, and the chearful god of wine,
 Sacred in common stands the hill divine. 113

Still as the third revolving year comes round,
 The Mænades, with leafy chaplets crown'd,
 The double deity in solemn songs resound. }

When, o'er the world, the deluge wide was spread,
 This only mountain rear'd his lofty head;
 One rising rock, preserv'd, a bound was given,
 Between the vasty deep, and ambient heaven. 120

Here,

Here, to revenge long-vex'd Latona's pain,
 Python by infant Pæan's darts was slain,
 While yet the realm was held by Themis' righteous
 reign.

But when the god perceiv'd, how from below
 The conscious caves diviner breathings blow, 125
 How vapours could unfold th' enquirer's doom,
 And talking winds could speak of things to come;
 Deep in the hollows plunging he retir'd,
 There, with foretelling fury first inspir'd,
 From thence the prophet's art and honours he acquir'd.

So runs the tale. And oh! what god indeed 131
 Within this gloomy cavern's depth is hid?
 What power divine forsakes the heaven's fair light,
 To dwell with earth, and everlasting night?
 What is this spirit, potent, wise, and great, 135
 Who deigns to make a mortal frame his seat;
 Who the long chain of secret causes knows,
 Whose oracles the years to come disclose;
 Who through eternity at once foresees,
 And tells that fate which he himself decrees? 140
 Part of that soul, perhaps, which moves in all,
 Whose energy informs the pendent ball,
 Through this dark passage seeks the realms above,
 And strives to re-unite itself to Jove.
 Whate'er the Dæmon, when he stands confess'd 145
 Within his raging priestess' panting breast,
 Dreadful his godhead from the virgin breaks,
 And thundering from her foamy mouth he speaks.

Such

Such is the burst of bellowing Ætna's sound,
 When fair Sicilia's pastures shake around ; 150
 Such from Inarimè Typhœus roars,
 While rattling rocks bestrew Campania's shores.

The listening god, still ready with replies,
 To none his aid, or oracle, denies ;
 Yet, wise and righteous ever, scorns to hear 155
 The fool's fond wishes, or the guilty's prayer ;
 Though vainly in repeated vows they trust,
 None e'er find grace before him, but the just.
 Oft to a banish'd, wandering, houseless race,
 The sacred dictates have assign'd a place. 160

Oft from the strong he saves the weak in war :
 This truth, ye Salaminian seas, declare !
 And heals the barren land, and pestilential air. }
 Of all the wants with which this age is curst,
 The Delphic silence surely is the worst. 165

But tyrants, justly fearful of their doom,
 Forbid the gods to tell us what 's to come.
 Mean-while, the prophets may well rejoice,
 And bless the ceasing of the sacred voice :
 Since death too oft her holy task attends, 170
 And immature her dreadful labour ends.

Torn by the fierce distracting rage she springs,
 And dies beneath the god for whom she sings.

These silent caves, these Tripods long unmov'd,
 Anxious for Rome, inquiring Appius prov'd : 175
 He bids the guardian of the dread abode
 Send in the trembling priestess to the god.

The reverend sire the Latian chief obey'd,
 And sudden seiz'd the unsuspecting maid,
 Where careless in the peaceful grove she stray'd.
 Dismay'd, aghast, and pale, he drags her on;
 She stops, and strives the fatal task to shun:
 Subdued by force, to fraud and art she flies,
 And thus to turn the Roman's purpose tries:
 What curious hopes thy wandering fancy move, 185
 The silent Delphic oracle to prove?
 In vain, Ausonian Appius, art thou come;
 Long has our Phoebus and his cave been dumb.
 Whether, disdaining us, the sacred voice
 Has made some other distant land its choice; 190
 Or whether, when the fierce barbarians' fires
 Low in the dust had laid our lofty spires,
 In heaps the mouldering ashes heavy rod,
 And chok'd the channels of the breathing god:
 Or whether heaven no longer gives replies, 195
 But bids the Sibyls mystic verse suffice;
 Or, if he deigns not this bad age to bear,
 And holds the world unworthy of his care;
 Whate'er the cause, our god has long been mute,
 And answers not to any suppliant's suit. 200

But, ah! too well her artifice is known,
 Her fears confess the god, whom they disown.
 Howe'er, each rite she seemingly prepares;
 A fillet gathers up her foremost hairs;
 While the white wreath and bays her temples bind, 205
 And knit the looser locks which flow behind.
 Sudden, the stronger priest, though yet she strives,
 The lingering maid within the temple drives:

But

But still she fears, still shuns the dreadful shrine,
Lags in the outer space, and feigns the rage divine. 210
But far unlike the god, her calmer breast

No strong enthusiastic throes confess;
No terrors in her starting hairs were seen,
To cast from off her brow the wreathing green;
No broken accents half obstructed hung, 215
Nor swelling murmurs roll her labouring tongue.

From her fierce jaws no sounding horrors come,
No thunders bellow through the working foam,
To rend the spacious cave, and shake the vaulted dome. }

Too plain, the peaceful groves and fane betray'd 220
The wily, fearful, god-dissembling maid.

The furious Roman soon the fraud espy'd,
And, Hope not thou to 'scape my rage, he cry'd;
Sore shalt thou rue thy fond deceit, profane,
(The gods and Appius are not mock'd in vain) 225

Unless thou cease thy mortal sounds to tell,
Unless thou plunge thee in the mystic cell,
Unless the gods themselves reveal the doom,
Which shall befall the warring world and Rome.

He spoke, and, aw'd, by the superior dread, 230

The trembling priestess to the Tripod fled:

Close to the holy breathing vent she cleaves,

And largely the unwonted god receives.

Nor age the potent spirit had decay'd,

But with full force he fills the heaving maid; 235

Nor e'er so strong inspiring Pæan came,

Nor stretch'd, as now, her agonizing frame:

The mortal mind driv'n out forsook her breast,

And the sole godhead every part possess.

Now swell her veins, her turgid sinews rise, 240
And bounding frantic through the cave she flies;
Her bristling locks the wreathy fillet scorn,
And her fierce feet the tumbling Tripods spurn.
Now wild she dances o'er the vacant fane,
And whirls her giddy head, and bellows with the pain.
Nor yet the less th' avenging wrathful god 246
Pours in his fires, and shakes his sounding rod:
He lashes now, and goads her on amain;
And now he checks her stubborn to the rein,
Curbs in her tongue, just labouring to disclose, 250
And speak that fate which in her bosom glows.
Ages on ages throng, a painful load,
Myriads of images, and myriads croud;
Men, times, and things, or present, or to come,
Work labouring up and down, and urge for room. 255
Whatever is, shall be, or e'er has been,
Rolls in her thought, and to her sight is seen.
The ocean's utmost bounds her eyes explore,
And number every sand on every shore;
Nature, and all her works, at once they see, 260
Know when she first begun, and when her end shall be.
And as the Sibyl once in Cumæ's cell,
When vulgar fates she proudly ceas'd to tell,
The Roman destiny distinguish'd took,
And kept it careful in her sacred book; 265
So now, Phemonœ, in crouds of thought,
The single doom of Latian Appius sought.
Nor in that mass, where multitudes abound,
A private fortune can with ease be found,

But

LUCAN'S PHARSALIA, Book V. 213

At length her foamy mouth begins to flow, 270

Groans more distinct, and plainer murmurs go :

A doleful howl the roomy cavern shook,

And thus the calmer maid in fainting accents spoke :

While guilty rage the world tumultuous rends,

In peace for thee, Eubœa's vale attends ; 275

Thither, as to thy refuge, shalt thou fly,

There find repose, and unmolested lye.

She said ; the god her labouring tongue suppress,

And in eternal darkness veil'd the rest.

Ye sacred Tripods, on whose doom we wait ! 280

Ye guardians of the future laws of fate !

And thou, oh ! Phœbus, whose prophetic skill

Reads the dark counsels of the heavenly will ;

Why did your wary oracles refrain,

To tell what kings, what heroes must be slain,

And how much blood the blushing earth should stain ? } 285

Was it that, yet, the guilt was undecreed ?

That yet our Pompey was not doom'd to bleed ?

Or chose you wisely, rather, to afford

A just occasion to the patriot's sword ? 290

As if you fear'd t' avert the tyrant's doom,

And hinder Brutus from avenging Rome ?

Through the wide gates at length by force display'd,

Impetuous fallies the prophetic maid ;

Nor yet the holy rage was all suppress'd, 295

Part of the god still heaving in her breast :

Urg'd by the Dæmon, yet she rolls her eyes,

And wildly wanders o'er the spacious skies.

Now horrid purple flushes in her face,

And now a livid pale supplies the place ; 300

A double madness paints her cheeks by turns,
 With fear she freezes, and with fury burns :
 Sad breathing sighs with heavy accent go,
 And doleful from her fainting bosom blow.
 So when no more the storm sonorous sings,
 But noisy Boreas hangs his weary wings :
 In hollow groans the falling winds complain,
 And murmur o'er the hoarse-resounding main.

305

Now by degrees the fire æthereal fail'd,
 And the dull human sense again prevail'd ;
 While Phœbus, sudden, in a murky shade,
 Hid the past vision from the mortal maid.
 Thick clouds of dark oblivion rise between,
 And snatch away at once the wondrous scene ;
 Stretch'd on the ground the fainting priestess lies,
 While to the Tripod, back, th' informing spirit flies.

310

315

Mean-while, fond Appius, erring in his fate,
 Dream'd of long safety, and a neutral state ;
 And, ere the great event of war was known,
 Fix'd on Eubœan Chalcis for his own.
 Fool ! to believe that power could ward the blow,
 Or snatch thee from amidst the general woe !
 In times like these, what god but death can save ?
 The world can yield no refuge, but the grave.
 Where struggling seas Charytos rude constrains,
 And, dreadful to the proud, Rhamnusia reigns ;
 Where by the whirling current barks are tost
 From Chalcis to unlucky Auli's coast ;
 There shalt thou meet the gods appointed doom,
 A private death, and long-remember'd tomb.

320

325

330

T o

To other wars the victor now succeeds,
 And his proud eagles from Iberia leads :
 When the chang'd gods his ruin seem'd to threat,
 And cross the long successful course of fate.
 Amidst his camp, and fearless of his foes, 335
 Sudden he saw where inborn dangers rose,
 He saw those troops that long had faithful stood,
 Friends to his cause, and enemies to good,
 Grown weary of their chief, and satiated with blood. }
 Whether the trumpet's sound too long had ceas'd, 340
 And slaughter slept in unaccustom'd rest :
 Or whether, arrogant by mischief made,
 The soldier held his guilt but half repay'd :
 Whilst avarice and hope of bribes prevail, }
 Turn against Cæsar, and his cause, the scale,
 And set the mercenary sword to sale.
 Nor, e'er before, so truly could he read
 What dangers strow those paths the mighty tread,
 Then, first he found, on what a faithless base
 Their nodding towers ambition's builders place : 350
 He who so late, a potent faction's head,
 Drew in the nations, and the legions led ;
 Now stript of all, beheld in every hand
 The warriors weapons at their own command ;
 Nor service now, nor safety they afford, 355
 But leave him single to his guardian sword.
 Nor is this rage the grumbling of a croud,
 That shun to tell their discontents aloud ;
 Where all with gloomy looks suspicious go,
 And dread of an informer chokes their woe : 360

Give us, on beds, our dying limbs to lay, 390
 And sigh, at home, our parting souls away.
 Nor think it much we make the bold demand,
 And ask this wondrous favour at thy hand :
 Let our poor babes and weeping wives be by,
 To close our drooping eyelids when we die. 395
 Be merciful, and let disease afford
 Some other way to die, beside the sword ;
 Let us no more a common carnage burn,
 But each be laid in his own decent urn.
 Still wilt thou urge us, ignorant and blind, 400
 To some more monstrous mischief yet behind ?
 Are we the only fools, forbid to know
 How much we may deserve by one sure blow ?
 Thy head, thy head is ours, whene'er we please ;
 Well has thy war inspir'd such thoughts as these : 405
 What laws, what oaths, can urge their feeble bands,
 To hinder these determin'd daring hands ?
 That Cæsar, who was once ordain'd our head,
 When to the Rhine our lawful arms he led,
 Is now no more our chieftain, but our mate ; 410
 Guilt equal, gives equality of state.
 Nor shall his foul ingratitude prevail,
 Nor weigh our merits in his partial scale ;
 He views our labours with a scornful glance,
 And calls our victories the works of chance : 415
 But his proud heart, henceforth, shall learn to own,
 His power, his fate, depends on us alone.
 Yes, Cæsar, spite of all those rods that wait,
 With mean obsequious service, on thy state ;

Spite

Spite of thy gods, and thee, the war shall cease, 420
And we thy soldiers will command a peace.

He spoke, and fierce tumultuous rage inspir'd,
The kindling legions round the camp were fir'd,
And with loud cries their absent chief requir'd. }

Permit it thus, ye righteous gods, to be ; 425

Let wicked hands fulfil your great decree ;

And, since lost faith and virtue are no more,

Let Cæsar's bands the public peace restore.

What leader had not now been chill'd with fear,

And heard this tumult with the last despair ? 430

But Cæsar, form'd for perils hard and great,

Headlong to drive, and brave opposing fate ;

While yet with fiercest fires their furies flame,

Secure, and scornful of the danger, came.

Nor was he wroth to see the madness rise, 435

And mark the vengeance threatening in their eyes ;

With pleasure could he crown their curst designs,

With rapes of matrons, and the spoils of shrines ;

Had they but ask'd it, well he could approve

The waste and plunder of Tarpeian Jove : 440

No mischief he, no sacrilege, denies,

But would himself bestow the horrid prize.

With joy he sees their souls by rage possess'd,

Sooths and indulges every frantic breast, }

And only fears what reason may suggest.

Still, Cæsar, wilt thou tread the paths of blood ?

Wilt thou, thou singly, hate thy country's good ?

Shall the rude soldier first of war complain,

And teach thee to be pitiful in vain ?

Give

LUCAN'S PHARSALIA, Book V. 219

Give o'er at length, and let thy labours cease, 450
Nor vex the world, but learn to suffer peace.

Why shouldst thou force each, now, unwilling hand,
And drive them on to guilt, by thy command?

When ev'n relenting rage itself gives place,
And fierce Enyo seems to shun thy face. 455

High on a turf bank the chief was rear'd,
Fearless, and therefore worthy to be fear'd;
Around the croud he cast an angry look,
And, dreadful, thus with indignation spoke:

Ye noisy herd! who in so fierce a strain 460
Against your absent leader dare complain:
Behold! where naked and unarm'd he stands,
And braves the malice of your threatening hands.
Here find your end of war, your long-sought rest,
And leave your useless swords in Cæsar's breast. 465

But wherefore urge I the bold deed to you?
To rail, is all your feeble rage can do.

In grumbling factions are you bold and loud,
Can sow sedition, and increase a croud;

You! who can loath the glories of the great, 470
And poorly meditate a base retreat.

But, hence! be gone from victory and me,
Leave me to what my better fates decree:
New friends, new troops, my fortune shall afford,
And find a hand for every vacant sword. 475

Behold, what crouds on flying Pompey wait,
What multitudes attend his abject state!

And shall success, and Cæsar, droop the while?
Shall I want numbers to divide the spoil,
And reap the fruits of your forgotten toil?

Legions shall come to end the bloodless war,
And shouting follow my triumphal car.

While you, a vulgar, mean, abandon'd race,
Shall view our honours with a downward face,
And curse yourselves in secret as we pass.

Can your vain aid, can your departing force,
Withhold my conquest, or delay my course?
So trickling brooks their waters may deny,
And hope to leave the mighty ocean dry;
The deep shall still be full, and scorn the poor supply.

Nor think such vulgar souls as yours were given,
To be the task of fate, and care of heaven:
Few are the lordly, the distinguish'd great,
On whom the watchful gods, like guardians, wait:
The rest for common use were all design'd,

495

An unregarded rabble of mankind.

By my auspicious name, and fortune, led,
Wide o'er the world your conquering arms were spread,
But say, what had you done, with Pompey at your head?

Vast was the fame by Labienus won,

500

When rank'd amidst my warlike friends, he shone:

Now mark what follows on his faithful change,

And see him with his chief new-chosen range;

By land, and sea, where-e'er my arms he spies,

An ignominious runagate he flies.

505

Such shall you prove. Nor is it worth my care,

Whether to Pompey's aid your arms you bear:

Who quits his leader, wherefoe'er he go,

Flies like a traitor, and becomes my foe.

Yes, ye great gods! your kinder care I own,

510

You made the faith of these false legions known:

You

You warn me well to change these coward hands,
Nor trust my fate to such betraying hands.

And thou too, Fortune, point'st me out the way,
A mighty debt, thus, cheaply to repay : 515

Henceforth my care regards myself alone,
War's glorious gain shall now be all my own.

For you, ye vulgar herd, in peace return,
My ensigns shall by manly hands be borne.

Some few of you my sentence here shall wait, 520
And warn succeeding factions by your fate.

Down ! groveling down to earth, ye traitors, bend,
And with your prostrate necks, my doom attend.

And you, ye younger striplings of the war,
You, whom I mean to make my future care ; 525

Strike home ! to blood, to death, inure your hands,
And learn to execute my dread commands.

He spoke ; and, at the impious sound dismay'd,
The trembling unresisting croud obey'd :

No more their late equality they boast, 530
But bend beneath his frown a suppliant host.

Singly secure, he stands confess'd their lord,
And rules, in spite of him, the soldier's sword.

Doubtful, at first, their patience he surveys,
And wonders why each haughty heart obeys ; 535

Beyond his hopes he sees the stubborn bow,
And bare their breasts obedient to the blow ;

Till ev'n his cooler thoughts the deed disclaim,
And would not find their fiercer souls so tame.

A few, at length, selected from the rest, 540
Bled for example ; and the tumult ceas'd ;

While

While the consenting host the victims view'd,
And, in that blood, their broken faith renew'd.

Now to Brundisium's walls he bids them tend,
Where ten long days their weary marches end; 545

There he commands assembling barks to meet,
And furnish from the neighbouring shores his fleet.

Thither the crooked keels from Leuca glide,
From Taras old, and Hydrus' winding tide;

Thither with swelling sails their way they take, 550

From lowly Sipus, and Salapia's lake;

From where Apulia's fruitful mountains rise,

Where high along the coast Garganus lies,

And beating seas and fighting winds defies. }

Mean-while the chief to Rome directs his way, 555

Now fearful, aw'd, and fashion'd to his sway.

There, with mock prayers, the suppliant vulgar wait,
And urge on him the great dictator's state.

Obedient he, since thus their wills ordain,

A gracious tyrant condescends to reign. 560

His mighty name the joyful Fasti wear,

Worthy to usher in the curst Pharsalian year.

Then was the time, when sycophants began

To heap all titles on one lordly man;

Then learn'd our sires that fawning lying strain, 565

Which we, their slavish sons, so well retain:

Then, first, were seen to join, an ill-match'd pair,

The ax of justice, with the sword of war;

Fasces, and eagles, mingling, march along,

And in proud Cæsar's train promiscuous throng. 570

And while all powers in him alone unite,

He mocks the people with the shews of right,

The

The Martian field th' assembling tribes receives,
 And each his unregarded suffrage gives;
 Still with the same solemnity of face, 575
 The reverend augur seems to fill his place:
 Though now he hears not when the thunders roll,
 Nor sees the flight of the ill-boding owl.
 Then sunk the state and dignity of Rome,
 Thence monthly consuls nominally come: 580
 Just as the sovereign bids, their names appear,
 To head the calendar, and mark the year.
 Then too, to finish out the pageant show,
 With formal rites to Alban Jove they go;
 By night the festival was huddled o'er, 585
 Nor could the god, unworthy, ask for more;
 He who look'd on, and saw such foul disgrace,
 Such slavery befall his Trojan race.

Now Cæsar, like the flame that cuts the skies,
 And swifter than the vengeful tigress, flies }
 Where waste and overgrown Apulia lies;
 O'er-passing soon the rude abandon'd plains,
 Brundisium's crooked shores, and Cretan walls he gains.
 Loud Boreas there his navy close confines,
 While wary seamen dread the wintry signs. 595
 But he, th' impatient chief, disdains to spare
 Those hours that better may be spent in war:
 He grieves to see his ready fleet withheld,
 While others boldly plow the watery field. 599
 Eager to rouse their sloth, behold, (he cries)
 The constant wind that rules the wintry skies, }
 With what a settled certainty it flies!

Unlike

Unlike the wanton fickle gales, that bring
 The cloudy changes of the faithless spring.
 Nor need we now to shift, to tack, and veer : 605
 Steady the friendly north commands to steer.
 Oh ! that the fury of the driving blast
 May swell the sail, and bend the lofty mast.
 So, shall our navy soon be wafted o'er,
 Ere yon Phæacian gallies dip the oar,
 And intercept the wish'd-for Grecian shore.
 Cut every cable then, and haste away ; 612
 The waiting winds and seas upbraid our long delay.

Low in the west the setting sun was laid,
 Up rose the night in glittering stars array'd,
 And silver Cynthia cast a lengthening shade ;
 When loosing from the shore the moving fleet,
 All hands at once unfurl the spreading sheet ;
 The slacker tacklings let the canvas flow,
 To gather all the breath the winds can blow. 620
 Swift, for a while, they scud before the wind,
 And leave Hesperia's lessening shores behind ;
 When, lo ! the dying breeze begins to fail,
 And flutters on the mast the flagging sail :
 The duller waves with slower heavings creep, 625
 And a dead calm benumbs the lazy deep.
 As when the winter's potent breath constrains
 The Scythian Euxine in her icy chains ;
 No more the Bosphori their streams maintain,
 Nor rushing Ister heaves the languid main ; 630
 Each keel inclos'd, at once forgets its course,
 While o'er the new-made champion bounds the horse :

Bold on the crystal plains the Thracians ride,
 And print with sounding keels the stable tide.
 So still a form th' Ionian waters take, 635
 Dull as the muddy marsh and standing lake :
 No breezes o'er the curling surface pass,
 Nor sun-beams tremble in the liquid glass ;
 No usual turns revolving Tethys knows,
 Nor with alternate rollings ebbs and flows : 640
 But sluggish ocean sleeps in stupid peace,
 And weary nature's motions seem to cease.
 With differing eyes the hostile fleets beheld
 The falling winds, and uselefs watery field.
 There Pompey's daring powers attempt in vain 645
 To plow their passage through th' unyielding main ;
 While, pinch'd by want, proud Cæsar's legions here
 The dire distress of meagre famine fear.
 With vows unknown before they reach the skies,
 That waves may dash, and mounting billows rise ; 650
 That storms may with returning fury reign,
 And the rude ocean be itself again.
 At length the still, the sluggish darkness fled,
 And cloudy morning rear'd its louring head.
 The rolling flood the gliding navy bore, 655
 And hills appear'd to pass upon the shore.
 Attending breezes waft them to the land,
 And Cæsar's anchors bite Palæste's strand.

In neighbouring camps the hostile chiefs sit down,
 Where Genusus the swift, and Apfus run ; 660
 Among th' ignobler croud of rivers, these
 Soon lose their waters in the mingling seas :

No mighty streams nor distant springs they know,
 But rise from muddy lakes, and melting snow.
 Here meet the rivals who the world divide, 665
 Once by the tenderest bands of kindred ty'd.
 The world with joy their interview beheld,
 Now only parted by a single field.
 Fond of the hopes of peace, mankind believe,
 Whene'er they come thus near, they must forgive. 670
 Vain hopes ! for soon they part to meet no more,
 Till both shall reach the curst Ægyptian shore ;
 Till the proud father shall in arms succeed,
 And see his vanquish'd son untimely bleed ; 674
 Till he beholds his ashes on the strand,
 Views his pale head within a villain's hand ;
 Till Pompey's fate shall Cæsar's tears demand. }

The latter yet his eager rage restrains,
 While Antony the lingering troops detains. 679
 Repining much, and griev'd at war's delay,
 Impatient Cæsar often chides his stay, }
 Oft he is heard to threat, and humbly oft to pray. }

Still shall the world (he cries) thus anxious wait ?
 Still wilt thou stop the gods, and hinder fate ?
 What could be done before, was done by me : 685
 Now ready fortune only stays for thee.
 What holds thee then ? Do rocks thy course withstand ?
 Or Libyan Syrts oppose their faithless strand ?
 Or dost thou fear new dangers to explore ?
 I call thee not, but where I pass'd before. 690
 For all those hours thou lovest, I complain,
 And sue to heaven for prosperous winds in vain.

My

My soldiers (often has their faith been try'd)
 If not withheld, had hasten'd to my side.
 What toil, what hazards will they not partake? 695
 What seas and shipwrecks scorn, for Cæsar's sake?
 Nor will I think the gods so partial are,
 To give thee fair Ausonia for thy share;
 While Cæsar, and the senate, are forgot,
 And in Epirus bound their barren lot. 700

In words like these, he calls him oft in vain,
 And thus the hasty missives oft complain.
 At length the lucky chief, who oft had found
 What vast success his rasher darings crown'd;
 Who saw how much the favouring gods had done, 705
 Nor would be wanting, when they urg'd him on;
 Fierce, and impatient of the tedious stay,
 Resolves by night to prove the doubtful way:
 Bold, in a single skiff, he means to go,
 And tempt those seas that navies dare not plow. 710

'Twas now the time when cares and labour cease,
 And ev'n the rage of arms was hush'd to peace:
 Snatch'd from their guilt and toil, the wretched lay,
 And slept the sounder for the painful day.
 Through the still camp the night's third hour resounds,
 And warns the second watches to their rounds;
 When through the horrors of the murky shade,
 Secret the careful warriors footsteps tread.
 His train, unknowing, slept within his tent,
 And fortune only follow'd where he went. 720
 With silent anger he perceiv'd, around,
 The sleepy sentinels bestrew the ground:

Yet, unrepaving, now, he pass'd them o'er,
 And sought with eager haste the winding shore.
 There through the gloom, his searching eyes explor'd, 725
 Where to the mouldering rock a bark was moor'd.
 The mighty master of this little boat,
 Securely slept within a neighbouring cot:
 No massy beams support his humble hall,
 But reeds and marshy rushes wove the wall; 730
 Old shatter'd planking for a roof was spread,
 And cover'd in from rain the needy shed.
 Thrice on the feeble door the warrior struck,
 Beneath the blow the trembling dwelling shook. 734
 What wretch forlorn (the poor Amyclas cries)
 Driven by the raging seas, and stormy skies,
 To my poor lowly roof for shelter flies? }
 He spoke; and hasty left his homely bed,
 With oozy flags and withering sea-weed spread.
 Then from the hearth the smoking match he takes, 740
 And in the tow the drousy fire awakes;
 Dry leaves, and chips, for fuel, he supplies,
 Till kindling sparks and glittering flames arise.
 Oh happy poverty! thou greatest good,
 Bestow'd by heaven, but seldom understood! 745
 Here nor the cruel spoiler seeks his prey,
 Nor ruthless armies take their dreadful way:
 Security thy narrow limits keeps,
 Safe are thy cottages, and sound thy sleeps.
 Behold! ye dangerous dwellings of the great, 750
 Where gods and godlike princes choose their seat;
 See in what peace the poor Amyclas lies,
 Nor starts, though Cæsar's call commands to rise.

What

What terrors had you felt, that call to hear !
 How had your towers and ramparts shook with fear,
 And trembled, as the mighty man drew near !
 The door unbarr'd : Expect (the leader said)
 Beyond thy hopes, or wishes, to be paid ;
 If in this instant hour thou waft me o'er,
 With speedy haste, to yon Hesperian shore. 760

No more shall want thy weary hand constrain,
 To work thy bark upon the boisterous main :
 Henceforth good days and plenty shall betide ;
 The gods and I will for thy age provide.
 A glorious change attends thy low estate,
 Sudden and mighty riches round the wait ;
 Be wise, and use the lucky hour of fate. }

Thus he ; and though in humble vestments dress'd,
 Spite of himself, his words his power express'd,
 And Cæsar in his bounty stood confess'd. 770 }

To him the wary pilot thus replies :
 A thousand omens threaten from the skies ;
 A thousand boding signs my soul affright,
 And warn me not to tempt the seas by night.
 In clouds the setting sun obscur'd his head, 775
 Nor painted o'er the ruddy west with red :
 Now north, now south, he shot his parted beams,
 And tipp'd the fullen black with golden gleams :
 Pale shone his middle orb with faintish rays,
 And suffer'd mortal eyes at ease to gaze. 780

Nor rose the silver queen of night serene,
 Supine and dull her blunted horns were seen,
 With foggy stains and cloudy blots between. }

Dreadful awhile she shone all fiery red,
 Then sicken'd into pale, and hid her drooping head. 783
 Nor less I fear from that hoarse hollow roar,
 In leafy groves, and on the sounding shore.
 In various turns the doubtful dolphins play,
 And thwart, and run across, and mix their way.
 The cormorants the watery deep forsake, 790
 And soaring herons avoid the plashy lake;
 While, waddling on the margin of the main,
 The crow bewets her, and prevents the rain.
 Howe'er, if some great enterprize demand,
 Behold, I proffer thee my willing hand: 795
 My venturous bark the troubled deep shall try,
 To thy wish'd port her plunging prow shall ply,
 Unless the seas resolve to beat us by. }

He spoke; and spread his canvas to the wind,
 Unmoor'd his boat, and left the shore behind. 800
 Swift flew the nimble keel; and as they past,
 Long trails of light the shooting meteors cast;
 Ev'n the fix'd fires above in motion seem,
 Shake through the blast, and dart a quivering beam;
 Black horrors on the gloomy ocean brood, 805
 And in long ridges rolls the threatening flood;
 While loud and louder murmuring winds arise,
 And growl from every quarter of the skies.
 When thus the trembling master, pale with fear,
 Behold what wrath the dreadful gods prepare; 810
 My art is at a loss; the various tide
 Beats my unstable bark on every side:
 From the north-west the setting current swells,
 While southern storms the driving rack foretels. 814

Howe'er

Howe'er it be, our purpos'd way is lost,
 Nor can one relick of our wreck be tost
 By winds, like these, on fair Hesperia's coast.
 Our only means of safety is to yield,
 And measure back with haste the foamy field;
 To give our unsuccessful labour o'er, 820
 And reach, while yet we may, the neighbouring shore.

But Cæsar, still superior to distress,
 Fearless, and confident of sure success,
 Thus to the pilot loud—The seas despise,
 And the vain threatening of the noisy skies. 825
 Though gods deny thee yon Ausonian strand;
 Yet, go, I charge thee, go at my command.
 Thy ignorance alone can cause thy fears,
 Thou know'st not what a freight thy vessel bears;
 Thou know'st not I am he, to whom 'tis given 830
 Never to want the care of watchful heaven.
 Obedient fortune waits my humble thrall,
 And always ready comes before I call.
 Let winds, and seas, loud wars at freedom wage,
 And waste upon themselves their empty rage; 835
 A stronger, mightier Dæmon is thy friend,
 Thou, and thy bark, on Cæsar's fate depend.
 Thou stand'st amaz'd to view this dreadful scene;
 And wonder'st what the gods and fortune mean!
 But artfully their bounties thus they raise, 840
 And from my dangers arrogate new praise;
 Amidst the fears of death they bid me live,
 And still inhance what they are sure to give.
 Then leave yon shore behind with all thy haste,
 Nor shall this idle fury longer last. 845

Thy keel auspicious shall the storm appease,
 Shall glide triumphant o'er the calmer seas,
 And reach Brundisium's safer port with ease.
 Nor can the gods ordain another now,

'Tis what I want, and what they must bestow. 850

Thus while in vaunting words the leader spoke;
 Full on his bark the thundering tempest struck;
 Off rips the rending canvas from the mast,
 And whirling flits before the driving blast;
 In every joint the groaning alder sounds, 855

And gapes wide-opening with a thousand wounds.
 Now, rising all at once, and unconfin'd,

From every quarter roars the rushing wind:

First from the wide Atlantic ocean's bed,

Tempestuous Corus rears his dreadful head; 860

Th' obedient deep his potent breath controls,

And, mountain-high, the foamy flood he rolls.

Him the north-east encountering fierce defy'd,

And back rebuffed the yielding tide.

The curling surges loud conflicting meet, 865

Dash their proud heads, and bellow as they beat;

While piercing Boreas, from the Scythian strand,

Plows up the waves, and scoops the lowest sand.

Nor Eurus then, I ween, was left to dwell,

Nor showery Notus in th' Æolian cell; 870

But each from every side, his power to boast,

Rang'd his proud forces, to defend his coast.

Equal in might, alike they strive in vain,

While in the midst the seas unmov'd remain:

In lesser wars they yield to stormy heaven, 875

And captive waves to other deeps are driven;

The

The Tyrrhene billows dash Ægean shores,
 And Adria in the mix'd Ionian roars.
 How then must earth the swelling ocean dread,
 When floods ran higher than each mountain's head ! 880
 Subject and low the trembling beldame lay,
 And gave herself for lost, the conquering water's prey.
 What other worlds, what seas unknown before,
 Then drove their billows on our beaten shore !
 What distant deeps, their prodigies to boast, 885
 Heav'd their huge monsters on th' Ausonian coast !
 So when avenging Jove long time had hurl'd,
 And tir'd his thunders on a harden'd world :
 New wrath, the god, new punishment display'd
 And call'd his watery brother to his aid : 890
 Offending earth to Neptune's lot he join'd,
 And bade his floods no longer stand confin'd ;
 At once the furies o'er the nations rise,
 And seas are only bounded by the skies.
 Such now the spreading deluge had been seen, 895
 Had not th' Almighty Ruler stood between ;
 Proud waves the cloud-compelling fire obey'd,
 Confess'd his hand suppressing, and were stay'd.
 Nor was that gloom the common shade of night,
 The friendly darkness, that relieves the light ; 900
 But fearful, black, and horrible to tell,
 A murky vapour breath'd from yawning hell :
 So thick the mingling seas and clouds were hung,
 Scarce could the struggling lightning gleam along.
 Through nature's frame the dire convulsion struck, 905
 Heaven groan'd, the labouring pole and axis shook :
 Uproar,

Uproar, and Chaos old, prevail'd again,
 And broke the sacred elemental chain :
 Black fiends, unhallow'd, fought the blest abodes,
 Profan'd the day, and mingled with the gods. 910
 One only hope, when every other fail'd,
 With Cæsar, and with nature's self, prevail'd ;
 The storm that fought their ruin, prov'd them strong,
 Nor could they fall, who stood that shock so long.
 High as Leucadia's lessening cliffs arise, 915
 On the tall billow's top the vessel flies ;
 While the pale master, from the surge's brow,
 With giddy eyes surveys the depth below.
 When straight the gaping main at once divides,
 On naked sands the rushing bark subsides,
 And the low liquid vale the topmast hides. }
 The trembling shipman, all distraught with fear,
 Forgets his course, and knows not how to steer ;
 No more the useless rudder guides the prow,
 To meet the rolling swell, or shun the blow. 925
 But, lo ! the storm itself assistance lends,
 While one assaults, another wave defends :
 This lays the sidelong alder on the main,
 And that restores the leaning bark again.
 Obedient to the mighty winds she plies, 930
 Now seeks the depths, and now invades the skies ;
 There born aloft, she apprehends no more,
 Or shoaly Sason, or Thessalia's shore ;
 High hills she dreads, and promontories now,
 And fears to touch Ceraunia's airy brow. 935
 At length the universal wreck appear'd,
 To Cæsar's self, ev'n worthy to be fear'd.

Why

Why all these pains, this toil of fate (he cries)
 This labour of the seas, and earth, and skies?
 All nature and the gods, at once alarm'd, 940
 Against my little boat and me are arm'd.
 If, oh ye Powers Divine! your will decrees
 The glory of my death to these rude seas;
 If warm, and in the fighting field to die,
 If that, my first of wishes, you deny; 945
 My soul no longer at her lot repines,
 But yields to what your providence assigns.
 Though immature I end my glorious days,
 Cut short my conquest, and prevent new praise;
 My life, already, stands the noblest theme, 950
 To fill long annals of recording fame.
 Far northern nations own me for their lord,
 And envious factions crouch beneath my sword;
 Inferior Pompey yields to me at home,
 And only fills a second place in Rome. 955
 My country has my high behests obey'd,
 And at my feet her laws obedient laid;
 All sovereignty, all honours are my own,
 Consul, dictator, I am all alone.
 But thou, my only goddess, and my friend,
 Thou, on whom all my secret prayers attend, }
 Conceal, oh Fortune! this inglorious end.
 Let none on earth, let none beside thee, know
 I sunk thus poorly to the shades below.
 Dispose, ye gods! my carcase as you please, 965
 Deep let it drown beneath these raging seas;
 I ask no urn my ashes to infold,
 Nor marble monuments, nor shrines of gold;

Let

Let but the world, unknowing of my doom,
 Expect me still, and think I am to come; 970
 So shall my name with terror still be heard,
 And my return in every nation fear'd.

He spoke, and sudden, wondrous to behold,
 High on a tenth huge wave his bark was roll'd;
 Nor sunk again, alternate, as before, 975
 But rushing, lodg'd, and fix'd upon the shore.
 Rome and his fortune were at once restor'd,
 And earth again receiv'd him for her lord.

Now, through the camp his late arrival told,
 The warriors croud, their leader to behold; 980
 In tears, around, the murmuring legions stand,
 And welcome him, with fond complaints, to land.

What means too-daring Cæsar (thus they cry)
 To tempt the ruthless seas, and stormy sky?
 What a vile helpless herd had we been left, 985
 Of every hope at once in thee bereft?
 While on thy life so many thousands wait,
 While nations live dependent on thy fate,
 While the whole world on thee, their head, rely,
 'Tis cruel in thee to consent to die. 990

And could'st thou not one faithful soldier find,
 One equal to his mighty master's mind,
 One that deserv'd not to be left behind? }
 While tumbling billows tost thee on the main,
 We slept at ease, unknowing of thy pain. 995
 Were we the cause, oh shame! unworthy we,
 That urg'd thee on to brave the raging sea?
 Is there a slave whose head thou hold'st so light,
 To give him up to this tempestuous night?

While

While Cæsar, whom the subject earth obeys, 1000
To seasons such as these, his sacred self betrays.

Still wilt thou weary out indulgent heaven,
And scatter all the lavish gods have given?

Dost thou the care of providence employ,
Only to save thee when the seas run high? 1005

Auspicious Jove thy wishes would promote;
Thou ask'st the safety of a leaky boat:

He proffers thee the world's supreme command;
Thy hopes aspire no farther than to land,
And cast thy shipwreck on th' Hesperian strand. }

In kind reproaches thus they waste the night,
Till the gray east disclos'd the breaking light:
Serene the sun his beamy face display'd,
While the tir'd storm and weary waves were laid.

Speedy the Latian chiefs unfurl their sails, 1015
And catch the gently-rising northern gales:

In fair appearance the tall vessels glide,
'The pilots, and the wind, conspire to guide,
And waft them fitly o'er the smoother tide: }

Decent they move, like some well-order'd band, 1020
In rang'd battalions marching o'er the land.

Night fell at length, the winds the sails forsook,
And a dead calm the beauteous order broke.

So when, from Strymon's wintry banks, the cranes,
In feather'd legions, cut th' æthereal plains; 1025

To warmer Nile they bend their airy way,
Form'd in long lines, and rank'd in just array:

But if some rushing storm the journey cross,
The wingy leaders all are at a loss:

Now

Now close, now loose, the breaking squadrons fly, 1030
And scatter in confusion o'er the sky.

The day return'd, with Phœbus Auster rose,
And hard upon the straining canvas blows.
Scudding afore him swift the fleet he bore,
O'er-passing Lyffius, to Nymphæum's shore;
There safe from northern winds, within the port they }
moor.

While thus united Cæsar's arms appear,
And fortune draws the great decision near;
Sad Pompey's soul uneasy thoughts infest,
And his Cornelia pains his anxious breast. 1040
To distant Lesbos fain he would remove,
Far from the war, the partner of his love.
Oh, who can speak, what numbers can reveal,
The tenderness, which pious lovers feel?
Who can their secret pangs and sorrows tell, 1045
With all the croud of cares that in their bosoms dwell?
See what new passions now the hero knows,
Now first he doubts success, and fears his foes;
Rome and the world he hazards in the strife,
And gives up all to fortune, but his wife. 1050
Oft he prepares to speak, but knows not how,
Knows they must part, but cannot bid her go;
Defers the killing news with fond delay,
And, lingering, puts off Fate from day to day.
The fleeting shades began to leave the sky, 1055
And slumber soft forsook the drooping eye:
When, with fond arms, the fair Cornelia prest
Her lord, reluctant, to her snowy breast;

Wonder-

Wondering, she found he shunn'd her just embrace,
And felt warm tears upon his manly face. 1060

Heart-wounded with the sudden woe, she griev'd,
And scarce the weeping warrior yet believ'd.

When, with a groan, thus he : My truest wife,
To say how much I love thee more than life,
Poorly expresses what my heart would show, 1065

Since life, alas ! is grown my burden now ;
That long, too long delay'd, that dreadful doom,
That cruel parting hour at length is come.

Fierce, haughty, and collected in his might,
Advancing Cæsar calls me to the fight. 1070

Haste then, my gentle love, from war retreat ;

The Lesbian isle attends thy peaceful seat :

Nor seek, oh ! seek not to increase my cares,

Seek not to change my purpose with thy prayers ;

Myself, in vain, the fruitless suit have try'd, 1075

And my own pleading heart has been deny'd.

Think not, thy distance will increase thy fear :

Ruin, if ruin comes, will soon be near,

Too soon the fatal news shall reach thy ear. }

Nor burns thy heart with just and equal fires, 1080

Nor dost thou love as virtue's law requires ;

If those soft eyes can ev'n thy husband bear,

Red with the stains of blood, and guilty war.

When horrid trumpets sound their dire alarms,

Shall I indulge my sorrows with thy charms,

And rise to battle from these tender arms ? }

Thus mournful, from thee, rather let me go,

And join thy absence to the public woe.

But thou be hid, be safe from every fear,
 While kings and nations in destruction share: 1090
 Shun thou the crush of my impending fate,
 Nor let it fall on thee with all its weight.
 Then if the gods my overthrow ordain,
 And the fierce victor chace me o'er the plain,
 Thou shalt be left me still, my better part, 1095
 To sooth my cares, and heal my broken heart;
 Thy open arms I shall be sure to meet,
 And fly with pleasure to the dear retreat.

Stunn'd and astonish'd at the deadly stroke,
 All sense, at first, the matron sad forsook. 1100
 Motion, and life, and speech, at length returns,
 And thus in words of heaviest woe she mourns:
 No, Pompey! 'tis not that my lord is dead,
 'Tis not the hand of fate has robb'd my bed;
 But like some base plebeian I am curs'd, 1105
 And by my cruel husband stand divorc'd.
 But Cæsar bids us part! thy father comes!
 And we must yield to what that tyrant dooms!
 Is thy Cornelia's faith so poorly known,
 That thou should'st think her safer whilst alone? }
 Are not our loves, our lives, our fortunes one?
 Canst thou, inhuman, drive me from thy side,
 And bid my single head the coming storm abide?
 Do I not read thy purpose in thy eye?
 Dost thou not hope, and wish, ev'n now to die? 1115
 And can I then be safe? Yet death is free,
 That last relief is not deny'd to me;
 Though banish'd by thy harsh command I go,
 Yet I will join thee in the realms below.

Thou

Thou bidst me with the pangs of absence strive, 1120
And, till I hear thy certain loss, survive.

My vow'd obedience, what it can, shall bear;
But, oh! my heart's a woman, and I fear.

If the good gods, indulgent to my prayer,
Should make the laws of Rome, and thee, their care;
In distant climes I may prolong my woe, 1126
And be the last thy victory to know.

On some bleak rock that frowns upon the deep,
A constant watch thy weeping wife shall keep;
There from each sail misfortune shall I guess, 1130
And dread the bark that brings me thy success.

Nor shall those happier tidings end my fear,
The vanquish'd foe may bring new danger near;

Defenceless I may still be made a prize,
And Cæsar snatch me with him, as he flies: 1135

With ease my known retreat he shall explore,
While thy great name distinguishes the shore:
Soon shall the Lesbian exile stand reveal'd,
The wife of Pompey cannot live conceal'd.

But if th' o'er-ruling powers thy cause forsake, 1140
Grant me this only last request I make;

When thou shalt be of troops and friends bereft,
And wretched flight is all thy safety left;

Oh! follow not the dictates of thy heart,
But choose a refuge in some distant part. 1145

Where-e'er thy un auspicious bark shall steer,
Thy sad Cornelia's fatal shore forbear,

Since Cæsar will be sure to seek thee there.

So saying, with a groan the matron fled,
And, wild with sorrow, left her holy bed:

R

1150
She

She sees all lingering, all delays are vain,
 And rushes headlong to possess the pain;
 Nor will the hurry of her griefs afford
 One last embrace from her forsaken lord.
 Uncommon cruel was the fate, for two,
 Whose lives had lasted long, and been so true,
 To lose the pleasure of one last adieu.
 In all the woful days that cross'd their bliss,
 Sure never hour was known so sad as this;
 By what they suffer'd now, inur'd to pain,
 They met all after-sorrows with disdain,
 And fortune shot her envious shafts in vain.

Low on the ground the fainting dame is laid;
 Her train officious hasten to her aid:
 Then gently rearing, with a careful hand, 1165
 Support her, slow-descending o'er the strand.
 There, while with eager arms she grasp'd the shore,
 Scarcely the mourner to the bark they bore.
 Not half this grief of heart, these pangs, she knew,
 When from her native Italy she flew: 1170
 Lonely, and comfortless, she takes her flight,
 Sad seems the day, and long the sleepless night.
 In vain her maids the downy couch provide,
 She wants the tender partner of her side.
 When weary oft in heaviness she lies, 1175
 And dozy slumber steals upon her eyes;
 Fain, with fond arms, her lord she would have prest,
 But weeps to find the pillow at her breast.
 Though raging in her veins a fever burns,
 Painful she lies, and restless oft she turns. 1180

She

She shuns his sacred side with awful fear,
 And would not be convinc'd he is not there.
 But, oh ! too soon the want shall be supply'd,
 The gods too cruelly for that provide :
 Again, the circling hours bring back her lord, 1185
 And Pompey shall be fatally restor'd.

LUCAN'S PHARSALIA.

B O O K VI.

THE ARGUMENT.

Cæsar and Pompey lying now near Dyrrhachium, after several marches and counter-marches, the former with incredible diligence runs a vast line, or work, round the camp of the latter. This, Pompey, after suffering for want of provisions, and a very gallant resistance of Scæva, a centurion of Cæsar's, at length breaks through. After this, Cæsar makes another unsuccessful attempt upon a part of Pompey's army, and then marches away into Thessaly: And Pompey, against the persuasion and counsel of his friends, follows him. After a description of the ancient inhabitants, the boundaries, the mountains, and rivers of Thessaly; the poet takes occasion, from this country being famous for witchcraft, to introduce Sextus Pompeius, inquiring the event of the civil war from the sorceress Erietho.

NOW, near encamp'd, each on a neighbouring height,

The Latian chiefs prepare for sudden fight.
 The rival pair seem hither brought by fate,
 As if the gods would end the dire debate,
 And here determine of the Roman state.
 Cæsar, intent upon his hostile son,
 Demands a conquest here, and here alone;
 Neglects what laurels captive towns must yield,
 And scorns the harvest of the Grecian field.

Im-

Impatient he provokes the fatal day,
 Ordain'd to give Rome's liberties away,
 And leave the world the greedy victor's prey.
 Eager, that last, great chance of war he waits,
 Where either's fall determines both their fates.
 Thrice, on the hills, all drawn in dread array,
 His threatening eagles wide their wings display;
 Thrice, but in vain, his hostile arms he shew'd,
 His ready rage, and thirst of Latian blood.
 But when he saw, how cautious Pompey's care,
 Safe in his camp, declin'd the proffer'd war;
 Through woody paths he bent his secret way,
 And meant to make Dyrrhachium's towers his prey.
 This Pompey saw; and swiftly shot before,
 With speedy marches on the sandy shore:
 Till on Taulantian Petra's top he stay'd,
 Sheltering the city with his timely aid.
 This place, nor walls, nor trenches deep can boast,
 The works of labour, and expensive cost.
 Vain prodigality! and labour vain!
 Lost is the lavish'd wealth, and lost the fruitless pain!
 What walls, what towers soe'er they rear sublime,
 Must yield to wars, or more destructive time;
 While fences like Dyrrhachium's fortrefs made,
 Where nature's hand the sure foundation laid,
 And with her strength the naked town array'd,
 Shall stand secure against the warrior's rage,
 Nor fear the ruinous decays of age.
 Guarded, around, by steepy rocks it lies,
 And all access from land, but one, denies.

No venturous vessel there in safety rides,
 But foaming surges break, and swelling tides.
 Roll roaring on, and wash the craiggy sides :
 Or when contentious winds more rudely blow,
 Then mounting o'er the topmast cliff they flow,
 Burst on the lofty domes, and dash the town below.

Here Cæsar's daring heart vast hopes conceives, 46
 And high with war's vindictive pleasures heaves ;
 Much he revolves within his thoughtful mind,
 How, in this camp, the foe may be confin'd,
 With ample lines from hill to hill design'd,
 Secret and swift he means the task to try, 51
 And runs each distance over with his eye.
 Vast heaps of sod and verdant turf are brought,
 And stones in deep laborious quarries wrought ;
 Each Grecian dwelling round the work supplies, 55
 And sudden ramparts from their ruins rise.
 With wondrous strength the stable mound they rear,
 Such as th' impetuous ram can never fear,
 Nor hostile might o'erturn, nor forceful engine tear. }
 Through hills, resistless, Cæsar plains his way, 60
 And makes the rough unequal rocks obey.
 Here deep, beneath, the gaping trenches lie,
 There forts advance their airy turrets high.
 Around vast tracts of land the labours wind,
 Wide fields and forests in the circle bind, }
 And hold as in a toil the savage kind. }
 N'er ev'n the foe too strictly pent remains,
 At large he forages upon the plains ;
 The vast inclosure gives free leave around,
 Oft to decamp, and shift the various ground. 70

Here,

Here, from far fountains, streams their channels trace,
 And, while they wander through the tedious space,
 Run many a mile their long extended race :
 While some, quite worn and weary of the way,
 Sink, and are lost before they reach the sea : 75
 Ev'n Cæsar's self, when through the works he goes,
 Tires in the midst, and stops to take repose.
 Let fame no more record the walls of Troy,
 Which gods alone could build, and gods destroy ;
 Nor let the Parthian wonder, to have seen 80
 The labours of the Babylonian queen :
 Behold this large, this spacious tract of ground !
 Like that, which Tigris or Orontes bound ;
 Behold this land ! that majesty might bring,
 And form a kingdom for an eastern king ; 85
 Behold a Latian chief this land inclose,
 Amidst the tumult of impending foes :
 He bade the walls arise, and as he bade they rose.
 But ah ! vain pride of power ! ah ! fruitless boast !
 Ev'n these, these mighty labours are all lost ! 90
 A force like this what barriers could withstand ?
 Seas must have fled, and yielded to the land ;
 The lovers shores united might have stood,
 Spite of the Hellespont's opposing flood ;
 While the Ægean and Ionian tide,
 Might meeting o'er the vanquish'd Isthmus ride,
 And Argive realms from Corinth's walls divide ;
 This power might change unwilling nature's face,
 Unfix each order, and remove each place.

Here, as if clos'd within a list, the war 100
 Does all its valiant combatants prepare;
 Here ardent glows the blood, which fate ordains
 To dye the Libyæn and Emathian plains;
 Here the whole rage of civil discord join'd,
 Struggles for room, and scorns to be confin'd. 105
 Nor yet, while Cæsar his first labours try'd,
 The warlike toil by Pompey was descry'd.
 So, in mid Sicily's delightful plain,
 Safe from the horrid sound, the happy swain }
 Dreads not loud Scylla barking o'er the main. }
 So, northern Britons never hear the roar 111
 Of seas, that break on the far Cantian shore.
 Soon as the rising ramparts hostile height,
 And towers advancing, struck his anxious sight,
 Sudden from Petra's safer camp he led, 115
 And wide his legions on the hills dispread;
 So, Cæsar, forc'd his numbers to extend,
 More feebly might each various strength defend.
 His camp far o'er the large inclosure reach'd,
 And guarded lines along the front were stretch'd; 120
 Far as Rome's distance from Aricia's groves,
 (Aricia which the chaste Diana loves)
 Far as from Rome old Tiber seeks the sea,
 Did he not wander in his winding way. 124
 While yet no signals for the fight prepare,
 Unbidden, some the javelin dart from far, }
 And, skirmishing, provoke the lingering war. }
 But deeper cares the thoughtful chiefs distress,
 And move, the soldiers ardour to repress.

Pompey,

LUCAN'S PHARSALIA, Book VI. 249

Pompey, with secret anxious thought, beheld, 130
 How trampling hoofs the rising grafs repell'd;
 Waste lie the russet fields, the generous steed
 Seeks on the naked soil, in vain, to feed:
 Loathing from racks of husky straw he turns,
 And, pining, for the verdant pasture mourns. 135
 No more his limbs their dying load sustain,
 Aiming a stride, he falters in the strain,
 And sinks a ruin on the withering plain:
 Dire maladies upon his vitals prey,
 Dissolve his frame, and melt the mass away. 140
 Thence deadly plagues invade the lazy air,
 Reek to the clouds, and hang malignant there.
 From Nefis such, the Stygian vapours rise,
 And with contagion taint the purer skies;
 Such do Typhœus' steamy caves convey, 145
 And breathe blue poisons on the golden day.
 Thence liquid streams the mingling plague receive,
 And deadly potions to the thirsty give:
 To man the mischief spreads, the fell disease
 In fatal draughts does on his entrails seize. 150
 A rugged scurf, all loathsome to be seen,
 Spreads, like a bark, upon his silken skin;
 Malignant flames his swelling eye-balls dart,
 And seem with anguish from their seats to start;
 Fires o'er his glowing cheeks and visage stray, 155
 And mark, in crimson streaks, their burning way;
 Low droops his head, declining from its height,
 And nods, and totters with the fatal weight.
 With winged haste the swift destruction flies,
 And scarce the soldier sickens ere he dies; 160

Now

Now falling crouds at once resign their breath,
 And doubly taint the noxious air with death,
 Careless their putrid carcases are spread ;
 And on the earth, their dank unwholsome bed,
 The living rest in common with the dead.
 Here none the last funereal rites receive ;
 To be cast forth the camp, is all their friends can give.
 At length kind heaven their sorrows bade to cease,
 And staid the pestilential foe's increase ;
 Fresh breezes from the sea begin to rise,
 While Boreas through the lazy vapour flies,
 And sweeps, with healthy wings, the rank polluted
 skies.

Arriving vessels now their freight unload,
 And furnish plenteous harvests from abroad :
 Now sprightly strength, now chearful health, returns, 175
 And life's fair lamp, rekindled, brightly burns.

But Cæsar, unconfin'd, and camp'd on high,
 Feels not the mischief of the sluggish sky :
 On hills sublime he breathes the purer air,
 And drinks no damps, nor poisonous vapours, there. 180
 Yet hunger keen an equal plague is found ;
 Famine and meagre want besiege him round :
 The fields, as yet, no hopes of harvest wear,
 Nor yellow stems disclose the bearded ear.
 The scatter'd vulgar search around the fields, 185
 And pluck whate'er the doubtful herbage yields ;
 Some strip the trees in every neighbouring wood,
 And with the cattle share their grassy food.
 Whate'er the softening flame can pliant make,
 Whate'er the teeth, or labouring jaws, can break ; 190
 What.

What flesh, what roots, what herbs foe'er they get,
 Though new, and strange to human taste as yet,
 At once the greedy soldiers seize and eat. }

What want, what pain foe'er they undergo,
 Still they persist in arms, and close beset the foe. 195

At length, impatient longer to be held
 Within the bounds of one appointed field,
 O'er every bar which might his passage stay,
 Pompey resolves to force his warlike way;
 Wide o'er the world the ranging war to lead, 200
 And give his loosen'd legions room to spread.

Nor takes he mean advantage from the night,
 Nor steals a passage, nor declines the fight;
 But bravely dares, disdainful of the foe,
 Through the proud towers and ramparts breach to go. 205

Where shining spears, and crested helms are seen,
 Embattled thick to guard the walls within;
 Where all things death, where ruin all afford,
 There Pompey marks a passage for his sword.

Near to the camp a woody thicket lay,
 Close was the shade, nor did the greensward way,
 With smoky clouds of dust, the march betray. }

Hence, sudden they appear in dread array,
 Sudden their wide-extended ranks display;
 At once the foe beholds with wondering eyes,
 Where on broad wings Pompeian eagles rise;
 At once the warriors shouts and trumpet-sounds
 surprise. }

Scarce was the sword's destruction needful here,
 So swiftly ran before preventing fear;

Some fled amaz'd, while vainly valiant some 220
 Stood, but to meet in arms a nobler doom.

Where-e'er they stood, now scatter'd lie the slain,
 Scarce yet a few for coming deaths remain,
 And clouds of flying javelins fall in vain. }

Here swift consuming flames the victors throw, 225

And here the ram impetuous aims a blow ;

Aloft the nodding turrets feel the stroke,

And the vast rampart groans beneath the shock.

And now propitious fortune seem'd to doom

Freedom and peace, to Pompey, and to Rome ; 230

High o'er the vanquish'd works his eagles tower,

And vindicate the world from Cæsar's power.

But (what nor Cæsar, nor his fortune cou'd)

What not ten thousand warlike hands withstood,

Scæva resists alone ; repels the force, 235

And stops the rapid victor in his course.

Scæva ! a name erewhile to fame unknown,

And first distinguish'd on the Gallic Rhone ;

There seen in hardy deeds of arms to shine,

He reach'd the honours of the Latian vine. 340

Daring and bold, and ever prone to ill,

Inur'd to blood, and active to fulfil

The dictates of a lawless tyrant's will ; }

Nor virtue's love, nor reason's laws he knew,

But, careless of the right, for hire his sword he drew. 245

Thus courage by an impious cause is curst,

And he that is the bravest, is the worst.

Soon as he saw his fellows shun the fight,

And seek their safety in ignoble flight,

Whence

Whence does, he said, this coward's terror grow, 250

This shame, unknown to Cæsar's arms till now?

Can you, ye slavish herd, thus tamely yield?

Thus fly, unwounded, from the bloody field?

Behold, where pil'd in slaughter'd heaps on high,

Firm to the last, your brave companions lie; 255

Then blush to think what wretched lives you save,

From what renown you fly, from what a glorious grave.

Though sacred fame, though virtue yield to fear,

Let rage, let indignation, keep you here.

We! we the weakest, from the rest are chose, 260

To yield a passage to our scornful foes!

Yet, Pompey, yet, thou shalt be yet withstood,

And stain thy victor's laurel deep in blood.

With pride, 'tis true, with joy I should have dy'd,

If haply I had fall'n by Cæsar's side;

But fortune has the noble death deny'd.

Then Pompey, thou, thou on my fame shalt wait,

Do thou be witness, and applaud my fate.

Now push we on, disdain we now to fear,

A thousand wounds let every bosom bear,

Till the keen sword be blunt, be broke the pointed
spear.

And see the clouds of dusty battle rise!

Hark how the shout runs rattling through the skies!

The distant legions catch the sounds from far,

And Cæsar listens to the thundering war, 275

He comes, he comes, yet ere his soldier dies,

Like lightning swift the winged warrior flies:

Haste then to death, to conquest haste away;

Well do we fall, for Cæsar wins the day.

He

He spoke, and straight, as at the trumpet's sound, 280
 Rekindled warmth in every breast was found;
 Recall'd from flight, the youth admiring wait,
 To mark their daring fellow-soldier's fate,
 To see if haply virtue might prevail,
 And, ev'n beyond their hopes, do more than greatly fail.

High on the tottering wall he rears his head, 286
 With slaughter'd carcases around him spread;
 With nervous arms uplifting these he throws,
 These rolls oppressive, on ascending foes.

Each where materials for his fury lie, 290
 And all the ready ruins arms supply:
 Even his fierce self he seems to aim below,
 Headlong to shoot, and dying dart a blow.

Now his tough staff repels the fierce attack,
 And tumbling, drives the bold assailants back: 295
 Now heads, now hands he lops, the carcase falls,
 Whilst the clench'd fingers gripe the topmost walls:
 Here stones he heaves; the mass descending full,
 Crushes the brain, and shivers the frail scull. 299
 Here burning pitchy brands he whirls around;
 Infix'd, the flames hiss in the liquid wound,
 Deep drench'd in death, in flowing crimson drown'd. }

And now the swelling heaps of slaughter'd foes,
 Sublime and equal to the fortress rose;
 Whence, forward, with a leap, at once he sprung, 305
 And shot himself amidst the hostile throng.
 So daring, fierce with rage, so void of fear,
 Bounds forth the spotted pard, and scorns the hunter's
 spear.

The

The closing ranks the warrior straight enfold,
And, compass'd in their steely circle, hold. 310

Undaunted still, around the ring he roams,
Fights here and there, and every where o'ercômes ;
Till, clogg'd with blood, his sword obeys but ill
The dictates of its vengeful master's will ;

Edgeless it falls, and though it pierce no more, 315
Still breaks the batter'd bones, and bruises fore.

Mean time, on him, the crouding war is bent,
And darts from every hand, to him are sent :

It look'd as fortune did in odds delight,
And had in cruel sport ordain'd the fight ; 320

A wondrous match of war she seem'd to make,
Her thousands here, and there her one to stake ;

As if on nightly terms in lists they ran,
And armies were but equal to the man.

A thousand darts upon his buckler ring, 325
A thousand javelins round his temples sing ;

Hard bearing on his head, with many a blow,
His steely helm is inward taught to bow.

The missive arms, fix'd all around, he wears,
And ev'n his safety in his wounds he bears,
Fenc'd with a fatal wood, a deadly grove of spears. }

Cease, ye Pompeian warriors ! cease the strife,
Nor, vainly, thus attempt this single life ;

Your darts, your idle javelins cast aside,
And other arms for Scæva's death provide : 335

The forceful rams resistless horns prepare,
With all the ponderous vast machines of war ;

Let

Let dreadful flames, let massy rocks be thrown,
 With engines thunder on, and break him down,
 And win this Cæsar's soldier, like a town. }
 At length, his fate disdaining to delay, 341
 He hurls his shield's neglected aid away,
 Resolves no part whate'er from death to hide,
 But stands unguarded now on every side.
 Incumber'd fore with many a painful wound, 345
 Tardy and stiff he treads the hostile round;
 Gloomy and fierce his eyes the croud survey,
 Mark where to fix, and single out the prey.
 Such, by Getulian hunters compass'd in,
 The vast unwieldy elephant is seen : 350
 All cover'd with a steely shower from far,
 Rouzing he shakes, and sheds the scatter'd war;
 In vain the distant troops the fight renew,
 And with fresh rage the stubborn foe pursue;
 Unconquer'd still the mighty savage stands, 355
 And scorns the malice of a thousand hands,
 Not all the wounds a thousand darts can make,
 Though all find place, a single life can take.
 When lo ! addrest with some successful vow,
 A shaft, sure flying from a Cretan bow, 360
 Beneath the warrior's brow was seen to light,
 And sunk, deep piercing the left orb of sight.
 But he (so rage inspir'd, and mad disdain)
 Remorseless fell, and senseless of the pain, 364
 Tore forth the bearded arrow from the wound,
 With stringy nerves besmear'd and wrapp'd around, }
 And stamp'd the gory jelly on the ground. }

So in Pannonian woods the growling bear,
Transfix'd, grows fiercer for the hunter's spear,
Turns on her wound, runs madding round with pain,
And catches at the flying shaft in vain.

Down from his eyeless hollow ran the blood,
And hideous o'er his mangled visage flow'd;
Deform'd each awful, each severer grace,
And veil'd the manly terrors of his face. 375

The victors raise their joyful voices high,
And with loud triumph strike the vaulted sky:
Not Cæsar thus a general joy had spread,
Though Cæsar's self like Scæva thus had bled.

Anxious, the wounded soldier, in his breast,
The rising indignation deep repress,
And thus, in humble vein, his haughty foes address: }

Here let your rage, ye Romans, cease, he said,
And lend your fellow-citizen your aid;

No more your darts nor useless javelins try
These, which I bear, will deaths enow supply,
Draw forth your weapons, and behold I die. }

Or rather bear me hence, and let me meet

My doom beneath the mighty Pompey's feet:

'Twere great, 'twere brave, to fall in arms, 'tis true,
But I renounce that glorious fate for you.

Fain would I yet prolong this vital breath,
And quit even Cæsar, so I fly from death.

The wretched Anlus listen'd to the wile,
Intent and greedy of the future spoil; 395

Advancing fondly on, with heedless ease,

He thought the captive and his arms to seize,

S

When,

When, ere he was aware, his thundering sword
 Deep in his throat the ready Scæva gor'd.
 Warm'd with the slaughter, with fresh rage he burns,
 And vigour with the new success returns.
 So may they fall (he said) by just deceit,
 Such be their fate, such as this fool has met,
 Who dare believe that I am vanquish'd yet !
 If you would stop the vengeance of my sword,
 From Cæsar's mercy be your peace implor'd,
 There let your leader kneel, and humbly own his lord.
 Me ! could you meanly dare to fancy, me
 Base, like yourselves, and fond of life to be !
 But know, not all the names which grace your cause,
 Your reverend senate, and your boasted laws,
 Not Pompey's self, not all for which you fear,
 Were e'er to you, like death to Scæva, dear.

Thus while he spoke, a rising dust betray'd
 Cæsar's legions marching to his aid. 415
 Now Pompey's troops with prudence seem to yield,
 And to increasing numbers quit the field ;
 Dissembling shame, they hide their foul defeat,
 Nor vanquish'd by a single arm retreat.
 Then fell the warrior, for till then he stood ; 420
 His manly mind supply'd the want of blood.
 It seem'd as rage had kindled life anew,
 And courage to oppose, from opposition grew.
 But now, when none were left him to repel,
 Fainting for want of foes, the victor fell. 425
 Straight with officious haste his friends draw near,
 And, raising, joy the noble load to bear :

T o

To reverence and religious awe inclin'd,
 Admiring, they adore his mighty mind,
 That god within his mangled breast inshrind,
 The wounding weapons, stain'd with Scæva's blood,
 Like sacred relics to the gods are vow'd:
 Forth are they drawn from every part with care,
 And kept to dress the naked God of War.
 Oh! happy soldier, had thy worth been try'd,
 In pious daring, on thy country's side!
 Oh! had thy sword Iberian battles known,
 Or purple with Cantabrian slaughter grown;
 How had thy name in deathless annals shone!
 But now no Roman Pæan shalt thou sing,
 Nor peaceful triumphs to thy country bring,
 Nor loudly blest in solemn pomp shalt move,
 Through crouding streets, to Capitolian Jove,
 The laws defender, and the people's love:
 Oh, hapless victor thou! oh, vainly brave!
 How hast thou fought, to make thyself a slave!
 Nor Pompey, thus repuls'd, the fight declines,
 Nor rests encompass'd round by Cæsar's lines;
 Once more he means to force his warlike way,
 And yet retrieve the fortune of the day.
 So when fierce winds with angry ocean strive,
 Full on the beach the beating billows drive;
 Stable awhile the lofty mounds abide,
 Check the proud surge, and stay the swelling tide:
 Yet restless still the waves unwearied roll,
 Work underneath at length, and sap the sinking mole.
 With force renew'd the baffled warrior bends,
 Where to the shore the jutting wall extends:

There proves, by land and sea, his various might,
 And wins his passage by the double fight. 460
 Wide o'er the plains diffus'd his legions range,
 And their close camp for freer fields exchange.
 So, rais'd by melting streams of Alpine snow,
 Beyond his utmost margin swells the Po,
 And loofely lets the spreading deluge flow:
 Where-e'er the weaker banks oppress'd retreat,
 And sink beneath the heapy waters weight,
 Forth gushing at the breach, they burst their way,
 And wasteful o'er the drowned country stray:
 Far distant fields and meads they wander o'er, 470
 And visit lands they never knew before;
 Here, from its seat the mouldering earth is torn,
 And by the flood to other masters borne;
 While gathering, there, it heaps the growing soil,
 And loads the peasant with his neighbour's spoil. 475
 Soon as ascending high, a rising flame,
 To Cæsar's sight, the combat's signal, came,
 Swift to the place approaching near, he found
 The ruin scatter'd by the victor round,
 And his proud labours humbled to the ground.
 Thence to the hostile camp his eyes he turns,
 Where for their peace, and sleep secure, he mourns,
 With rancorous despite, and envious anguish, burns.
 At length resolv'd (so rage inspir'd his breast)
 He means to break the happy victor's rest; 485
 Once more to kindle up the fatal strife,
 And dash their joys with hazard of his life.
 Straight to Torquatus fierce he bends his way,
 (Torquatus near a neighbouring castle lay)

But he, by prudent caution taught to yield, 490
 Trusts to his walls, and quits the open field;
 There, safe within himself, he stands his ground,
 And lines the guarded rampart strongly round.
 So when the seamen from afar descry
 The clouds grow black upon the lowering sky,
 Hear the winds roar, and mark the seas run high,
 They furl the fluttering sheet with timely care,
 And wisely for the coming storm prepare.
 But now the victor, with resistless haste,
 Proud o'er the ramparts of the fort had past; 500
 When swift descending from the rising grounds,
 Pompey with lengthening files the foe surrounds.
 As when in Ætna's hollow caves below,
 Round the vast furnace kindling whirlwinds blow;
 Rouz'd in his baleful bower the giant roars, 505
 And with a burst the burning deluge pours;
 Then pale with horror shrieks the shuddering swain,
 To see the fiery ruin spread the plain.
 Nor with less horror Cæsar's bands behold
 Huge hostile dusty clouds their rear infold; 510
 Unknowing whom to meet, or whom to shun,
 Blind with their fear, full on their fates they run.
 Well, on that day, the world repose had gain'd,
 And bold rebellion's blood had all been drain'd,
 Had not the pious chief the rage of war restrain'd. }
 Oh, Rome! how free, how happy hadst thou been!
 Thy own great mistress, and the nations queen!
 Had Sylla, then, thy great avenger stood,
 And dy'd his thirsty sword in traitors blood.

But, oh! for ever shalt thou now bemoan
 The two extremes, by which thou wert undone,
 The ruthless father, and too tender son.
 With fatal pity, Pompey, hast thou spar'd,
 And given the blackest crime the best reward:
 How had that one, one happy day, withheld
 The blood of Utica, and Munda's field!
 The Pharian Nile had known no crime more great
 Than some vile Ptolemy's untimely fate;
 Nor Afric, then, nor Juba, had bemoan'd,
 Nor Scipio's blood the Punic ghosts aton'd;
 Cato had, for his country's good, surviv'd,
 And long in peace a hoary patriot liv'd;
 Rome had not worn a tyrant's hated chain,
 And Fate had undecreed Pharsalia's plain.
 But Cæsar, weary of th' unlucky land,
 Swift to Æmathia leads his shatter'd band;
 While Pompey's wary friends, with caution wise,
 To quit the baffled foe's pursuit advise.
 To Italy they point his open way,
 And bid him make the willing land his prey.
 Oh! never, (he replies) shall Pompey come,
 Like Cæsar arm'd, and terrible to Rome;
 Nor need I from those sacred walls have fled,
 Could I have borne our streets with slaughter red,
 And seen the Forum pil'd with heaps of dead.
 Much rather let me pine in Scythia's frost,
 Or burn on swarthy Libya's sultry coast;
 No clime, no distant region, is too far,
 Where I can banish, with me, fatal war.

I fled,

I fled, to bid my country's sorrows cease; 550
 And shall my victories invade her peace?
 Let her but safe and free from arms remain,
 And Cæsar still shall think she wears his chain.

He spoke, and eastward sought the forest wide,
 That rising clothes Candavia's shady side; 555
 Thence to Æmathia took his destin'd way,
 Reserv'd by fate for the deciding day.

Where Eurus blows, and wintery suns arise,
 Thessalia's boundary proud Ossa lies;
 But when the god protracts the longer day, 560
 Pelion's broad back receives the dawning ray.

Where through the Lion's fiery sign he flies,
 Othrys his leafy groves for shades supplies.
 On Pindus strikes the fady western light,
 When glittering Vesper leads the starry night. 565

Northward, Olympus hides the lamps, that roll
 Their paler fires around the frozen pole.

The middle space, a valley low depress'd,
 Once a wide, lazy, standing lake possess'd;
 While growing still the heapy waters stood, 570
 Nor down through Tempe ran the rushing flood:

But when Alcides to the task apply'd,
 And cleft a passage through the mountains wide;
 Gushing at once the thundering torrent flow'd,
 While Nereus groan'd beneath th' increasing load. 575

Then rose (oh, that it still a lake had lain!)
 Above the waves Pharsalia's fatal plain,
 Once subject to the great Achilles' reign,
 Then Phylace was built, whose warriors boast
 Their chief first landed on the Trojan coast; 580

Then Pteleos ran her circling wall around,
 And Dorion, for the Muses' wrath renown'd;
 Then Trachin high, and Melibœa stood,
 Where Hercules his fatal shafts bestow'd;
 Lariffa strong arose, and Argos, now 585
 A plain, submitted to the labouring plow.
 Here stood the town, if there be truth in fame,
 That from Bœotian Thebes receiv'd its name.
 Here sad Agave's wandering sense return'd,
 Here for her murder'd son the mother mourn'd; 590
 With streaming tears she wash'd his ghastly head,
 And on the funeral pile the precious relick laid.

The gushing waters various soon divide,
 And every river rules a separate tide;
 The narrow Æas runs a limpid flood, 595
 Evenos blushes with the Centaur's blood;
 That gently mingles with th' Ionian sea,
 While this, through Calydonia, cuts his way.
 Slowly fair Io's aged father falls,
 And in hoarse murmurs his lost daughter calls. 600
 Thick Acheloüs rolls his troubled waves,
 And heavily the neighbour isles he laves;
 While pure Amphryfus winds along the mead,
 Where Phœbus once was wont his flocks to feed:
 Oft on the banks he sat a shepherd swain, 605
 And watch'd his charge upon the grassy plain.
 Swift to the main his course Sperchios bends,
 And, sounding, to the Malian gulph descends.
 No breezy air near calm Anauros flies,
 No dewy mists, nor fleecy clouds arise. 610

Here

Here Phœnix, Melas, and Asopus run,
 And strong Apidanus drives slow Enipeus on.
 A thousand little brooks, unknown to fame,
 Are mix'd, and lost in Peneus' nobler name:
 Bold Titarefus scorns his rule, alone, 615
 And, join'd to Peneus, still himself is known:
 As o'er the land his haughty waters glide,
 And roll, unmingling, a superior tide.
 'Tis said, through secret channels winding forth,
 Deep as from Styx he takes his hallow'd birth: 620
 Thence, proud to be rever'd by gods on high,
 He scorns to mingle with a mean ally.

When rising grounds uprear'd at length their heads,
 And rivers shrunk within their oozy beds;
 Bebrycians first are said, with early care, 625
 In furrows deep to sink the shining share.
 The Lelegians next, with equal toil,
 And Dolopes, invade the mellow soil.
 To these the bold Æolidæ succeed,
 Magnetes, taught to rein the fiery steed,
 And Minyæ, to explore the deep, decreed. }
 Here pregnant by Ixion's bold embrace,
 The mother Cloud disclos'd the Centaurs' race:
 In Pelethronian caves she brought them forth,
 And fill'd the land with many a monstrous birth. 635
 Here dreadful Monychus first saw the light,
 And prov'd on Pholoe's rending rocks his might;
 Here tallest trees uprooting Rhœcus bore,
 Which baffled storms had try'd in vain before.
 Here Pholus, of a gentler human breast, 640
 Receiv'd the great Alcides for his guest.

Here,

Here, with brute-fury, lustful Nessus try'd
 To violate the hero's beauteous bride,
 'Tis justly by the fatal shaft he dy'd.
 This parent land the pious leach confess, 645
 Chiron, of all the double race the best:
 'Midst golden stars he stands refulgent now,
 And threatens the scorpion with his bended bow.

Here love of arms and battle reign'd of old,
 And form'd the first Thessalians fierce and bold: 650
 Here, from rude rocks, at Neptune's potent stroke,
 Omen of war, the neighing courser broke;
 Here, taught by skilful riders to submit,
 He champ'd indignant on the foamy bit.
 From fair Thessalia's Pegasæan shore,
 The first bold pine the daring warriors bore,
 And taught the sons of earth wide oceans to explore.
 Here, when Itonus held the regal seat,
 The stubborn steel he first subdued with heat,
 And the tough bars on sounding anvils beat:
 In furnaces he ran the liquid brass,
 And cast in curious works the molten mass.
 He taught the ruder artist to refine,
 Explor'd the silver and the golden mine,
 And stamp'd the costly metal into coin.
 From that old æra avarice was known,
 Then all the deadly seeds of war were sown;
 Wide o'er the world, by tale, the mischief ran,
 And those curst pieces were the bane of man.
 Huge Python, here, in many a scaly fold, 670
 To Cyrrha's cave a length enormous roll'd:

Hence, Pythian games the hardy Greeks renown,
 And laurel wreaths the joyful victor crown.
 Here proud Alcæus durst the gods defy,
 And taught his impious brood to scale the sky: 675
 While mountains pil'd on mountains interfere
 With heaven's bright orbs, and stop the circling sphere.

To this curst land, by Fate's appointed doom,
 With one consent the warring leaders come;
 Their camps are fix'd, and now the vulgar fear, 680
 To see the terrible event so near.
 A few, and but a few, with souls serene,
 Wait the disclosing of the dubious scene.
 But Sextus, mix'd among the vulgar herd,
 Like them was anxious, and unmanly fear'd: 685
 A youth unworthy of the hero's race,
 And born to be his nobler fire's disgrace.

A day shall come, when this inglorious son
 Shall stain the trophies all by Pompey won:
 A thief, and spoiler, shall he live confess'd, 690
 And act those wrongs his father's arm redress'd.
 Vex'd with a coward's fond impatience now,
 He pries into that fate he fears to know;
 Nor seeks he, with religious vows, to move
 The Delphic Tripod, or Dodonian Jove; 695
 No priestly Augur's arts employs his cares,
 Nor Babylonian seers, who read the stars;
 He nor by fibres, birds, or lightning's fires,
 Nor any just, though secret, rites inquires;
 But horrid altars, and infernal powers,
 Dire mysteries of magic he explores,
 Such as high heaven and gracious Jove abhors.

He

He thinks, 'tis little those above can know,
 And seeks accurst assistance from below.
 The place itself the impious means supplies, 705
 While near Hæmonian hags incamp'd he lies :
 All dreadful deeds, all monstrous forms of old,
 By fear invented, and by falsehood told,
 Whate'er transcends belief, and reason's view,
 Their art can furnish, and their power makes true. 710
 The pregnant fields a horrid crop produce,
 Noxious, and fit for witchcraft's deadly use :
 With baleful weeds each mountain's brow is hung,
 And listening rocks attend the charmer's song.
 There, potent and mysterious plants arise, 715
 Plants that compel the gods, and awe the skies ;
 There, leaves unfolded to Medea's view,
 Such as her native Colchos never knew.
 Soon as the dread Hæmonian voice ascends,
 Through the whole vast expanse, each power attends ;
 Ev'n all those fullen deities, who know
 No care of heaven above, or earth below,
 Hear and obey. Th' Assyrian then, in vain,
 And Memphian priests, their local gods detain ;
 From every altar loose at once they fly, 725
 And with the stronger foreign call comply.

The coldest hearts Thessalian numbers warm,
 And ruthless bosoms own the potent charm ;
 With monstrous power they rouse perverse desire,
 And kindle into lust the wintery fire : 730
 Where noxious cups, and poisonous philtres fail,
 More potent spells and mystic verse prevail.

No

No draughts so strong the knots of love prepare,
 Cropt from her younglings by the parent mare.
 Oft, fullen bridegrooms, who unkindly fled
 From blooming beauty, and the genial bed,
 Melt, as the thread runs on, and sighing, feel
 The giddy whirling of the magic wheel.
 Whene'er the proud inchantress gives command,
 Eternal motion stops her active hand;
 No more heaven's rapid circles journey on,
 But universal nature stands foredone:
 The lazy god of day forgets to rise,
 And everlasting night pollutes the skies.
 Jove wonders, to behold her shake the pole,
 And, unconsenting, hears his thunders roll.
 Now, with a word, she hides the sun's bright face,
 And blots the wide æthereal azure space:
 Loosely, anon, she shakes her flowing hair,
 And straight the stormy lowering heavens are fair.
 At once, she calls the golden light again,
 The clouds fly swift away, and stops the drizly rain.
 In stillest calms, she bids the waves run high,
 And smooths the deep, though Boreas shakes the sky;
 When winds are hush'd, her potent breath prevails,
 Wafts on the bark, and fills the flagging sails.
 Streams have run back at murmurs of her tongue,
 And torrents from the rock suspended hung.
 No more the Nile his wonted seasons knows,
 And in a line the straight Mæander flows.
 Arar has rush'd with headlong waters down,
 And driven unwillingly the sluggish Rhone.

Huge mountains have been level'd with the plain,
 And far from heaven has tall Olympus lain;
 Riphæan crystal has been known to melt,
 And Scythian snows a sudden summer felt.
 No longer prest by Cynthia's moister beam,
 Alternate Tethys heaves her swelling stream;
 By charms forbid, her tides revolve no more,
 But shun the margin of the guarded shore.
 The ponderous earth, by magic numbers struck,
 Down to her inmost centre deep has shook;
 Then rending with a yawn, at once made way,
 To join the upper, and the nether day;
 While wondering eyes, the dreadful cleft between,
 Another starry firmament have seen.
 Each deadly kind, by nature form'd to kill,
 Fear the dire bags, and execute their will.
 Lions, to them, their nobler rage submit,
 And fawning tigers couch beneath their feet;
 For them, the snake foregoes her wintry hold,
 And on the hoary frost untwines her fold:
 The poisonous race they strike with stronger death,
 And blasted vipers die by human breath.
 What law the heavenly natures thus constrains,
 And binds ev'n godheads in resistless chains?
 What wondrous power do charms and herbs imply,
 And force them thus to follow, and to fly?
 What is it can command them to obey?
 Does choice incline, or awful terror sway?
 Do secret rites their deities atone,
 Or mystic piety to man unknown?

Do strong enchantments all immortals brave?
 Or is there one determin'd god their slave?
 One, whose command obedient nature awes,
 Who, subject still himself to magic laws,
 Acts only as a servile second cause?
 Magic the starry lamps from heaven can tear,
 And shoot them gleaming through the dusky air;
 Can blot fair Cynthia's countenance serene,
 And poison with foul spells the silver queen:
 Now pale the ghastly goddess shrinks with dread,
 And now black smoky fires involve her head;
 As when earth's envious interposing shade,
 Cuts off her beamy brother from her aid:
 Held by the charming song, she strives in vain,
 And labours with the long pursuing pain;
 Till down, and downward still, compell'd to come,
 On hallow'd herbs she sheds her fatal foam.

But these, as arts too gentle, and too good,
 Nor yet with death, or guilt enough embued,
 With haughty scorn the fierce Erichon view'd.
 New mischief she, new monsters durst explore,
 And dealt in horrors never known before.
 From towns and hospitable roofs she flies,
 And every dwelling of mankind defies;
 Through unfrequented deserts lonely roams,
 Drives out the dead, and dwells within their tombs.
 Spite of all laws, which heaven or nature know,
 The rule of gods above, and man below;
 Grateful to hell the living hag descends,
 And sits in black assemblies of the fiends.

Dark

Dark matted elf-locks dangling on her brow,
 Filthy, and foul, a loathsome burden grow :
 Ghastly, and frightful-pale her face is seen, 825
 Unknown to chearful day, and skies serene :
 But when the stars are veil'd, when storms arise,
 And the blue forky flame at midnight flies,
 Then, forth from graves, she takes her wicked way,
 And thwarts the glancing lightnings as they play. 830
 Where-e'er she breathes, blue poisons round her
 spread,
 The withering grafs avows her fatal tread,
 And drooping Ceres hangs her blasted head.
 Nor holy rites, nor suppliant prayer she knows,
 Nor seeks the gods with sacrifice, or vows : 835
 Whate'er she offers is the spoil of urns,
 And funeral fire upon her altars burns ;
 Nor needs she send a second voice on high,
 Scar'd at the first, the trembling gods comply.
 Oft in the grave the living has she laid, 840
 And bid reviving bodies leave the dead :
 Oft at the funeral pile she seeks her prey,
 And bears the smoking ashes warm away ;
 Snatches some burning bone, or flaming brand,
 And tears the torch from the sad father's hand ; 845
 Seizes the shroud's loose fragments as they fly,
 And picks the coal where clammy juices fry.
 But when the dead in marble tombs are plac'd,
 Where the moist carcase by degrees shall waste,
 There, greedily on every part she flies, 850
 Strips the dry nails, and digs the gory eyes.

Her

Her teeth from gibbets gnaw the strangling noose,
 And from the cross dead murderers unloose :
 Her charms the use of sun-dry'd marrow find,
 And husky entrails wither'd in the wind ; 855
 Oft drops the ropy gore upon her tongue,
 With cordy sinews oft her jaws are strung,
 And thus suspended oft the filthy hag has hung. }
 Where-e'er the battle bleeds, and slaughter lies,
 Thither, preventing birds and beasts, she hies ; 860
 Nor then content to seize the ready prey,
 From their fell jaws she tears their food away :
 She marks the hungry wolf's pernicious tooth,
 And joys to rend the morsel from his mouth.
 Nor ever yet remorse could stop her hand, 865
 When human gore her cursed rites demand.
 Whether some tender infant, yet unborn,
 From the lamenting mother's side is torn ;
 Whether her purpose asks some bolder shade,
 And by her knife, the ghost she wants, is made ; 870
 Or whether, curious in the choice of blood,
 She catches the first gushing of the flood ; }
 All mischief is of use, and every murder good.
 When blooming youths in early manhood die,
 She stands a terrible attendant by ; 875
 The downy growth from off their cheeks she tears,
 Or cuts left-handed some selected hairs.
 Oft when in death her gasping kindred lay,
 Some pious office would she feign to pay ;
 And while close hovering o'er the bed she hung, 880
 Bit the pale lips, and cropt the quivering tongue ;

T

Then,

Then, in hoarse murmurs, ere the ghost could go,
Mutter'd some message to the shades below.

A fame like this around the region spread,
To prove her power, the younger Pompey led. 885
Now half her sable course the night had run,
And low beneath us roll'd the beamy sun;
When the vile youth in silence cross'd the plain,
Attended by his wonted worthless train.
Through ruins waste and old, long wandering round, 890
Lonely upon a rock, the hag they found.
There, as it chanc'd, in sullen mood she fate,
Pondering upon the war's approaching fate:
At that same hour, she ran new numbers o'er,
And spells unheard by hell itself before; 895
Fearful, lest wavering destiny might change,
And bid the war in distant regions range.
She charm'd Pharsalia's field with early care,
To keep the warriors and the slaughter there.
So may her impious arts in triumph reign, 900
And riot in the plenty of the slain:
So, many a royal ghost she may command,
Mangle dead heroes with a ruthless hand,
And rob of many an urn Hesperia's mourning land. }
Already she enjoys the dreadful field, 905
And thinks what spoils the rival chiefs shall yield;
With what fell rage each corse she shall invade,
And fly rapacious on the prostrate dead.

To her, a lowly suppliant, thus begun
The noble Pompey's much unworthy son: 910

Hail! mighty mistress of Hæmonian arts,
To whom stern Fate her dark decrees imparts;

At

LUCAN'S PHARSALIA, Book VI. 275

At thy approving, bids her purpose stand,
Or alters it at thy rever'd command.
From thee, my humbler awful hopes presume 915

To learn my father's, and my country's doom:
Nor think this grace to one unworthy done,
When thou shalt know me for great Pompey's son;
With him, all fortunes am I born to share,
His ruin's partner, or his empire's heir. 920

Let not blind chance for ever wavering stand,
And awe us with her unresolving hand:
I own my mind unequal to the weight,
Nor can I bear the pangs of doubtful fate:
Let it be certain what we have to fear, 925

And then—no matter—Let the time draw near.
Oh let thy charms this truth from heaven compel,
Or force the dreadful Stygian gods to tell.

Call death, all pale and meagre, from below, 930
And from herself her fatal purpose know;
Constrain'd by thee, the phantom shall declare
Whom she decrees to strike, and whom to spare.
Nor ever can thy skill divine foresee,
Through the blind maze of long futurity,
Events more worthy of thy arts, and thee. }

Pleas'd that her magic fame diffusely flies, 936
Thus, with a horrid smile, the hag replies.

Hadst thou, oh noble youth, my aid implor'd,
For any less decision of the sword;
The gods, unwilling, should my power confess, 940
And crown thy wishes with a full success.

Hadst thou desir'd some single friend to save,
Long had my charms withheld him from the grave:

Or would thy hate some foe this instant doom,
 He dies, though heaven decrees him years to come. 945
 But when effects are to their causes chain'd,
 From everlasting, mightily, ordain'd;
 When all things labour for one certain end,
 And on one action centre and depend :
 Then far behind we own our arts are cast, 950
 And magic is by fortune's power surpass'd.
 Howe'er, if yet thy soul can be content,
 Only to know that undisclos'd event;
 My potent charms o'er nature shall prevail,
 And from a thousand mouths extort the tale : 955
 This truth the fields, the floods, the rocks, shall tell,
 The thunder of high heaven, or groans of hell :
 Though, still, more kindly oracles remain,
 Among the recent deaths of yonder plain.
 Of these a corse our mystic rites shall raise, 960
 As yet unshrunk by Titan's parching blaze;
 So shall no maim the vocal pipes confound,
 But the sad shade shall breathe, distinct in human sound.

While yet she spoke, a double darkness spread,
 Black clouds and murky fogs involve her head, }
 While o'er th' unbury'd heaps her footsteps tread. }
 Wolves howl'd, and fled where-e'er she took her way,
 And hungry vultures left the mangled prey;
 The savage race, abash'd, before her yield,
 And while she culls her prophet, quit the field. 970
 To various carcases by turns she flies,
 And, griping with her gory fingers, tries;
 Till one of perfect organs can be found,
 And fibrous-lungs uninjur'd by a wound.

Of all the flitting shadows of the slain, 975

Fate doubts which ghost shall turn to life again.

At her strong bidding (such is her command)

Armies at once had left the Stygian strand ;

Hell's multitudes had waited on her charms,

And legions of the dead had ris'n to arms. 980

Among the dreadful carnage strew'd around,

One, for her purpose fit, at length she found ;

In his pale jaws a rusty hook she hung,

And dragg'd the wretched lifele's load along :

Anon, beneath a craggy cliff she staid, 985

And in a dreary delve her burden laid ;

There evermore the wicked witch delights

To do her deeds accurs'd, and practise hellish rites.

Low as the realms where Stygian Jove is crown'd,

Subsides the gloomy vale within the ground ; 990

A downward grove, that never knew to rise,

Or shoot its leafy honours to the skies,

From hanging rocks declines its drooping head,

And covers in the cave with dreadful shade ;

Within dismay, and fear, and darkness dwell, 995

And filth obscene besmears the baleful cell.

There, lasting night no beamy dawning knows,

No light but such as magic flames disclose ;

Heavy, as in Tænarian caverns, there

In dull stagnation sleeps the lazy air. 1000

There meet the boundaries of life and death,

The borders of our world, and that beneath ;

Thither the rulers of th' infernal court

Permit their airy vassals to resort :

Thence with like ease the forcerefs could tell, 1005
As if defcending down, the deeds of hell.

And now ſhe for the ſolemn taſk prepares,
A mantle patch'd with various threads ſhe wears, }
And binds, with twining ſnakes, her wilder hairs. }

All pale, for dread, the daſtard youth ſhe ſpy'd, 1010
Heartleſs his mates ſtood quivering by his ſide.

Be bold ! (ſhe cries) diſmiſs this abjeſt fear;
Living and human ſhall the form appear, }
And breathe no ſounds but what ev'n you may hear. }

How had your vile, your coward ſouls been quell'd,
Had you the livid Stygian lakes beheld ; 1016

Heard the loud floods of rolling ſulphur roar,
And burſt in thunder on the burning ſhore ?

Had you ſurvey'd yon priſon-houſe of woe,
And giants bound in adamant below ? 1020

Seen the vaſt dog with curling vipers ſwell,
Heard ſcreaming Furies, at my coming, yell, }
Double their rage, and add new pains to hell ? }

This ſaid, ſhe runs the mangled carcaſe o'er,
And wipes from every wound the cruſty gore ; 1025
Now with hot blood the frozen breaſt ſhe warms,
And with ſtrong lunar dews confirms her charms.

Anon ſhe mingles every monſtrous birth,
Which nature, wayward and perverſe, brings forth.
Nor entrails of the ſpotted Lynx ſhe lacks, 1030

Nor bony joints from fell Hyæna's backs ;
Nor deer's hot marrow, rich with ſnaky food ;
Nor foam of raging dogs that fly the flood.

Her ſtore the tardy Remora ſupplies,
With ſtones from eagles warm, and dragons eyes ;
Snake

Snakes that on pinions cut their airy way, 1036
 And nimbly o'er Arabian deserts prey;
 The viper bred in Erythræan streams,
 To guard in costly shells the growing gems;
 The slough by Libya's horned serpent cast,
 With ashes by the dying Phoenix plac'd }
 On odorous altars in the fragrant east.
 To these she joins dire drugs without a name,
 A thousand poisons never known to fame;
 Herbs o'er whose leaves the hag her spells had sung,
 And wet with curst spittle as they sprung; 1046
 With every other mischief most abhor'd,
 Which hell, or worse Erietho, could afford.

At length, in murmurs hoarse her voice was heard, }
 Her voice, beyond all plants, all magic fear'd,
 And by the lowest Stygian gods rever'd.
 Her gabbling tongue a muttering tone confounds,
 Discordant, and unlike to human sounds:
 It seem'd, of dogs the bark, of wolves the howl,
 The doleful skreeching of the midnight owl; 1055
 The hiss of snakes, the hungry lion's roar,
 The bound of billows beating on the shore;
 The groan of winds amongst the leafy wood,
 And burst of thunder from the rending cloud: 1059
 'Twas these, all these in one. At length she breaks
 Thus into magic verse, and thus the gods bespeaks.

Ye Furies! and thou black accursed hell!
 Ye woes! in which the damn'd for ever dwell;
 Chaos, the world, and form's eternal foe!
 And thou sole arbiter of all below, 1065

Pluto ! whom ruthless fates a god ordain,
 And doom to immortality of pain ;
 Ye fair Elysian mansions of the blest,
 Where no Thessalian charmer hopes to rest ;
 Styx ! and Persephone, compell'd to fly 1070
 Thy fruitful mother, and the chearful sky !
 Third Hecate ! by whom my whispers breathe
 My secret purpose to the shades beneath ;
 Thou greedy dog, who at th' infernal gate,
 In everlasting hunger, still dost wait ! 1075
 And thou old Charon, horrible and hoar !
 For ever labouring back from shore to shore :
 Who murmuring dost in weariness complain,
 That I so oft demand thy dead again ;
 Hear, all ye powers ! If e'er your hell rejoice, 1080
 In the lov'd horrors of this impious voice ;
 If still with human flesh I have been fed,
 If pregnant mothers have, to please you, bled ;
 If from the womb these ruthless hands have torn
 Infants, mature, and struggling to be born ; 1085
 Hear and obey ! nor do I ask a ghost,
 Long since receiv'd upon your Stygian coast ;
 But one that, new to death, for entrance waits,
 And loiters yet before your gloomy gates,
 Let the pale shade these herbs, these numbers hear,
 And in his well-known warlike form appear.
 Here let him stand, before his leader's son,
 And say what dire events are drawing on :
 If blood be your delight, let this be done. }

Foaming she spoke : then rear'd her hateful head,
 And hard at hand beheld th' attending shade.

Too well the trembling sprite the carcase knew,
 And fear'd to enter into life anew;
 Fain from those mangled limbs it would have run,
 And, lothing, strove that house of pain to shun. 1100
 Ah! wretch! to whom the cruel fates deny
 That privilege of human kind, to die!
 Wroth was the hag at lingering death's delay,
 And wonder'd hell could dare to disobey;
 With curling snakes the senseless trunk she beats, 1105
 And curses dire, at every lash, repeats;
 With magic numbers cleaves the groaning ground,
 And, thus, barks downwards to th' abyss profound:
 Ye fiends hell-born, ye sisters of despair!
 Thus? is it thus my will becomes your care? 1110
 Still sleep those whips within your idle hands,
 Nor drive the loitering ghost this voice demands?
 But mark me well! my charms, in Fate's despite,
 Shall drag you forth, ye Stygian dogs, to light;
 Through vaults and tombs, where now secure you roam,
 My vengeance shall pursue, and chace you home.
 And thou, oh! Hecate, that dar'st to rise,
 Various and alter'd to immortal eyes,
 No more shalt veil thy horrors in disguise;
 Still in thy form accursed shalt thou dwell, 1120
 Nor change the face that nature made for hell.
 Each mystery beneath I will display,
 And Stygian loves shall stand confess'd to day.
 Thee, Proserpine! thy fatal feast I'll show,
 What leagues detain thee in the realms below,
 And why thy once-fond mother loaths thee now.

At

At my command, earth's barrier shall remove,
 And piercing Titan vex infernal Jove;
 Full on his throne the blazing beams shall beat,
 And light abhorr'd afflict the gloomy seat. 1130

Yet, am I yet, ye sullen fiends, obey'd?
 Or must I call your master to my aid?

At whose dread name the trembling Furies quake,
 Hell stands abash'd, and earth's foundation shake?
 Who views the Gorgons with intrepid eyes, 1135
 And your unviolable flood defies?

She said; and, at the word, the frozen blood
 Slowly began to roll its creeping flood;
 Through the known channels stole the purple tide,
 And warmth and motion through the members glide;
 The nerves are stretch'd, the turgid muscles swell,
 And the heart moves within its secret cell;
 The haggard eyes their stupid lights disclose,
 And heavy by degrees the corpse arose.

Doubtful and faint th' uncertain life appears, 1145
 And death, all-o'er, the livid visage wears.
 Pale, stiff, and mute, the ghastly figure stands,
 Nor knows to speak, but at her dread commands.

When thus the hag: Speak what I wish to know,
 And endless rest attends thy shade below; 1150
 Reveal the truth, and, to reward thy pain,
 No charms shall drag thee back to life again;

Such hallow'd wood shall feed thy funeral fire,
 Such numbers to thy last repose conspire,
 No sister of our art thy ghost shall wrong, 1155
 Or force thee listen to her potent song.

Since

Since the dark gods in mystic tripods dwell,
 Since doubtful truths ambiguous prophets tell;
 While each event aright and plain is read,
 To every bold inquirer of the deed: 1160
 Do thou unfold what end these wars shall wait,
 Persons, and things, and time, and place relate,
 And be the just Interpreter of Fate. }

She spoke, and, as she spoke, a spell she made,
 That gave new prescience to th' unknowing shade. 1165

When thus the spectre, weeping all for woe;
 Seek not from me the Parcæ's will to know.
 I saw not what their dreadful looms ordain,
 Too soon recall'd to hated life again;
 Recall'd, ere yet my waiting ghost had pass'd 1170
 The silent stream, that wafts us all to rest.

All I could learn, was from the loose report
 Of wandering shades, that to the banks resort.
 Uproar, and discord, never known till now,
 Distract the peaceful realms of death below; 1175
 From blissful plains of sweet Elysium some,
 Others from doleful dens, and torments, come;
 While in the face of every various shade,
 The woes of Rome too plainly might be read.

In tears lamenting, ghosts of patriots stood, 1180
 And mourn'd their country in a falling flood;
 Sad were the Decii, and the Curii seen,
 And heavy was the great Camillus' mien:
 On fortune loud indignant Sylla rail'd,
 And Scipio his unhappy race bewail'd; 1185
 The Censor iad foresaw his Cato's doom,
 Resolv'd to die for liberty, and Rome.

Of all the shades that haunt the happy field,
 Thee only, Brutus ! smiling I beheld ;
 Thee, thou first consul, haughty Tarquin's dread,
 From whose just wrath the conscious tyrant fled,
 When freedom first uprear'd her infant head. }
 Meanwhile the damn'd exult amidst their pains,
 And Catiline audacious breaks his chains.
 There the Cethegan naked race I view'd, 1195
 The Marii fierce, with human gore embrued,
 The Gracchi, fond of mischief-making laws,
 And Drusi, popular in faction's cause; }
 All clap'd their hands in horrible applause.
 The crash of brazen fetters rung around, 1200
 And hell's wide caverns trembled with the sound.
 No more the bounds of fate their guilt constrain,
 But proudly they demand th' Elysian plain.
 Thus they, while dreadful Dis, with busy cares,
 New torments for the conquerors prepares ; 1205
 New chains of adamant he forms below,
 And opens all his deep reserves of woe :
 Sharp are the pains for tyrants kept in store,
 And flames yet ten times hotter than before.
 But thou, oh noble youth ! in peace depart, 1210
 And sooth, with better hopes, thy doubtful heart :
 Sweet is the rest, and blissful is the place,
 That wait thy fire, and his illustrious race.
 Nor fondly seek to lengthen out thy date,
 Nor envy the surviving victor's fate ; 1215
 The hour draws near when all alike must yield,
 And death shall mix the fame of every field.

Hasten then, with glory, to your destin'd end,
 And proudly from your humbler urns descend;
 Bold in superior virtue shall you come, 1220
 And trample on the demigods of Rome.
 Ah! what shall it import the mighty dead,
 Or by the Nile or Tiber to be laid? }
 'Tis only for a grave your wars are made.
 Seek not to know what for thyself remains, 1225
 That shall be told in fair Sicilia's plains;
 Prophetic there, thy father's shade shall rise,
 In awful vision to thy wondering eyes:
 He shall thy fate reveal; though doubting yet,
 Where he may best advise thee to retreat. 1230
 In vain to various climates shall you run,
 In vain pursuing Fortune strive to shun, }
 In Europe, Afric, Asia, still undone.
 Wide as your triumphs shall your ruins lie,
 And all in distant regions shall you die. 1235
 Ah, wretched race! to whom the world can yield
 No safer refuge, than Emathia's field.

He said, and with a silent, mournful look,
 A last dismissal from the hag bespoke.
 Nor can the sprite, discharg'd by death's cold hand, 1240
 Again be subject to the same command;
 But charms and magic herbs must lend their aid,
 And render back to rest the troubled shade.
 A pile of hollow'd wood Erietho builds,
 The soul with joy its mangled carcase yields; 1245
 She bids the kindling flames ascend on high,
 And leaves the weary wretch at length to die.

Then,

Then, while the secret dark their footsteps hides,
 Homeward the youth, all pale for fear, the guides;
 And, for the light began to streak the east, 1250
 With potent spells the dawning she repress'd;
 Commanded night's obedient queen to stay,
 And, till they reach'd the camp, withheld the rising day.

LUCAN'S PHARSALIA.

B O O K VII.

THE ARGUMENT.

In the Seventh Book is told, first, Pompey's dream the night before the battle of Pharsalia; after that, the impatient desire of his army to engage, which is reinforced by Tully. Pompey, though against his own opinion and inclination, agrees to a battle. Then follows the speech of each general to his army, and the battle itself: the flight of Pompey; Cæsar's behaviour after his victory; and an invective against him, and the very country of Thessaly, for being the scene (according to this and other authors) of so many misfortunes to the people of Rome.

LATE, and unwilling, from his watery bed,
 Uprear'd the mournful fun his cloudy head;
 He sicken'd to behold Emathia's plain,
 And would have fought the backward east again:
 Full oft he turn'd him from the destin'd race,
 And wish'd some dark eclipse might veil his radiant face.

Pompey, meanwhile, in pleasing visions past
 The night, of all his happy nights the last.

It seem'd, as if, in all his former state,

In his own theatre secure he fate:

About his side unnumber'd Romans croud,

And, joyful, shout his much-lov'd name aloud;

The

The echoing benches seem to ring around,
 And his charm'd ears devour the pleasing sound.
 Such both himself, and such the people seem, 15
 In the false prospect of the feigning dream;
 As when in early manhood's beardless bloom,
 He stood the darling hope and joy of Rome.
 When fierce Sertorius by his arms suppress'd,
 And Spain subdued, the conqueror confess'd: 20
 When rais'd with honours never known before,
 The consul's purple, yet a youth, he wore:
 When the pleas'd senate sat with new delight,
 To view the triumph of a Roman knight.

Perhaps, when our good days no longer last, 25
 The mind runs backward, and enjoys the past:
 Perhaps, the riddling visions of the night
 With contraries delude our sight;
 And when fair scenes of pleasure they disclose,
 Pain they foretell, and sure ensuing woes. 30
 Or was it not, that, since the fates ordain
 Pompey should never see his Rome again,
 One last good office yet they meant to do,
 And gave him in a dream this parting view?

Oh, may no trumpet bid the leader wake! 35
 Long, let him long the blissful slumber take!
 Too soon the morrow's sleepless night will come,
 Full fraught with slaughter, misery, and Rome;
 With horror, and dismay, those shades shall rise,
 And the lost battle live before his eyes. 40

How blest his fellow-citizens had been,
 Though but in dreams, their Pompey to have seen!

Oh!

Oh ! that the gods, in pity, would allow,
 Such long-try'd friends their destiny to know;
 So each to each might their sad thoughts convey, 45
 And make the most of their last mournful day.
 But now, unconscious of the ruin nigh,
 Within his native land he thinks to die:
 While her fond hopes with confidence presume,
 Nothing so terrible from fate can come,
 As to be robb'd of her lov'd Pompey's tomb. }
 Had the sad city Fate's decree foreknown,
 What floods, fast falling, should her loss bemoan !
 Then should the lusty youth, and fathers hoar,
 With mingling tears, their chief renown'd deplore ; 55
 Maids, matrons, wives, and babes, a helpless train,
 As once for godlike Brutus, should complain ;
 Their tresses should they tear, their bosoms beat,
 And cry loud wailing in the doleful street.
 Nor shalt thou, Rome, thy gushing sorrows keep, 60
 Though aw'd by Caesar, and forbid to weep ;
 Though, while he tells thee of thy Pompey dead,
 He shakes his threatening scabbion o'er thy head.
 Lamenting crouds the conqueror shall meet,
 And with a peal of groans his triumph greet ; 65
 In sad procession, sighing shall they go,
 And stain his laurels with the streams of woe.
 But now, the fainting stars at length gave way,
 And hid their vanquish'd fires in beamy day ;
 When round the leader's tent the legions croud, 70
 And, urg'd by fate, demand the fight aloud.
 Wretches ! that long their little life to waste,
 And hurry on those hours that fly too fast !

Too soon, for thousands, shall the day be done,
 Whose eyes no more shall see the setting sun.
 Tumultuous speech th' impulsive rage confess, 75
 And Rome's bad genius rose in every breast.

With vile disgrace they blot their leader's name,
 Pronounce ev'n Pompey fearful, slow, and tame, }
 And cry, He sinks beneath his father's fame.
 Some charge him with ambition's guilty views,
 And think 'tis power, and empire, he pursues;
 That, fearing peace, he practises delay,
 And would, for ever, make the world obey.

While eastern kings of lingering wars complain, 84
 And wish to view their native realms again.

Thus when the gods are pleas'd to plague mankind,
 Our own rash hands are to the task assign'd;
 By them ordain'd the tools of Fate to be,
 We blindly act the mischiefs they decree; 90
 We call the battle, we the sword prepare,
 And Rome's destruction is the Roman prayer.

The general voice, united, Tully takes,
 And for the rest the sweet persuader speaks;
 Tully, for happy eloquence renown'd, 95
 With every Roman grace of language crown'd;
 Beneath whose rule and government rever'd,
 Fierce Catiline the peaceful axes fear'd:
 But now, detain'd amidst an armed throng,
 Where lost his arts, and useless was his tongue, }
 The orator had borne the camp too long.
 He to the vulgar side his pleading draws,
 And thus enforces much their feeble cause:

For

For all that fortune for thy arms has done,
 For all thy fame acquir'd, thy battles won; 105
 This only boon her suppliant vows implore,
 That thou would'st deign to use her aid once more:
 In this, O Pompey! kings and chiefs unite,
 And, to chastise proud Cæsar, ask the fight.
 Shall he, one man against the world combin'd, 110
 Protract destruction, and embroil mankind?
 What will the vanquish'd nations murmuring say,
 Where once thy conquests cut their winged way;
 When they behold thy virtue lazy now,
 And see thee move thus languishing and slow? 115
 Where are those fires that warm'd thee to be great?
 That stable soul, and confidence in Fate?
 Canst thou the gods ungratefully mistrust?
 Or think the senate's sacred cause unjust?
 Scarce are th' impatient ensigns yet withheld: 120
 Why art thou, thus, to victory compell'd?
 Dost thou Rome's chief, and in her cause, appear?
 'Tis hers to choose the field, and she appoints it here.
 Why is this ardor of the world withstood,
 The injur'd world, that thirsts for Cæsar's blood? 125
 See! where the troops with indignation stand,
 Each javelin trembling in an eager hand,
 And wait, unwillingly, the last command.
 Resolve the senate then, and let them know,
 Are they thy servants, or their servant thou? 130
 Sore sigh'd the listening chief, who well could read
 Some dire delusion by the gods decreed;
 He saw the fates malignantly inclin'd,
 To thwart his purpose, and perplex his mind.

Since thus (he cry'd) it is by all decreed,
 Since my impatient friends and country need
 My hand to fight, and not my head to lead;
 Pompey no longer shall your fate delay,
 But let pernicious Fortune take her way,
 And waste the world on one devoted day.
 But, oh! be witness thou, my native Rome,
 With what a sad fore-boding heart I come;
 To thy hard fate unwillingly I yield,
 While thy rash sons compel me to the field.
 How easily had Cæsar been subdued,
 And the blest victory been free from blood!
 But the fond Romans cheap renown disdain,
 They wish for deaths to purple o'er the plain,
 And reeking gore their guilty swords to stain.
 Driv'n by my fleets, behold, the flying foe
 At once the empire of the deep forego;
 Here by necessity they seem to stand,
 Coop'd-up within a corner of the land.
 By famine to the last extremes compell'd,
 They snatch green harvests from th' unripen'd field;
 And with we may this only grace afford,
 To let them die like soldiers, by the sword.
 'Tis true, it seems an earnest of success,
 That thus our bolder youth for action press:
 But let them try their inmost hearts with care,
 And judge betwixt true valour and rash fear;
 Let them be sure this eagerness is right,
 And certain fortitude demands the fight.
 In war, in dangers, oft it has been known,
 That fear has driven the headlong coward on.

LUCAN'S PHARSALIA, Book VII. 493

Give me the man, whose cooler soul can wait,
 With patience, for the proper hour of Fate.
 See what a prosperous face our fortunes bear!
 Why should we trust them to the chance of war?
 Why must we risk the world's uncertain doom, 170
 And rather choose to fight, than overcome?
 Thou Goddess Chance! who to my careful hand
 Hast given this wearisome supreme command;
 If I have, to the task of empire just,
 Enlarg'd the bounds committed to my trust; 175
 Be kind, and to thyself the rule resume,
 And, in the fight, defend the cause of Rome:
 To thy own crowns, the wreath of conquest join;
 Nor let the glory, nor the crime, be mine.
 But see! thy hopes, unhappy Pompey! fail: 180
 We fight; and Cæsar's stronger vows prevail.
 Oh, what a scene of guilt this day shall show!
 What crowds shall fall, what nations be laid low!
 Red shall Enipeus run with Roman blood,
 And to the margin swell his foamy flood. 185
 Oh! if our cause my aid no longer need,
 Oh! may my bosom be the first to bleed:
 Me let the thrilling javelin foremost strike,
 Since death and victory are now alike.
 To-day, with ruin shall my name be join'd, 190
 Or stand the common curse of all mankind;
 By every woe the vanquish'd shall be known,
 And every infamy the victor crown.

He spoke; and, yielding to th' impetuous crowd,
 The battle to his frantic bands allow'd. 195

So, when long vex'd by stormy Corus' blast,
 The weary pilot quits the helm at last;
 He leaves his vessel to the winds to guide,
 And drive unsteady with the tumbling tide.

Loud through the camp the rising murmurs sound, 200
 And one tumultuous hurry runs around;
 Sudden their busy hearts began to beat,
 And each pale visage wore the marks of Fate.
 Anxious, they see the dreadful day is come,
 That must decide the destiny of Rome. 205

This single vast concern employs the host,
 And private fears are in the public lost.
 Should earth be rent, should darkness quench the sun,
 Should swelling seas above the mountains run,
 Should universal nature's end draw near, 210
 Who could have leisure for himself to fear?
 With such consent his safety each forgot,
 And Rome and Pompey took up every thought.

And now the warriors all, with busy care,
 Whet the dull sword, and point the blunted spear; 215
 With tougher nerves they string the bended bow,
 And in full quivers steely shafts bestow;
 The horseman sees his furniture made fit,
 Sharpens the spur, and burnishes the bit;
 Fixes the rein, to check or urge his speed, 220
 And animates to fight the snorting steed.

Such once the busy gods employments were,
 If mortal men to gods we may compare, }
 When earth's bold sons began their impious war.
 The Lemnian power, with many a stroke, restor'd 225
 Blue Neptune's trident, and stern Mars's sword;
 In

In terrible array, the blue-ey'd maid
 The horrors of her Gorgon shield display'd;
 Phœbus his once victorious shafts renew'd,
 Difus'd, and rusty with the Python's blood; 230
 While, with unweary'd toil, the Cyclops strove
 To forge new thunders for imperial Jove.

Nor wanted then dire omens, to declare
 What curst events Thessalia's plains prepare;
 Black storms oppos'd against the warriors lay, 235
 And lightnings thwarted their forbidden way;
 Full in their eyes the dazzling flashes broke,
 And with amaze their troubled senses stroke:
 Tall fiery columns in the skies were seen,
 With watery Typhons interwove between. 240

Glancing along the bands swift meteors shoot;
 And from the helm the plummy honours cut;
 Sudden the flame dissolves the javelin's head,
 And liquid runs the shining steely blade.

Strange to behold! their weapons disappear, 245
 While sulphurous odour taints the smoking air.

The standard, as unwilling to be borne,
 With pain from the tenacious earth is torn:
 Anon, black swarms hang clustering on its height,
 And press the bearer with unwonted weight. 250

Big drops of grief each sweating marble wears,
 And Parian gods and heroes stand in tears.

No more th' auspicious victim tamely dies,
 But furious from the hallow'd fane he flies;
 Breaks off the rites with prodigies prophane, 255
 And bellowing seeks Emathia's fatal plain:

But who, O Cæsar ! who were then thy gods ?
Whom didst thou summon from their dark abodes ?
The Furies listen'd to thy grateful vows,
And dreadful to the day the powers of hell arose. 260

Did then the monsters, same records, appear ?
Or were they only phantoms form'd by fear ?
Some saw the moving mountains meet like foes,
And rending earth new gaping caves disclose.
Others beheld a sanguine torrent take 265
Its purple course, through fair Bœbeïs lake ;
Heard each returning night, portentous, yield
Loud shouts of battle on Pharsalia's field.
While others thought they saw the light decay,
And sudden shades oppress the fainting day ; 270
Fancy'd wild horrors in each other's face,
And saw the ghosts of all their bury'd race ;
Beheld them rise and glare with pale affright,
And stalk around them, in the new-made night.
Whate'er the cause, the croud, by fate decreed,
To make their brothers, sons, and fathers bleed,
Consenting, to the prodigies agreed ;
And, while they thirst impatient for that blood,
Bless these nefarious omens all as good.

But wherefore should we wonder, to behold 280
That death's approach by madness was foretold ?
Wild are the wandering thoughts which last survive ;
And these had not another day to live.
These shook for what they saw ; while distant climes,
Unknowing, trembled for Emathia's crimes. 285
Where Tyrian Gades sees the setting sun,
And where Araxes' rapid waters run,

From

From the bright orient to the glowing west,
 In every nation, every Roman breast
 The terrors of that dreadful day confest.

Where Aponus first springs in smoky steam, 291
 And full Timavus rolls his nobler stream;

Upon a hill that day, if fame be true,
 A learned augur sat the skies to view:

'Tis come, the great event is come (he cry'd) 295
 Our impious chiefs their wicked war decide.

Whether the seer observ'd Jove's forked flame,
 And mark'd the firmament's discordant frame;

Or whether, in that gloom of sudden night,
 The struggling sun declar'd the dreadful fight: 300

From the first birth of morning in the skies,
 Sure never day like this was known to rise;

In the blue vault, as in a volume spread,
 Plain might the Latian destiny be read.

Oh Rome! oh people, by the gods assign'd 305
 To be the worthy masters of mankind!

On thee, the heavens with all their signals wait,
 And suffering nature labours with thy fate.

When thy great names to latest times convey'd,
 By fame, or by my verse immortal made, 310

In free-born nations justly shall prevail,
 And rouse their passions with this noblest tale;

How shall they fear for thy approaching doom,
 As if each past event were yet to come!

How shall their bosoms swell with vast concern, 315
 And long the doubtful chance of war to learn!

Ev'n then the favouring world with thee shall join,
 And every honest heart to Pompey's cause incline.

Descending, now, the bands in just array,
 From burnish'd arms reflect the beamy day; 320
 In an ill hour they spread the fatal field,
 And with portentous blaze the neighbouring mountains
 gild.

On the left wing, bold Lentulus, their head,
 The first and fourth selected legions led:
 Luckless Domitius, vainly brave in war, 325
 Drew forth the right with un auspicious care.

In the mid battle daring Scipio fought,
 With eight full legions from Cilicia brought.
 Submissive here to Pompey's high command,
 The warrior undistinguish'd took his stand,
 Reserv'd to be the chief on Libya's burning sand. }

Near the low marshes and Enipeus' flood,
 The Pontic horse and Cappadocian flood.
 While kings and tetrarchs proud, a purple train, }
 Leigemen and vassals to the Latian reign,
 Possess'd the rising grounds and drier plain.
 Here troops of black Numidians scour the field,
 And bold Iberians narrow bucklers wield;
 Here twang the Syrian and the Cretan bow,
 And the fierce Gauls provoke their well-known foe. 340

Go, Pompey, lead to death th' unnumber'd host,
 Let the whole human race at once be lost.
 Let nations, upon nations, heap the plain,
 And tyranny want subjects for its reign.

Cæsar, as chance ordain'd, that morn decreed 345
 The spoiling bands of foragers to lead;
 When, with a sudden, but a glad surprize,
 The foe descending struck his wondering eyes.

Eager,

LUCAN'S PHARSALIA, Book VII. 299

Eager, and burning for unbounded sway,
 Long had he borne the tedious war's delay; 350
 Long had he struggled with protracting time,
 That sav'd his country, and deferr'd his crime:
 At length he sees the wish'd-for day is come,
 To end the strife for liberty, and Rome;
 Fate's dark mysterious threatenings to explain, 355
 And ease th' impatience of ambition's pain.
 But, when he saw the vast event so nigh,
 Unusual horror damp'd his impious joy;
 For one cold moment sunk his heart suppress'd,
 And doubt hung heavy on his anxious breast. 360
 Though his past fortunes promise now success,
 Yet Pompey, from his own, expects no less.
 His changing thoughts revolve with various cheer,
 While these forbid to hope, and those to fear.
 At length his wonted confidence returns, 365
 With his first fires his daring bosom burns;
 As if secure of victory, he stands,
 And fearless thus bespeaks the listening bands:
 Ye warriors! who have made your Cæsar great,
 On whom the world, on whom my fortunes wait, 370
 To-day, the gods, whate'er you wish, afford,
 And fate attends on the deciding sword.
 By your firm aid alone your leader stands,
 And trusts his all to your long-faithful hands.
 This day shall make our promis'd glories good, 375
 The hopes of Rubicon's distinguish'd flood.
 For this blest morn we trusted long to fate,
 Deferr'd our fame, and bad the triumph wait.

This

This day, my gallant friends, this happy day,
 Shall the long labours of your arms repay ; 380
 Shall give you back to every joy of life,
 To the lov'd offspring and the tender wife ;
 Shall find my veteran out a safe retreat,
 And lodge his age within a peaceful seat.
 The long dispute of guilt shall now be clear'd, 385
 And conquest shall the juster cause reward.
 Have you, for me, with sword and fire laid waste
 Your country's bleeding bosom, as you past ?
 Let the same swords as boldly strike to-day,
 And the last wounds shall wipe the first away. 390
 Whatever faction's partial notions are,
 No hand is wholly innocent in war.
 Yours is the cause to which my vows are join'd,
 I seek to make you free, and masters of mankind.
 I have no hopes, no wishes of my own, 395
 But well could hide me in a private gown :
 At my expence of fame, exalt your powers,
 Let me be nothing, so the world be yours.
 Nor think the task too bloody shall be found,
 With easy glory shall our arms be crown'd : 400
 Yon host come learn'd in academic rules,
 A band of disputants from Grecian schools.
 To these, luxurious eastern crouds are join'd,
 Of many a tongue, and many a differing kind :
 Their own first shouts shall fill each soul with fears,
 And their own trumpets shook their tender ears. 406
 Unjustly this, a civil war, we call,
 Where none but foes of Rome, barbarians, fall,

On then, my friends! and end it at a blow;
 Lay these soft, lazy, worthless nations low. 410
 Shew Pompey, that subdued them, with what ease
 Your valour gains such victories as these:
 Shew him, if justice still the palm confers,
 One triumph was too much for all his wars.
 From distant Tigris shall Armenians come, 415
 To judge between the citizens of Rome?
 Will fierce barbarian aliens waste their blood,
 To make the cause of Latian Pompey good?
 Believe me, no. To them we are all the same,
 They hate alike the whole Aufonian Name; 420
 But most those haughty masters whom they know,
 Who taught their servile vanquish'd necks to bow.
 Mean-while, as round my joyful eyes are roll'd,
 None but my try'd companions I behold;
 For years in Gaul we made our hard abode, 425
 And many a march in partnership have trod.
 Is there a foldier to your chief unknown?
 A sword, to whom I trust not, like my own?
 Could I not mark each javelin in the sky,
 And say from whom the fatal weapons fly? 430
 Ev'n now I view auspicious furies rise,
 And rage redoubled flashes in your eyes.
 With joy those omens of success I read,
 And see the certain victory decreed;
 I see the purple deluge float the plain, 435
 Huge piles of carnage, nations of the slain:
 Dead chiefs, with mangled monarchs, I survey,
 And the pale senate crowns the glorious day.

But

But, oh ! forgive my tedious lavish tongue,
Your eager virtue I withhold too long ; 440
My soul exults with hopes too fierce to bear,
I feel good fortune and the gods draw near.
All we can ask, with full consent they yield,
And nothing bars us but this narrow field.
The battle o'er, what boon can I deny ? 445
The treasures of the world before you lie.
Oh Thessaly ! what stars, what powers divine,
To thy distinguish'd land this great event assign ?
Between extremes, to-day our fortune lies,
The vilest punishment, and noblest prize. 450
Consider well the captive's lost estate,
Chains, racks, and crosses, for the vanquish'd wait.
My limbs are each allotted to its place,
And my pale head the Rostrum's height shall grace :
But that 's a thought unworthy Cæsar's care, 455
More for my friends than for myself I fear.
On my good sword securely I rely,
And, if I conquer not, am sure to die.
But oh ! for you my anxious soul foresees,
Pompey shall copy Sylla's curst decrees ; 460
The Martian field shall blush with gore again,
And massacres once more the peaceful Septa stain.
Hear, oh ! ye gods, who in Rome's strugglings share,
Who leave your heaven, to make our earth your care ;
Hear, and let him the happy victor live, 465
Who shall with mercy use the power you give ;
Whose rage for slaughter with the war shall cease,
And spare his vanquish'd enemies in peace.

Nor

Nor is Dyrrhachium's fatal field forgot,
 Nor what was then our brave companions lot ; 470
 When, by advantage of the straiter ground,
 Successful Pompey compass'd us around ;
 When quite disarm'd your useless valour stood,
 Till his fell sword was satiated with blood.
 But gentler hands, but nobler hearts you bear,
 And, oh ! remember 'tis your leader's prayer,
 Whatever Roman flies before you, spare. }
 But, while oppos'd and menacing they stand,
 Let no regard withhold the lifted hand :
 Let friendship, kindred, all remorse, give place, 480
 And mangling wounds deform the reverend face :
 Still let resistance be repaid with blood,
 And hostile force by hostile force subdued ;
 Stranger, or friend, whatever be the name,
 Your merit still, to Cæsar, is the same. 485
 Fill then the trenches, break the ramparts round,
 And let our works lie level with the ground ;
 So shall no obstacles our march delay,
 Nor stop one moment our victorious way.
 Nor spare your camp ; this night we mean to lie 490
 In that from whence the vanquish'd foe shall fly.
 Scarce had he spoke, when, sudden at the word,
 They seize the lance, and draw the shining sword :
 At once the turfy fences all lie waste,
 And through the breach the crouding legions haste ; 495
 Regardless all of order and array
 They stand, and trust to fate alone the day.
 Each had propos'd an empire to be won,
 Had each once known a Pompey for his son ;

Had

Had Cæsar's soul inform'd each private breast,
A fiercer fury could not be express'd.

With sad presages, Pompey, now, beheld
His foes advancing o'er the neighbouring field:

He saw the gods had fix'd the day of fate,
And felt his heart hang heavy with new weight.

Dire is the omen when the valiant fear,
Which yet he strove to hide, with well-dissembled cheer.

High on his warrior steed, the chief o'erran
The wide array, and thus at length began:

The time to ease your groaning country's pain,
Which long your eager valour fought in vain;

The great deciding hour at length is come,
To end the strivings of distracted Rome:

For this one last effort exert your power,
Strike home to-day, and all your toils are o'er.

If the dear pledges of connubial love,
Your household-gods, and Rome, your souls can move,

Hither by fate they seem together brought,
And for that prize, to-day, the battle shall be fought.

Let none the favouring gods assistance fear;
They always make the juster cause their care.

The flying dart to Cæsar shall they guide,
And point the sword at his devoted side:

Our injur'd laws shall be on him made good,
And liberty establish'd in his blood.

Could heaven, in violence of wrath, ordain
The world to groan beneath a tyrant's reign,

It had not spar'd your Pompey's head so long,
Nor lengthen'd out my age to see the wrong.

All

LUCAN'S PHARSALIA, Book VII. 305

All we can wish for, to secure success, 530
 With large advantage, here, our arms possess :
 See, in the ranks of every common band,
 Where Rome's illustrious names for soldiers stand.
 Could the great dead revisit life again,
 For us, once more, the Decii would be slain ; 535
 The Curii, and Camilli, might we boast,
 Proud to be mingled in this noblest host.
 If men, if multitudes, can make us strong,
 Behold what tribes unnumber'd march along !
 Where-e'er the Zodiac turns its radiant round, 540
 Where-ever earth, or people, can be found ;
 To us the nations issue forth in swarms,
 And in Rome's cause all human nature arms.
 What then remains, but that our wings inclose,
 Within their ample folds, our shrinking foes ? 545
 Thousands, and thousands, useless, may we spare ;
 Yon handful will not half employ our war.
 Think, from the summit of the Roman wall,
 You hear our loud-lamenting matrons call ;
 Think with what tears, what lifted hands, they sue, 550
 And place their last, their only hopes in you.
 Imagine kneeling age before you spread,
 Each hoary reverend majestic head ;
 Imagine, Rome herself your aid implor'd,
 To save her from a proud imperious lord. 555
 Think how the present age, how that to come,
 What multitudes from you expect their doom :
 On your success dependent all rely ;
 These to be born in freedom, those to die.

Think (if there be a thought can move you more, 360
 A pledge more dear than those I nam'd before)
 Think you behold (were such a posture meet)
 Ev'n me, your Pompey, prostrate at your feet.
 Myself, my wife, my sons, a suppliant band,
 From you our lives and liberties demand; 365
 Or conquer you, or I, to exile born,
 My last dishonourable years shall mourn,
 Your long reproach, and my proud father's scorn. }
 From bonds, from infamy, your general save,
 Nor let his hoary head descend to earth a slave. 370

Thus while he spoke, the faithful legions round,
 With indignation caught the mournful sound;
 Falsely, they think, his fears those dangers view,
 But vow to die, ere Cæsar proves them true.
 What differing thoughts the various hosts incite, 375
 And urge their deadly ardour for the fight!
 Those bold ambition kindles into rage,
 And these their fears for liberty engage.
 How shall this day the peopled earth deface,
 Prevent mankind, and rob the growing race! 380
 Though all the years to come should roll in peace,
 And future ages bring their whole increase;
 Though nature all her genial powers employ,
 All shall not yield what these curst hands destroy.
 Soon shall the greatness of the Roman name, 385
 To unbelieving ears, be told by fame;
 Low shall the mighty Latian towers be laid,
 And ruins crown our Alban mountain's head;
 While yearly magistrates, in turns compell'd
 To lodge by night upon th' uncover'd field, 390
 Shall

Shall at old doting Numa's laws repine,
 Who could to such bleak wilds his Latine rites assign.
 Ev'n now behold ! where waste Hesperia lies,
 Where empty cities shock our mournful eyes ;
 Untouch'd by time, our infamy they stand, 595
 The marks of civil discord's murderous hand.
 How is the stock of human-kind brought low !
 Walls want inhabitants, and hands the plow.
 Our fathers fertile fields by slaves are till'd,
 And Rome with dregs of foreign lands is fill'd : 600
 Such were the heaps, the millions of the slain,
 As 'twere the purpose of Emathia's plain,
 That none for future mischiefs should remain. }
 Well may our annals less misfortunes yield,
 Mark Allia's flood, and Cannæ's fatal field ; 605
 But let Pharsalia's day be still forgot,
 Be ras'd at once from every Roman thought.
 'Twas there, that fortune, in her pride, display'd
 The greatness her own mighty hands had made ;
 Forth in array the powers of Rome she drew, 610
 And set her subject nations all to view ;
 As if she meant to shew the haughty queen,
 Ev'n by her ruins, what her height had been.
 Oh countless loss ! that well might have supply'd
 The desolation of all deaths beside. 615
 Though famine with blue pestilence conspire,
 And dreadful earthquakes with destroying fire ;
 Pharsalia's blood the gaping wounds had join'd,
 And built again the ruins of mankind.
 Immortal gods ! with what resistless force, 620
 Our growing empire ran its rapid course !

Still every year with new success was crown'd,
 And conquering chiefs enlarge the Latian bound ;
 Till Rome stood mistress of the world confess'd,
 From the gray orient, to the ruddy west ; 625
 From pole to pole, her wide dominions run,
 Where-e'er the stars, or brighter Phœbus shone ;
 As heaven and earth were made for her alone. }
 But now, behold, how fortune tears away
 The gift of ages in one fatal day !
 One day shakes off the vanquish'd Indians chain,
 And turns the wandering Dææ loose again :
 No longer shall the victor consul now
 Trace our Sarmatian cities with the plow :
 Exulting Parthia shall her slaughters boast, 635
 Nor feel the vengeance due to Crassus' ghost.
 While liberty, long wearied by our crimes,
 Forsakes us for some better barbarous climes ;
 Beyond the Rhine and Tanais she flies,
 To snowy mountains, and to frozen skies ; 640
 While Rome, who long pursued that chieftest good,
 O'er fields of slaughter, and through seas of blood,
 In slavery, her abject state shall mourn,
 Nor dare to hope the goddess will return.
 Why were we ever free ? Oh why has heaven 645
 A short-liv'd transitory blessing given ?
 Of thee, first Brutus, justly we complain !
 Why didst thou break thy groaning country's chain, }
 And end the proud lascivious tyrant's reign ?
 Why did thy patriot hand on Rome bestow 650
 Laws, and her consuls righteous rule to know ?

In

In servitude more happy had we been,
 Since Romulus first wall'd his refuge in,
 Ev'n since the twice six vulturs bad him build,
 To this curst period of Pharsalia's field. 655
 Medes and Arabians of the slavish East
 Beneath eternal bondage may be blest ;
 While, of a differing mold and nature, we,
 From sire to son accustom'd to be free,
 Feel indignation rising in our blood, 660
 And blush to wear the chains that make them proud.
 Can there be gods, who rule yon azure sky ?
 Can they behold Emathia from on high,
 And yet forbear to bid their lightnings fly ?
 Is it the business of a thundering Jove, 665
 To rive the rocks, and blast the guiltless grove ?
 While Cassius holds the balance in his stead,
 And wreaks due vengeance on the tyrant's head.
 The sun ran back from Atreus' monstrous feast,
 And his fair beams in murky clouds suppress'd ; 670
 Why shines he now ? why lends his golden light.
 To these worse parricides, this more accursed sight ?
 But chance guides all ; the gods their task forego,
 And providence no longer reigns below. 674
 Yet are they just, and some revenge afford
 While their own heavens are humbled by the sword,
 And the proud victors, like themselves, ador'd :
 With rays adorn'd, with thunders arm'd they stand,
 And incense, prayers, and sacrifice demand ;
 While, trembling, slavish, superstitious Rome, 680
 Swears by a mortal wretch, that moulders in a tomb.

Now either host the middle plain had pass'd,
 And front to front in threatening ranks were plac'd;
 Then every well known feature stood to view,
 Brothers their brothers, sons their fathers knew. 683
 Then first they feel the curse of civil hate,
 Mark where their mischiefs are assign'd by fate,
 And see from whom themselves destruction wait. }
 Stupid awhile, and at a gaze, they stood,
 While creeping horror froze the lazy blood : 690
 Some small remains of piety withstand,
 And stop the javelin in the lifted hand ;
 Remorse for one short moment step'd between,
 And motionless, as statues, all were seen.
 And oh ! what savage fury could engage, 695
 While lingering Cæsar yet suspends his rage ?
 For him, ye gods ! for Crastinus, whose spear
 With impious eagerness began the war, }
 Some more than common punishment prepare ;
 Beyond the grave long lasting plagues ordain, 700
 Surviving sense, and never-ceasing pain.
 Straight, at the fatal signal, all around
 A thousand fifes, a thousand clarions, sound ;
 Beyond where clouds, or glancing lightnings fly,
 The piercing clangors strike the vaulted sky. 705
 The joining battles shout, and the loud peal
 Bounds from the hill, and thunders down the vale ;
 Old Pelion's caves the doubling roar return,
 And Oeta's rocks and groaning Pindus mourn ;
 From pole to pole the tumult spreads afar, 710
 And the world trembles at the distant war.

Now

LUCAN'S PHARSALIA, Book VII. 311

Now flit the thrilling darts through liquid air,
 And various vows from various masters bear :
 Some seek the noblest Roman heart to wound,
 And some to err upon the guiltless ground ; 715
 While chance decrees the blood that shall be spilt,
 And blindly scatters innocence and guilt.
 But random shafts too scanty death afford,
 A civil war is business for the sword :
 Where face to face the parricides may meet, 720
 Know whom they kill, and make the crime complete.

Firm in the front, with joining bucklers clos'd,
 Stood the Pompeian infantry dispos'd ;
 So crouded was the space, it scarce affords
 The power to toss their piles, or yield their swords. 725
 Forward, thus thick embattled though they stand,
 With headlong wrath rush furious Cæsar's band ;
 In vain the lifted shield their rage retards,
 Or plaited mail devoted bosoms guards ;
 Through shields, through mail, the wounding weapons
 go, 730

And to the heart drive home each deadly blow ;
 Oh rage ill match'd ! Oh much unequal war,
 Which those wage proudly, and these tamely bear !
 These, by cold, stupid piety disarm'd :
 Those, by hot blood, and smoking slaughter warm'd. 735
 Nor in suspense uncertain fortune hung,
 But yields, o'er-master'd by a power too strong,
 And borne by fates impetuous stream along. }

From Pompey's ample wings, at length the horse
 Wide o'er the plain extending take their course ; 740

Wheeling around the hostile line they wind,
While lightly arm'd the shot succeed behind.
In various ways the various bands engage,
And hurl upon the foe the missile rage;
There fiery darts and rocky fragments fly, 745
And heating bullets whistle through the sky :
Of feather'd shafts, a cloud thick shading goes,
From Arab, Mede, and Ituræan bows :
But driven by random aim they seldom wound ;
At first they hide the heaven, then strew the ground ; 750
While Roman hands unerring mischief send,
And certain deaths on every pile attend.

But Cæsar, timely careful to support
His wavering front against the first effort,
Had plac'd his bodies of reserve behind, 755
And the strong rear with chosen cohorts lin'd.
There, as the careless foe the fight pursue,
A sudden band and stable forth he drew ;
When soon, oh shame ! the loose barbarians yield,
Scattering their broken squadrons o'er the field, 760
And shew, too late, that slaves attempt in vain,
The sacred cause of freedom to maintain.
The fiery steeds, impatient of a wound,
Hurl their neglected riders to the ground ;
Or on their friends with rage ungovern'd turn, 765
And trampling o'er the helpless foot are borne.
Hence foul confusion and dismay succeed,
The victors murder, and the vanquish'd bleed :
Their weary hands the tir'd destroyers ply,
Scarce can these kill, so fast as those can die. 770
Oh,

LUCAN'S PHARSALIA, BOOK VII. 313

Oh, that Emathia's ruthless guilty plain
Had been contented with this only stain;
With these rude bones had strewn her verdure o'er,
And dy'd her springs with none but Asian gore!
But if so keen her thirst for Roman blood,

775

Let none but Romans make the slaughter good;
Let not a Mede nor Cappadocian fall,
No bold Iberian, nor rebellious Gaul:
Let these alone survive for times to come,
And be the future citizens of Rome.

780

But fear on all alike her powers employ'd,
Did Cæsar's business, and like fate destroy'd.

Prevailing still the victors held their course,
Till Pompey's main reserve oppos'd their force;
There, in his strength, the chief unshaken stood,

785

Repell'd the foe, and made the combat good;
There in suspense th' uncertain battle hung,
And Cæsar's favouring goddesses doubted long;

There no proud monarchs led their vassals on,
Nor eastern bands in gorgeous purple shone;
There the last force of laws and freedom lay,
And Roman patriots struggled for the day.

790

What parricides the guilty scene affords!
Sires, sons, and brothers, rush on mutual swords!

There every sacred bond of nature bleeds;
There met the war's worst rage, and Cæsar's blackest
deeds.

795

But, oh! my Muse, the mournful theme forbear,
And stay thy lamentable numbers here;

Let not my verse to future times convey,
What Rome committed on this dreadful day;

800

In shades and silence hide her crimes from fame,
And spare thy miserable country's shame.

But Cæsar's rage shall with oblivion strive,
And for eternal infamy survive.
From rank to rank, unweary'd, still he flies, 805
And with new fires their fainting wrath supplies.
His greedy eyes each sign of guilt explore,
And mark whose sword is deepest dy'd in gore ;
Observe where pity and remorse prevail,
What arm strikes faintly, and what cheek turns pale. 810
Or, while he rides the slaughter'd heaps around,
And views some foe expiring on the ground,
His cruel hands the gushing blood restrain,
And strive to keep the parting soul in pain :
As when Bellona drives the world to war, 815
Or Mars comes thundering in his Thracian car ;
Rage horrible darts from his Gorgon shield,
And gloomy terror broods upon the field ;
Hate, fell and fierce, the dreadful gods impart,
And urge the vengeful warrior's heaving heart : 820
The many shout, arms clash, the wounded cry,
And one promiscuous peal groans upwards to the sky.
Nor furious Cæsar, on Emathia's plains,
Less terribly the mortal strife sustains ;
Each hand unarm'd he fills with means of death, 825
And cooling wrath rekindles at his breath :
Now with his voice, his gesture now, he strives,
Now with his lance the lagging soldier drives :
The weak he strengthens, and confirms the strong,
And hurries war's impetuous stream along. 830

Strike

Strike home, he cries, and let your swords erase
 Each well-known feature of the kindred face:
 Nor waste your fury on the vulgar band;
 See! where the hoary doting senate stand;
 There laws and right at once you may confound, 835
 And liberty shall bleed at every wound.

The curs'd destroyer spoke; and, at the word,
 The purple nobles sunk beneath the sword:
 The dying patriots groan upon the ground,
 Illustrious names, for love of laws renown'd. 840
 The great Metelli and Torquati bleed,
 Chiefs worthy, if the state had so decreed,
 And Pompey were not there, mankind to lead. }

Say thou! thy sinking country's only prop,
 Glory of Rome, and liberty's last hope; 845
 What helm, oh Brutus! could, amidst the croud,
 Thy sacred undistinguish'd visage shroud?
 Where fought thy arm that day? But, ah! forbear!
 Nor rush unwary on the pointed spear;
 Seek not to hasten on untimely fate, 850
 But patient for thy own Emathia wait:
 Nor hunt fierce Cæsar on this bloody plain,
 To-day thy steel pursues his life in vain.
 Somewhat is wanting to the tyrant yet,
 To make the measure of his crimes complete; 855
 As yet he has not every law defy'd,
 Nor reach'd the utmost heights of daring pride.
 Ere long thou shalt behold him Rome's proud lord,
 And ripen'd by ambition for thy sword:
 Then, thy griev'd country vengeance shall demand, 860
 And ask the victim at thy righteous hand.

Among

Among huge heaps of the Patrician slain,
 And Latian chiefs, who strew'd that purple plain,
 Recording story has distinguish'd well,
 How brave, unfortunate Domitius fell. 865
 In every loss of Pompey still he shar'd,
 And dy'd in liberty, the best reward ;
 Though vanquish'd oft by Cæsar, ne'er enslav'd,
 Ev'n to the last, the tyrant's power he brav'd :
 Mark'd o'er with many a glorious streaming wound, 870
 In pleasure sunk the warrior to the ground ;
 No longer forc'd on vilest terms to live,
 For chance to doom, and Cæsar to forgive.
 Him, as he pass'd insulting o'er the field,
 Roll'd in his blood, the victor proud beheld : 875
 And can, he cry'd, the fierce Domitius fall,
 Forsake his Pompey, and expecting Gaul ?
 Must the war lose that still successful sword,
 And my neglected province want a lord ?
 He spoke ; when, lifting slow his closing eyes, 880
 Fearless the dying Roman thus replies :
 Since wickedness stands unrewarded yet,
 Nor Cæsar's arms their wish'd success have met ;
 Free and rejoicing to the shades I go,
 And leave my chief still equal to his foe ; 885
 And if my hopes divine thy doom aright,
 Yet shalt thou bow thy vanquish'd head ere night.
 Dire punishments the righteous gods decree,
 For injur'd Rome, for Pompey, and for me ;
 In hell's dark realms thy tortures I shall know, 890
 And hear thy ghost lamenting loud below.

He

He said ; and soon the leaden sleep prevail'd,
And everlasting night his eyelids seal'd.

But, oh ! what grief the ruin can deplore !

What verse can run the various slaughter o'er ! 895

For lesser woes our sorrows may we keep ;

No tears suffice, a dying world to weep.

In differing groups ten thousand deaths arise,

And horrors manifold the soul surprize.

Here the whole man is open'd at a wound, 900

And gushing bowels pour upon the ground :

Another through the gaping jaws is gor'd,

And in his utmost throat receives the sword :

At once, a single blow a third extends ;

The fourth a living trunk dismember'd stands. 905

Some in their breasts erect the javelin bear,

Some cling to earth with the transfixing spear.

Here, like a fountain, springs a purple flood,

Spouts on the foe, and stains his arms with blood.

There horrid brethren on their brethren prey ; 910

One starts, and hurls a well-known head away.

While some detested son, with impious ire,

Lops by the shoulders close his hoary fire :

Ev'n his rude fellows damn the cursed deed,

And bastard-born the murderer aread. 915

No private house its loss lamented then,

But count the slain by nations, not by men.

Here Grecian streams, and Asiatic run,

And Roman torrents drive the deluge on.

More than the world at once was given away, 920

And late posterity was lost that day :

A race

A race of future slaves receiv'd their doom,
 And children yet unborn were overcome.
 How shall our miserable sons complain,
 That they are born beneath a tyrant's reign? 925
 Did our base hands, with justice shall they say,
 The sacred cause of liberty betray?
 Why have our fathers given us up a prey?
 Their age, to ours, the curse of bondage leaves;
 Themselves were cowards, and begot us slaves. 930

'Tis just; and Fortune, that impos'd a lord,
 One struggle for their freedom might afford;
 Might leave their hands their proper cause to fight,
 And let them keep, or lose themselves, their right.

But Pompey, now, the fate of Rome descry'd, 935
 And saw the changing gods forsake her side.
 Hard to believe, though from a rising ground
 He view'd the universal ruin round,
 In crimson streams he saw destruction run,
 And in the fall of thousands felt his own. 940

Nor wish'd he, like most wretches in despair,
 The world one common misery might share:
 But with a generous, great, exalted mind,
 Besought the gods to pity poor mankind,
 To let him die, and leave the rest behind:
 This hope came smiling to his anxious breast,
 For this his earnest vows were thus address'd.
 Spare man, ye gods! oh, let the nations live!
 Let me be wretched, but let Rome survive.
 Or if this head suffices not alone, 950
 My wife, my sons, your anger shall atone:

If

If blood the yet unfated war demand,
Behold my pledges left in fortune's hand !
Ye cruel powers, who urge me with your hate,
At length behold me crush'd beneath the weight : 955
Give then your long-pursuing vengeance o'er,
And spare the world, since I can lose no more.

So saying, the tumultuous field he cross'd,
And warn'd from battle his despairing host.
Gladly the pains of death he had explor'd, 960
And fall'n undaunted on his pointed sword ;
Had he not fear'd th' example might succeed,
And faithful nations by his side would bleed.
Or did his swelling soul disdain to die,
While his insulting father stood so nigh ? 965
Fly where he will, the gods shall still pursue,
Nor his pale head shall 'scape the victor's view.

Or else, perhaps, and Fate the thought approv'd,
For her dear sake he fled, whom best he lov'd :
Malicious Fortune to his wish agreed, 970
And gave him in Cornelia's fight to bleed.

Borne by his winged steed at length away,
He quits the purple plain, and yields the day.
Fearless of danger, still secure and great,
His daring soul supports his lost estate ; 975
Nor groans his breast, nor swell his eyes with tears,
But still the same majestic form he wears.

An awful grief sat decent in his face,
Such as became his loss, and Rome's disgrace :
His mind, unbroken, keeps her constant frame, 980
In greatness and misfortune still the same ;

While

While fortune, who his triumphs once beheld,
 Unchanging sees him leave Pharsalia's field,
 Now, disentangled from unwieldy power,
 O Pompey! run thy former honours o'er: 985
 At leisure now review the glorious scene,
 And call to mind how mighty thou hast been.
 From anxious toils of empire turn thy care,
 And from thy thoughts exclude the murderous war;
 Let the just gods bear witness on thy side, 990
 Thy cause no more shall by the sword be try'd.
 Whether sad Afric shall her loss bemoan,
 Or Munda's plains beneath their burden groan,
 The guilty bloodshed shall be all their own. }
 No more the much-lov'd Pompey's name shall charm
 The peaceful world, with one consent, to arm;
 Nor for thy sake, nor aw'd by thy command,
 But for themselves, the fighting senate stand:
 The war but one distinction shall afford,
 And Liberty, or Cæsar, be the word. 1000

Nor, oh! do thou thy vanquish'd lot deplore,
 But fly with pleasure from those seas of gore:
 Look back upon the horror, guiltless thou,
 And pity Cæsar, for whose sake they flow.
 With what a heart, what triumph shall he come, 1005
 A victor, red with Roman blood, to Rome?
 Though misery thy banishment attends,
 Though thou shalt die, by thy false Pharian friends;
 Yet trust securely to the choice of heaven,
 And know thy loss was for a blessing giv'n: 1010
 Though flight may seem the warrior's shame and curse;
 To conquer, in a cause like this, is worse.

And

And, oh! let every mark of grief be spar'd.
 May no tear fall, no groan, no sigh be heard;
 Still let mankind their Pompey's fate adore,
 And reverence thy fall, ev'n as thy height of power.
 Meanwhile survey th' attending world around,
 Cities by thee possess'd, and monarchs crown'd:
 On Afric, or on Asia, cast thy eye,
 And mark the land where thou shalt choose to die. 1015

Larissa first the constant chief beheld,
 Still great, though flying from the fatal field:
 With loud acclaim her crowds his coming greet,
 And, sighing, pour their presents at his feet.
 She crowns her altars, and proclaims a feast:
 Would put on joy to cheer her noble guest;
 But weeps, and begs to share his woes at least. }
 So was he lov'd ev'n in his lost estate,
 Such faith, such friendship, on his ruins wait;
 With ease Pharsalia's loss might be supply'd, 1030
 While eager nations hasten to his side:
 As if misfortune meant to bless him more,
 Than all his long prosperity before.
 In vain, he cries, you bring the vanquish'd aid;
 Henceforth to Cæsar be your homage paid,
 Cæsar, who triumphs o'er yon heaps of dead. }
 With that, his courser urging on to flight,
 He vanish'd from the mournful city's sight.
 With cries, and loud laments, they fill the air,
 And curse the cruel gods, in fierceness of despair. 1040
 Now in huge lakes Hesperian crimson stood,
 And Cæsar's self grew satiated with blood.

The great patricians fall'n, his pity spar'd
 The worthless, unresisting, vulgar herd.
 Then, while his glowing fortune yet was warm, 1045
 And scattering terror spread the wild alarm,
 Straight to the hostile camp his way he bent,
 Careful to seize the hasty flier's tent,
 The leisure of a night, and thinking to prevent. }
 Nor reck'd he much the weary soldiers toil, 1050
 But led them prone, and greedy to the spoil,
 Behold, he cries, our victory complete,
 The glorious recompence attends you yet :
 Much have you done to-day, for Cæsar's sake ;
 'Tis mine to shew the prey, 'tis yours to take. 1055
 'Tis yours, whate'er the vanquish'd foe has left ;
 'Tis what your valour gain'd, and not my gift.
 Treasures immense yon wealthy tents enfold,
 The gems of Asia, and Hesperian gold ;
 For you the once-great Pompey's store attends, 1060
 With regal spoils of his barbarian friends :
 Hasten then, prevent the foe, and seize that good,
 For which you paid so well with Roman blood.
 He said ; and with the rage of rapine stung,
 The multitude tumultuous rush along. 1065
 On swords, and spears, on fires and sons they tread,
 And all remorseless spurn the gory dead.
 What trench can intercept, what fort withstand
 The brutal soldier's rude rapacious hand ;
 When eager to his crime's reward he flies, 1070
 And, bath'd in blood, demands the horrid prize ?
 There, wealth collected from the world around,
 The destin'd recompence of war, they found.
 But,

But, oh ! not golden Arimaspus' store,
 Nor all the Tagus or rich Iber pour, 1075
 Can fill the greedy victor's griping hands :
 Rome, and the capitol, their pride demands ;
 All other spoils they scorn, as worthless prey,
 And count their wicked labours robb'd of pay.
 Here, in patrician tents, plebeians rest, 1080
 And regal couches are by ruffians press'd :
 There impious parricides the bed invade,
 And sleep where late their slaughter'd fires were laid.
 Meanwhile the battle stands in dreams renew'd,
 And Stygian horrors o'er their slumbers brood. 1085
 Astonishment and dread their souls infest,
 And guilt sits painful on each heaving breast.
 Arms, blood, and death, work in the labouring brain ;
 They sigh, they start, they strive, and fight it o'er again.
 Ascending fiends infect the air around, 1090
 And hell breathes baleful through the groaning ground :
 Hence dire affright distracts the warriors souls,
 Vengeance divine their daring hearts controuls, }
 Snakes hiss, and livid flame tormenting rolls.
 Each, as his hands in guilt have been imbrued, 1095
 By some pale spectre flies all night pursued.
 In various forms the ghosts unnumber'd groan,
 The brother, friend, the father, and the son :
 To every wretch his proper phantom fell,
 While Cæsar sleeps the general care of hell. 1100
 Such were his pangs as mad Orestes felt,
 Ere yet the Scythian altar purg'd his guilt.
 Such horrors Pentheus, such Agave knew ;
 He when his rage first came, and she when her's withdrew.

Present and future swords his bosom bears, 1105
 And feels the blow that Brutus now defers.
 Vengeance, in all her pomp of pain, attends ;
 To wheels she binds him, and with vultures rends, }
 With racks of conscience, and with whips of fiends. }
 But soon the visionary horrors pass, 1110
 And his first rage with day resumes its place :
 Again his eyes rejoice to view the slain,
 And run unweary'd o'er the dreadful plain.
 He bids his train prepare his impious board,
 And feasts amidst the heaps of death abhorr'd. 1115
 There each pale face at leisure he may know,
 And still behold the purple current flow.
 He views the woeful wide horizon round,
 Then joys that earth is no where to be found,
 And owns, those gods he serves, his utmost wish have }
 crown'd ; }
 Still greedy to possess the curs'd delight,
 To glut his soul, and gratify his sight,
 The last funereal honours he denies,
 And poisons with the stench Emathia's skies.
 Not thus the sworn inveterate foe of Rome, 1125
 Refus'd the vanquish'd consul's bones a tomb :
 His piety the country round beheld,
 And bright with fires shone Cannæ's fatal field.
 But Cæsar's rage from fiercer motives rose ;
 These were his countrymen, his worst of foes. 1130
 But, oh ! relent, forget thy hatred past,
 And give the wandering shades to rest at last.
 Nor seek we single honours for the dead,
 At once let nations on the pile be laid :

To

LUCAN'S PHARSALIA, Book VII. 325

To feed the flame, let heapy forests rise,
Far be it seen to fret the ruddy skies,
And grieve despairing Pompey where he lies.

Know too, proud conqueror, thy wrath in vain
Strews with unbury'd carcases the plain,
What is it to thy malice, if they burn, 1140
Rot in the field, or moulder in the urn ?
The forms of matter all dissolving die,
And lost in nature's blending bosom lie.
Though now thy cruelty denies a grave,
These and the world one common lot shall have; 1145
One last appointed flame, by Fate's decree,
Shall waste yon azure heavens, this earth, and sea;
Shall knead the dead up in one mingled mass,
Where stars and they shall undistinguish'd pass.
And though thou scorn their fellowship, yet know, }
High as thy own can soar these souls shall go;
Or find, perhaps, a better place below. }
Death is beyond thy Goddess Fortune's power,
And parent Earth receives whate'er she bore.
Nor will we mourn those Romans fate, who lie 1155
Beneath the glorious covering of the sky;
That starry arch for ever round them turns,
A nobler shelter far than tombs or urns,

But wherefore parts the loathing victor hence ?
Does slaughter strike too strongly on thy sense; 1160
Yet stay, yet breathe the thick infectious stream,
Yet quaff with joy the blood-polluted steam.
But see, they fly ! the daring warriors yield !
And the dead heaps drive Cæsar from the field !

Now to the prey, gaunt wolves, a howling train, 1165
 Speed hungry from the far Bistonian plain;
 From Pholoë the tawny lion comes,
 And growling bears forsake their darksome homes:
 With these, lean dogs in herds obscene repair,
 And every kind that snuffs the tainted air. 1170
 For food the cranes their wonted flight delay,
 That erst to warmer Nile had wing'd their way:
 With them the feather'd race convene from far,
 Who gather to the prey, and wait on war.
 Ne'er were such flocks of vultures seen to fly, 1175
 And hide with spreading plumes the crouded sky:
 Gorging on limbs in every tree they sat,
 And drop'd raw morsels down, and gory fat:
 Oft their tir'd talons, loosening as they fled,
 Rain'd horrid offals on the victor's head. 1180
 But while the slain supply'd too full a feast,
 The plenty bred satiety at last;
 The ravenous feeders riot at their ease,
 And single out what dainties best may please.
 Part borne away, the rest neglected lie, 1185
 For noon-day suns, and parching winds, to dry;
 Till length of time shall wear them quite away,
 And mix them with Emathia's common clay.

Oh fatal Theffaly! Oh land abhorr'd!
 How have thy fields the hate of heaven incurr'd; 1190
 That thus the gods to thee destruction doom,
 And load thee with the curse of falling Rome!
 Still to new crimes, new horrors, dost thou haste,
 When yet thy former mischiefs scarce were past.

What

What rolling years, what ages, can repay 1195

The multitudes thy wars have swept away!

Though tombs and urns their numerous store should
spread,

And long antiquity yield all her dead;

Thy guilty plains more slaughter'd Romans hold,
Than all those tombs, and all those urns, infold. 1200

Hence bloody spots shall stain thy grassy green,

And crimson drops on bladed corn be seen:

Each plowshare some dead patriot shall molest,

Disturb his bones, and rob his ghost of rest.

Oh! had the guilt of war been all thy own, 1205

Were civil rage confin'd to thee alone;

No mariner his labouring bark should moor,

In hopes of safety, on thy dreadful shore;

No swain thy spectre-haunted plain should know,

Nor turn thy blood-stain'd fallow with his plow: 1210

No shepherd e'er should drive his flock to feed,

Where Romans slain enrich the verdant mead:

All desolate should lie thy land and waste,

As in some scorch'd or frozen region plac'd.

But the great gods forbid our partial hate 1215

On Thessaly's distinguish'd land to wait;

New blood, and other slaughters, they decree,

And others shall be guilty too, like thee.

Munda and Mutina shall boast their slain,

Pachynus' waters share the purple stain,

And Actium justify Pharsalia's plain.

LUCAN'S PHARSALIA.

BOOK VIII.

THE ARGUMENT.

From Pharsalia, Pompey flies, first to Larissa, and after to the sea-shore; where he embarks upon a small vessel for Lesbos. There, after a melancholy meeting with Cornelia, and his refusal of the Mitylenians invitations, he embarks with his wife for the coast of Asia. In the way thither he is joined by his son Sextus, and several persons of distinction, who had fled likewise from the late battle; and among the rest by Deiotarus, king of Gallo-Græcia. To him he recommends the soliciting of supplies from the king of Parthia, and the rest of his allies in Asia. After coasting Cilicia for some time, he comes at length to a little town called Syedra or Syedræ, where great part of the senate meet him. With these, he deliberates upon the present circumstances of the commonwealth, and proposes either Mauritania, Ægypt, or Parthia, as the proper places where he may hope to be received, and from whose kings he may expect assistance. In his own opinion he inclines to the Parthians; but this Lentulus, in a long oration, opposes very warmly; and, in consideration of young Ptolemy's personal obligations to Pompey, prefers Ægypt. This advice is generally approved and followed, and Pompey sets sail accordingly for Ægypt. Upon his arrival on that coast, the king calls a council, where at the instigation of Pothinus, a villainous minister, it is resolved to take his life; and the execution of this order is committed to the care of Achilles, formerly the king's governor, and then general

general of the army. He, with Septimius, a renegade Roman soldier, who had formerly served under Pompey, upon some frivolous pretences, persuades him to quit his ship, and come into their boat; where, as they make towards the shore, he treacherously murders him, in the sight of his wife, his son, and the rest of his fleet. His head is cut off, and his body thrown into the sea. The head is fixed upon a spear, and carried to Ptolemy; who, after he had seen it, commands it to be embalmed. In the succeeding night, one Cordus, who had been a follower of Pompey, finds the trunk floating near the shore, brings it to land with some difficulty; and, with a few planks that remained from a shipwrecked vessel, burns it. The melancholy description of this mean funeral, with the poet's invective against the gods, and fortune, for their unworthy treatment of so great a man, concludes this book.

NOW through the vale, by great Alcides made,
 And the sweet maze of Tempe's pleasing shade,
 Cheerless, thy flying chief renew'd his speed,
 And urg'd, with gory spurs, his fainting steed.
 Fall'n from the former greatness of his mind, 5
 He turns where doubtful paths obscurely wind.
 The fellows of his flight increase his dread,
 While hard behind the trampling horsemen tread:
 He starts at every rustling of the trees,
 And fears the whispers of each murmuring breeze. 10
 He feels not yet, alas! his lost estate;
 And, though he flies, believes himself still great;
 Imagines millions for his life are bid,
 And rates his own, as he would Cæsar's head.

Where-

Where-e'er his fear explores untrodden ways, 15
 His well-known visage still his flight betrays.
 Many he meets unknowing of his chance,
 Whose gathering forces to his aid advance.

With gaze astonish'd, these their chief behold,
 And scarce believe what by himself is told. 20

In vain, to covert, from the world he flies,
 Fortune still grieves him with pursuing eyes :
 Still aggravates, still urges his disgrace,
 And galls him with the thoughts of what he was.

His youthful triumph sadly now returns,
 His Pontic and piratic wars he mourns,
 While stung with secret shame and anxious care he
 burns. }

Thus age to sorrows oft the great betrays,
 When loss of empire comes with length of days.
 Life and enjoyment still one end shall have, 30
 Lest early misery prevent the grave,

The good, that lasts not, was in vain bestow'd,
 And ease once past becomes the present load :
 Then let the wise, in fortune's kindest hour, 35
 Still keep one safe retreat within his power ;
 Let death be near, to guard him from surprize,
 And free him, when the fickle goddess flies.

Now to those shores the hapless Pompey came,
 Where hoary Peneus rolls his ancient stream :
 Red with Emathian slaughter ran his flood, 40
 And dy'd the ocean deep in Roman blood.

There a poor bark, whose keel perhaps might glide
 Safe down some river's smooth descending tide,

Receiv'd

Receiv'd the mighty master of the main,
Whose spreading navies hide the liquid plain. 45

In this he braves the winds and stormy sea,
And to the Lesbian isle directs his way.

There the kind partner of his every care,
His faithful, lov'd Cornelia, languish'd there :

At that sad distance more unhappy far, 50
Than in the midst of danger, death, and war.

There on her heart, ev'n all the live-long day,
Foreboding thought a weary burden lay :

Sad visions haunt her slumbers with affright,
And Thessaly returns with every night. 55

Soon as the ruddy morning paints the skies,
Swift to the shore the pensive mourner flies ;

There, lonely sitting on the cliff's bleak brow,
Her sight she fixes on the seas below ;

Attentive marks the wide horizon's bound, 60
And kens each sail that rises in the round :

Thick beats her heart, as every prow draws near,
And dreads the fortunes of her lord to hear.

At length, behold ! the fatal bark is come !
See ! the swoln canvas labouring with her doom. 65

Preventing fame, misfortune lends him wings,
And Pompey's self his own sad story brings.

Now bid thy eyes, thou lost Cornelia, flow,
And change thy fears to certain sorrows, now.

Swift glides the woeful vessel on to land ; 70
Forth flies the headlong matron to the strand.

There soon she found what worst the gods could do,
There soon her dear much-alter'd lord she knew ;
Though fearful all and ghastly was his hue. }

Rude

Rude, o'er his face, his hoary locks were grown, 75
 And dust was cast upon his Roman gown.
 She saw, and, fainting, sunk in sudden night;
 Grief stopp'd her breath, and shut out loathsome light:
 The loosening nerves no more their force exert,
 And motion ceas'd within the freezing heart; 80
 Death kindly seem'd her wishes to obey,
 And, stretch'd upon the beach, a corse she lay.

But now the mariners the vessel moor,
 And Pompey, landing, views the lonely shore.
 The faithful maids their loud lamentings ceas'd, 85
 And reverently their ruder grief suppress'd.
 Straight, while with duteous care they kneel around,
 And raise their wretched mistress from the ground,
 Her lord infolds her with a strict embrace,
 And joins his cheek close to her lifeless face: 90
 At the known touch, her failing sense returns,
 And vital warmth in kindling blushes burns.
 At length, from virtue thus he seeks relief,
 And kindly chides her violence of grief: 94

Canst thou then sink, thou daughter of the great,
 Sprung from the noblest guardians of our state;
 Canst thou thus yield to the first shock of fate?
 Whatever deathless monuments of praise
 Thy sex can merit, 'tis in thee to raise.

On man alone life's ruder trials wait, 100
 The fields of battle, and the cares of state;
 While the wife's virtue then is only try'd,
 When faithless fortune quits her husband's side.
 Arm then thy soul, the glorious task to prove,
 And learn, thy miserable lord to love. 105

Behold

Behold me of my power and pomp bereft,
 By all my kings, and by Rome's fathers left:
 Oh make that loss thy glory; and be thou
 The only follower of Pompey now.
 This grief becomes thee not, while I survive; 110
 War wounds not thee, since I am still alive:
 These tears a dying husband should deplore,
 And only fall when Pompey is no more.
 'Tis true, my former greatness all is lost;
 Who weep for that, no love for me can boast,
 But mourn the loss of what they valued most. }

Mov'd at her lord's reproof, the matron rose;
 Yet, still complaining, thus avow'd her woes:

Ah! wherefore was I not much rather led,
 A fatal bride, to Cæsar's hated bed? 120
 To thee unlucky, and a curse, I came,
 Unblest by yellow Hymen's holy flame:
 My bleeding Crassus, and his fire, stood by,
 And fell Erynnis shook her torch on high.
 My fate on thee the Parthian vengeance draws, 125
 And urges heaven to hate the juster cause.
 Ah! my once greatest lord! ah! cruel hour!
 Is thy victorious head in fortune's power?
 Since miseries my baneful love pursue,
 Why did I wed thee, only to undo? 130
 But see, to death my willing neck I bow;
 Atone the angry gods by one kind blow.
 Long since, for thee, my life I would have given;
 Yet, let me, yet prevent the wrath of heaven.

Kil

Kill me, and scatter me upon the sea,
 So shall propitious tides thy fleets convey,
 Thy kings be faithful, and the world obey.
 And thou, where-e'er thy sullen phantom flies,
 Oh! Julia! let thy rival's blood suffice;
 Let me the rage of jealous vengeance bear,
 But him, thy lord, thy once-lov'd Pompey spare.

140

She said, and sunk within his arms again;
 In streams of sorrow melt the mournful train:
 Ev'n his, the warrior's eyes, were forc'd to yield,
 That saw, without a tear, Pharsalia's field.

145

Now to the strand the Mitylenians press'd,
 And humbly thus bespoke their noble guest:

If, to succeeding times, our isle shall boast
 The pledge of Pompey left upon her coast,
 Disdain not, if thy presence now we claim,
 And fain would consecrate our walls to fame.
 Make thou this place in future story great,
 Where pious Romans may direct their feet,
 To view with adoration thy retreat.

150

This may we plead, in favour of the town;
 That, while mankind the prosperous victor own,
 Already, Cæsar's foes avow'd, are we,
 Nor add new guilt, by duty paid to thee.
 Some safety too our ambient seas secure;
 Cæsar wants ships, and we defy his power.
 Here may Rome's scatter'd fathers well unite
 And arm against a second happier fight.
 Our Lesbian youth with ready courage stands,
 To man thy navies, or recruit thy bands.

155

160

For

LUCAN'S PHARSALIA, Book VIII. 335

For gold, whate'er to sacred use is lent, 165
Take it, and the rapacious foe prevent.

This only mark of friendship we intreat,
Seek not to shun us in thy low estate;
But let our Lesbos, in thy ruin, prove,
As in thy greatness, worthy of thy love. 170

Much was the leader mov'd, and joy'd to find
Faith had not quite abandon'd human-kind.
To me (he cry'd) for ever were you dear;
Witness the pledge committed to your care:
Here in security I plac'd my home, 175
My household-gods, my heart, my wife, my Rome.
I know what ransom might your pardon buy,
And yet I trust you, yet to you I fly.

But, oh! too long my woes you singly bear;
I leave you, not for lands which I prefer,
But that the world the common load may share. }
Lesbos! for ever sacred be thy name!

May late posterity thy truth proclaim!
Whether thy fair example spread around,
Or whether, singly, faithful thou art found: 185
For 'tis resolv'd, 'tis fix'd within my mind,
To try the doubtful world, and prove mankind.

Oh! grant, good heaven! if there be one alone,
One gracious power so lost a cause to own,
Grant, like the Lesbians, I my friends may find; 190
Such who, though Cæsar threaten, dare be kind:
Who, with the same just hospitable heart,
May leave me free to enter, or depart.

He ceas'd; and to the ship his partner bore,
While loud complainings fill the sounding shore. 195
It

It seem'd as if the nation with her pass'd,
 And banishment had laid their island waste.
 Their second sorrows they to Pompey give,
 For her, as for their citizen, they grieve.
 Ev'n though glad victory had call'd her thence, 200
 And her lord's bidding been the just pretence;
 The Lesbian matrons had in tears been drown'd,
 And brought her weeping to the watery bound.
 So was she lov'd, so winning was her grace,
 Such lowly sweetness dwelt upon her face; 205
 In such humility her life she led,
 Ev'n while her lord was Rome's commanding head,
 As if his fortune were already fled.

Half hid in seas descending Phœbus lay,
 And upwards half, half downwards shot the day; 210
 When wakeful cares revolve in Pompey's soul,
 And run the wide world o'er, from pole to pole.
 Each realm, each city, in his mind are weigh'd,
 Where he may fly, from whence depend on aid.
 Weary'd at length beneath the load of woes, 215
 And those sad scenes his future views disclose,
 In conversation for relief he sought,
 And exercis'd on various themes his thought.
 Now sits he by the careful pilot's side,
 And asks what rules their watery journey guide; 220
 What lights of heaven his art attends to most,
 Bound by the Libyan or the Syrian coast.

To him, intent upon the rolling skies,
 The heaven-instructed shipman thus replies:
 Of all, yon multitude of golden stars, 225
 Which the wide rounding sphere incessant bears,

The

LUCAN'S PHARSALIA, Book VIII. 337

The cautious mariner relies on none,
 But keeps him to the constant pole alone.
 When o'er the yard the lesser Bear aspires,
 And from the topmast gleam its paly fires, 230
 Then Bosphorus near-neighbouring we explore,
 And hear loud billows beat the Scythian shore:
 But when Calisto's shining son descends,
 And the low Cynosure tow'ards ocean bends,
 For Syria straight we know the vessel bears, 235
 Where first Canopos' southern sign appears.
 If still upon the left those stars thou keep,
 And, passing Pharos, plow the foamy deep,
 Then right a-head thy luckless bark shall reach
 The Libyan shoals, and Syrts unfaithful beach. 240
 But say, for lo! on thee attends my hand,
 What course dost thou assign? what seas, what
 land? }
 Speak, and the helm shall turn at thy command. }
 To him the chief, by doubts uncertain tost;
 Oh, fly the Latian and Thessalian coast: 245
 Those only lands avoid. For all beside,
 Yield to the driving winds, and rolling tide; }
 Let fortune, where she please, a port provide. }
 Till Lesbos did my dearest pledge restore,
 That thought determin'd me to seek that shore: 250
 All ports, all regions, but those fatal two,
 Are equal to unhappy Pompey now.
 Scarce had he spoke, when straight the master veer'd,
 And right for Chios, and for Asia steer'd.
 The working waves the course inverted feel, 255
 And dash and foam beneath the winding keel.

Z

With

With art like this, on rapid chariots borne,
Around the column skilful racers turn :
The nether wheels bear nicely on the goal,
The farther, wide, in distant circles roll. 260

Now day's bright beams the various earth disclose,
And o'er the fading stars the sun arose ;
When Pompey gathering to his side beheld
The scatter'd relicks of Pharsalia's field.
First from the Lesbian isle his son drew near, 265
And soon a troop of faithful chiefs appear.

Nor purple princes, yet, disdain to wait
On vanquish'd Pompey's humbler low estate.
Proud monarchs, who in eastern kingdoms reign,
Mix in the great illustrious exile's train. 270

From these, apart, Deiotarus he draws,
The long-approv'd companion of his cause :
Thou best (he cries) of all my royal friends !
Since with our loss Rome's power and empire ends ;
What yet remains, but that we call from far 275
The eastern nations, to support the war !

Euphrates has not own'd proud Cæsar's side,
And Tigris jolls a yet unconquer'd tide.
Let it not grieve thee, then, to seek for aid
From the wild Scythian, and remotest Mede. 280

To Parthia's monarch my distress declare,
And at his throne speak this my humble prayer.
If faith in ancient leagues is to be found,
Leagues by our altars and your Magi bound,
Now string the Getic and Armenian bow, 285
And in full quivers feather'd shafts bestow.

If when o'er Caspian hills my troops I led,
 'Gainst Allans, in eternal warfare bred,
 I fought not once to make your Parthians yield,
 But left them free to range the Persian field. 290
 Beyond th' Assyrian bounds my eagles flew,
 And conquer'd realms, that Cyrus never knew;
 Ev'n to the utmost east I urg'd my way,
 And ere the Persian, saw the rising day:
 Yet while beneath my yoke the nations bend, 295
 I fought the Parthian only as my friend.
 Yet more; when Carræ blush'd with Crassus' blood,
 And Latium her severest vengeance vow'd;
 When war with Parthia was the common cry,
 Who stop'd the fury of that rage, but I? 300
 If this be true, through Zeugma take your way,
 Nor let Euphrates' stream the march delay;
 In gratitude, to my assistance come;
 Fight Pompey's cause, and conquer willing Rome.
 He said; the monarch chearfully obey'd, 305
 And straight aside his royal robes he laid;
 Then bid his slaves their humbler vestments bring:
 And in that servile veil conceals the king.
 Thus majesty gives its proud trappings o'er,
 And humbly seeks for safety from the poor. 310
 The poor, who no disguises need, nor wear;
 Unblest with greatness, and unvex'd with fear.
 His princely friend now safe convey'd to land,
 The chief o'erpass'd the fam'd Ephesian strand,
 Icaria's rocks, with Colophon's smooth deep, 315
 And foamy cliffs with rugged Samos keep.

From Coan shores soft breathes the western wind,
 And Rhodes and Gnidus soon are left behind.
 Then crossing o'er Telmessos' ample bay,
 Right to Pamphilia's coast he cuts his way. 320
 Suspicious of the land, he keeps the main,
 Till poor Phaselis, first, receives his wandering train.
 There, free from fears, with ease he may command
 Her citizens, scarce equal to his band.

Nor lingering there, his swelling sails are spread, 325
 Till he discerns proud Taurus' rising head:
 A mighty mass he stands, while down his side
 Descending Dipfas rolls his headlong tide.
 In a slight bark he runs securely o'er
 The pirates once-infested dreadful shore. 330

Ah! when he set the watery empire free,
 And swept the fierce Cilician from the sea,
 Could the successful warrior have forethought
 'Twas for his future safety, then, he fought!
 At length the gathering fathers of the state, 335
 In full assembly, on their leader wait:
 Within Syedra's walls their senate meets,
 Whom, sighing, thus th' illustrious exile greets.

My friends! who with me fought, who with me fled,
 And now are to me in my country's stead; 340
 Though quite defenceless and unarm'd we stand,
 On this Cilician, naked, foreign strand;
 Though every mark of fortune's wrath we bear,
 And seem to seek for counsel in despair;
 Preserve your souls undaunted, free, and great, 345
 And know I am not fall'n intirely, yet,

Spite

LUCAN'S PHARSALIA, Book VIII. 341

Spite of the ruins of Emathia's plain,
 Yet can I rear my drooping head again.
 From Afric's dust abandon'd Marius rose,
 To seize the Fasces, and insult his foes: 350
 My loss is lighter, less is my disgrace;
 Shall I despair to reach my former place?
 Still on the Grecian seas my navies ride,
 And many a valiant leader owns my side.
 All that Pharsalia's luckless field could do, 355
 Was to disperse my forces; not subdue.
 Still safe beneath my former fame I stand,
 Dear to the world, and lov'd in every land.
 'Tis yours to counsel and determine, whom
 We shall apply to, in the cause of Rome; 360
 What faithful friend may best assistance bring;
 The Libyan, Parthian, or Ægyptian king.
 For me, what course my thoughts incline to take;
 Here freely, and at large, I mean to speak:
 What most dislike me in the Pharian prince, 365
 Are his raw years, and yet unpractis'd sense:
 Virtue, in youth, no stable footing finds,
 And constancy is built on manly minds.
 Nor, with less danger, may our trust explore
 The faith uncertain of the crafty Moor: 370
 From Carthaginian blood he draws his race,
 Still mindful of the vanquish'd town's disgrace;
 From thence Numidian mischiefs he derives,
 And Hannibal in his false heart survives:
 With pride he saw submissive Varus bow, 375
 And joys to hear the Roman power lies low.

To warlike Parthia therefore let us turn,
 Where stars unknown in distant azure burn ;
 Where Caspian hills to part the world arise,
 And night and day succeed in other skies ; 380
 Where rich Assyrian plains Euphrates laves,
 And seas discolour'd roll their ruddy waves.
 Ambition, there, delights in arms to reign,
 There rushing squadrons thunder o'er the plain ;
 There young and old the bow promiscuous bend, 385
 And fatal shafts with aim unerring send.
 They first the Macedonian phalanx broke,
 And hand to hand repell'd the Grecian stroke ;
 They drove the Mede and Bactrian from the field,
 And taught aspiring Babylon to yield ; 390
 Fearless against the Roman pile they stood,
 And triumph'd in our vanquish'd Crassus' blood.
 Nor trust they to the points of piercing darts,
 But furnish death with new improving arts,
 In mortal juices dipt their arrows fly, 395
 And if they taste the blood, the wounded die.
 Too well their powers and favouring gods we know,
 And wish our fate much rather would allow
 Some other aid against the common foe. }
 With un auspicious succour shall they come, 400
 Nurs'd in the hate and rivalry of Rome.
 With these, the neighbouring nations round shall arm,
 And the whole east rouse at the dire alarm.
 Should the barbarian race their aid deny,
 Yet would I choose in that strange land to die : 405
 There let our shipwreck'd poor remains be thrown,
 Our loss forgotten, and our names unknown :

Securely

Securely there ill-fortune would I brave,
Nor meanly sue to kings, whose crowns I gave :
From Cæsar free, enjoy my latest hour, 410

And scorn his anger's and his mercy's pow'r.
Still, when my thoughts my former days restore,
With joy, methinks, I run those regions o'er ;
There, much the better parts of life I prov'd,
Rever'd by all, applauded, and belov'd ; 415

Wide o'er Mæotis spread my happy name,
And Tanais ran conscious, of my fame ;
My vanquish'd enemies my conquests mourn'd,
And cover'd still with laurels, I return'd.
Approve then, Rome, my present cares for thee ; 420

Thine is the gain, whate'er the event shall be.
What greater boon canst thou from heaven demand,
Than in thy cause to arm the Parthian's hand ?
Barbarians thus shall wage thy civil war,
And those that hate thee, in thy ruin share. 425

When Cæsar and Phraates battle join,
They must revenge, or Crassus' wrongs, or mine.

The leader ceas'd ; and straight a murmuring sound
Ran through the disapproving fathers round.
With these, in high pre-eminence, there sat 430
Distinguish'd Lentulus, the consul late :

None with more generous indignation stung,
Or nobler grief, beheld his country's wrong.
Sudden he rose, rever'd, and thus began,
In words that well became the subject, and the man :

Can then Pharsalia's ruins thus control
The former greatness of thy Roman soul ?

Must the whole world, our laws and country, yield
 To one unlucky day, one ill-fought field?
 Hast thou no hopes of succour, no retreat, 440
 But mean prostration at the Parthian's feet?
 Art thou grown weary of our earth and sky,
 That thus thou seek'st a fugitive to fly;
 New stars to view, new regions to explore,
 To learn new manners, and new gods adore? 445
 Wilt thou before Chaldean altars bend,
 Worship their fires, and on their kings depend?
 Why didst thou draw the world to arms around,
 Why cheat mankind with liberty's sweet sound?
 Why on Emathia's plain fierce Cæsar brave, 450
 When thou canst yield thyself a tyrant's slave?
 Shall Parthia, who with terror shook from far,
 To hear thee nam'd, to head the Roman war,
 Who saw thee lead proud monarchs in thy chain,
 From wild Hyrcania and the Indian main; 455
 Shall she, that very Parthia, see thee now,
 A poor, dejected, humble suppliant bow?
 Then haughtily with Rome her greatness mate,
 And scorn thy country, for thy groveling fate?
 Thy tongue, in eastern languages untaught, 460
 Shall want the words that should explain thy thought:
 Tears, then, unmanly, must thy suit declare;
 And suppliant hands, uplifted, speak thy prayer.
 Shall Parthia (shall it to our shame be known)
 Revenge Rome's wrongs, ere Rome revenge her own?
 Our war no interfering kings demands, 466
 Nor shall be trusted to barbarian hands:

Among

LUCAN'S PHARSALIA, Book VIII. 345

Among ourselves our bonds we will deplore,
 And Rome shall serve the rebel-son the bore.
 Why would'st thou bid our foes transgress their bound,
 And teach their feet to tread Hesperian ground?
 With ensigns, torn from Crassus, shall they come;
 And, with his ravish'd honours, threaten Rome;
 His fate those blood-stain'd eagles shall recall,
 And hover dreadful o'er their native wall. 475

Canst thou believe the monarch, who withheld
 His only forces from Emathia's field;
 Will bring his succours to thy waining state,
 And bravely now defy the victor's hate?
 No eastern courage forms a thought so great.

In cold laborious climes the wintery north
 Brings her undaunted hardy warriors forth,
 In body and in mind untaught to yield,
 Stubborn of soul, and steady in the field;
 While Asia's softer climate, form'd to please, 485
 Dissolves her sons in insolence and ease.

Here silken robes invest unmanly limbs,
 And in long trains the flowing purple streams.
 Where no rude hills Sarmatia's wilds restrain,
 Or rushing Tigris cuts the level plain,
 Swifter than winds along the champion borne,
 At liberty they fly, or fight, or turn,
 And, distant still, the vain pursuer scorn.

Nor with like ease they force their warlike way,
 Where rough unequal grounds their speed delay. 495
 Whene'er the thicker shades of night arise,
 Unaim'd the shaft, and unavailing, flies.

Nor

Nor are they form'd with constancy to meet
 Those toils, that make the panting soldier sweat:
 To climb the heights, to stem the rapid flood,
 To make the dusty noon-day battle good,
 Horrid with wounds, and crusted o'er in blood.
 Nor war's machines they know, nor have the skill
 To shake the rampire, or the trench to fill:
 Each fence that can their winged shafts endure, 505
 Stands, like a fort impregnable, secure.
 Light are their skirmishes, their war is flight,
 And still to wheel their wavering troops delight.
 To taint their coward darts, is all their care,
 And then to trust them to the sitting air. 510
 Whene'er their bows have spent the feather'd store,
 The mighty business of their war is o'er:
 No manly strokes they try, nor hand to hand
 With cleaving swords in sturdy combat stand.
 With swords the valiant still their foes invade; 515
 These call in drugs and poison to their aid.
 Are these the powers to whom thou bid'st us fly?
 Is this the land in which thy bones would lie?
 Shall these barbarian hands for thee provide
 The grave, to thy unhappy friend deny'd? 520
 But be it so! that death shall bring thee peace,
 That here thy sorrows and thy toils shall cease.
 Death is what man should wish. But, oh! what fate
 Shall on thy wife, thy sad survivor, wait!
 For her, where lust with lawless empire reigns, 525
 Somewhat more terrible than death remains.
 Have we not heard, with what abhorr'd desires
 The Parthian Venus feeds her guilty fires?

LUCAN'S PHARSALIA, BOOK VIII. 347

How their wild monarch, like the bestial race,
Spreads the pollution of his lewd embrace ? 530

Unaw'd by reverence of connubial rites,
In multitudes, luxurious, he delights :
When gorg'd with feasting, and inflam'd with wine,
No joys can fate him, and no laws confine ;
Forbidding Nature, then, commands in vain, 535
From sisters and from mothers to abstain.

The Greek and Roman, with a trembling ear,
Th' unwilling crime of Oedipus may hear ;
While Parthian kings like deeds, with glory, own,
And boast incestuous titles to the throne. 540

If crimes like these they can securely brave,
What laws, what power, shall thy Cornelia save ?
Think, how the helpless matron may be led,
The thousandth harlot, to the royal bed.

Though when the tyrant clasps his noble slave, 545
And hears to whom her plighted hand she gave,
Her beauties oft in scorn he shall prefer,
And choose t' insult the Roman name in her.

These are the powers to whom thou would'st submit,
And Rome's revenge and Crassus' quite forget. 550

Thy cause, preferr'd to his, becomes thy shame,
And blots, in common, thine and Cæsar's name.
With how much greater glory might you join,
To drive the Daci, or to free the Rhine !

How well your conquering legions might you lead, 555
'Gainst the fierce Bactrian and the haughty Mede !

Level proud Babylon's aspiring domes,
And with their spoils enrich our slaughter'd leaders
tombs ?

No

No longer, Fortune ! let our friendship last,
 Our peace, ill-omen'd, with the barbarous East ; 560
 If civil strife with Cæsar's conquest end,
 To Asia let his prosperous arms extend :
 Eternal wars there let the victor wage,
 And on proud Parthia pour the Roman rage.
 There I, there all, his victories may bless, 565
 And Rome herself make vows for his success.
 Whene'er thou pass the cold Araxes o'er,
 An aged shade shall greet thee on the shore,
 Transfix'd with arrows, mournful, pale, and hoar. }
 And art thou (shall he cry, complaining) come 570
 In peace and friendship, to these foes of Rome ?
 Thou ! from whose hand we hop'd revenge in vain, }
 Poor naked ghosts, a thin unbury'd train, }
 That flit, lamenting, o'er this dreary plain ? }
 On every side new objects shall disclose 575
 Some mournful monument of Roman woes ;
 On every wall fresh marks thou shalt descry,
 Where pale Hesperian heads were fix'd on high :
 Each river, as he rolls his purple tide,
 Shall own his waves in Latian slaughter dy'd. 580
 If fights like these thou canst with patience bear,
 What are the horrors which thy soul would fear ?
 Ev'n Cæsar's self with joy may be beheld,
 Inthron'd on slaughter in Emathia's field.
 Say then, we grant, thy cautions were not vain, 585
 Of Punic frauds and Juba's faithless reign ;
 Abounding Ægypt shall receive thee yet,
 And yield, unquestion'd, a secure retreat.

By

LUCAN'S PHARSALIA, BOOK VIII. 349

By nature strengthen'd with a dangerous strand,
Her Syrts and untry'd channels guard the land. 590

Rich in the fatness of her plenteous soil,
She plants her only confidence in Nile.

Her monarch, bred beneath thy guardian cares,
His crown, the largests of thy bounty, wears.

Nor let unjust-suspicious brand his truth ; 595
Candour and innocence still dwell with youth.

Trust not a power accustom'd to be great,
And vers'd in wicked policies of state.

Old kings, long harden'd in the regal trade,
By interest and by craft alone are sway'd,
And violate with ease the leagues they made :
While new ones still make conscience of the trust,
True to their friends, and to their subjects just.

He spoke ; the listening fathers all were mov'd,
And with concurring votes the thought approv'd. 605
So much ev'n dying Liberty prevail'd,
When Pompey's suffrage, and his counsel fail'd.

And now Cilicia's coast the fleet forsake,
And o'er the watery plain for Cyprus make.

Cyprus to love's ambrosial goddess dear, 610
For ever grateful smoke the altars there :

Indulgent still she hears the Paphian vows,
And loves the favourite seas from whence she rose.

So Fame reports, if we may credit Fame,
When her fond tales the birth of gods proclaim,
Unborn, and from eternity the same.

The craggy cliffs of Cyprus quickly past,
The chief runs southward o'er the ocean vast.

Nor

Nor views he, through the murky veil of night,
The Casian mountains far distinguish'd height,
The high-hung lantern, or the beamy light.
Hap'ly at leng the labouring canvas bore
Full on the farthest bounds of Ægypt's shore,
Where near Pelusium parting Nile descends,
And in her utmost eastern channel ends. 625
'Twas now the time, when equal Jove on high
Had hung the golden balance of the sky :
But, ah ! not long such just proportions last,
The righteous season soon was chang'd and pass'd ;
And Spring's incroachment, on the shortening shade,
Was fully to the wintery nights repaid :
When to the chief from shore they made report,
That, near high Casium, lay the Pharian court.
This known, he thither turns his ready sail,
The light yet lasting with the favouring gale. 635
The fleet arriv'd, the news flies swiftly round,
And their new guests the troubled court confound.
The time was short ; howe'er the council met,
Vile ministers, a monstrous motley set.
Of these, the chief in honour, and the best, 640
Was old Achoreus the Memphian priest :
In Isis and Osiris he believ'd,
And reverend tales, from sire to son receiv'd ;
Could mark the swell of Nile's increasing tide,
And many an Apis in his time had dy'd ; 645
Yet was his age with gentlest manners fraught,
Humbly he spake, and modestly he taught.
With good intent the pious seer arose,
And told how much their state to Pompey owes :
What

LUCAN'S PHARSALIA, Book VIII. 351

What large amends their monarch ought to make, 650
Both for his own, and for his father's sake.

But fate had plac'd a subtler speaker there,
A tongue more fitted for a tyrant's ear,
Pothinus, deep in arts of mischief read,
Who thus, with false persuasion, blindly led }
The easy king, to doom his guardian dead :

To strictest justice many ills belong,
And honesty is often in the wrong :

Chiefly when stubborn rules her zealots push,
To favour those whom fortune means to crush. 660

But thou, oh royal Ptolemy ! be wise ;
Change with the gods, and fly whom fortune flies.

Not earth, from yon high heavens which we admire,
Not from the watery element the fire,

Are sever'd by distinction half so wide, 665
As interest and integrity divide.

The mighty power of kings no more prevails,
When justice comes with her deciding scales.

Freedom for all things, and a lawless sword,
Alone support an arbitrary lord. 670

He that is cruel must be bold in ills,
And find his safety from the blood he spills.

For piety, and virtue's starving rules,
To mean retirements let them lead their fools :

There, may they still ingloriously be good ; 675

None can be safe in courts, who blush at blood.
Nor let this fugitive despise thy years,

Or think a name, like his, can cause thy fears :
Exert thyself, and let him feel thy power,

And know, that we dare drive him from our shore. 680
But

But if thou wish to lay thy greatness down,
 To some more just succession yield thy crown;
 Thy rival sister willingly shall reign,
 And save our Ægypt from a foreign chain.
 As now, at first, in neutral peace we lay, 685
 Nor would be Pompey's friends, nor Cæsar's prey.
 Vanquish'd, where-e'er his fortune has been try'd,
 And driv'n, with scorn, from all the world beside,
 By Cæsar chac'd, and left by his allies,
 To us a baffled vagabond he flies. 690
 The poor remaining senate loath his sight,
 And ruin'd monarchs curse his fatal flight:
 While thousand fantoms from th' unbury'd slain,
 Who feed the vultures of Emathia's plain,
 Disastrous still pursue him in the rear, 695
 And urge his soul with horror and despair.
 To us for refuge now he seeks to run,
 And would once more with Ægypt be undone.
 Rouse then, oh! Ptolemy, repress the wrong;
 He thinks we have enjoy'd our peace too long: 700
 And therefore kindly comes, that we may share
 The crimes of slaughter, and the woes of war.
 His friendship shewn to thee suspicions draws,
 And makes us seem too guilty of his cause:
 Thy crown bestow'd, the victor may impute; 705
 The senate gave it, but at Pompey's suit.
 Nor, Pompey! thou thyself shall think it hard,
 If from thy aid, by fate, we are debarr'd.
 We follow where the god, constraining, lead;
 We strike at thine, but wish 'twere Cæsar's head. 710
 Our

Our weakness this, this fate's compulsion call;
 We only yield to him who conquers all.
 Then doubt not if thy blood we mean to spill;
 Power awes us; if we can, we must, and will.
 What hopes thy fond mistaking soul betray'd, 715
 To put thy trust in Ægypt's feeble aid?
 Our slothful nation, long refus'd to toil,
 With pain suffice to till their slimy soil,
 Our idle force due modesty should teach,
 Nor dare to aim beyond its humble reach. 720

Shall we resist where Rome was forc'd to yield,
 And make us parties to Pharsalia's field?
 We mix'd not in the fatal strife before:
 And shall we, when the world has given it o'er? }
 Now! when we know th' avenging victor's power? }
 Nor do we turn, unpitying, from distress;
 We fly not Pompey's woes, but seek success.
 The prudent on the prosperous still attends,
 And none but fools choose wretches for their friends.

He said; the vile assembly all assent, 730
 And the boy-king his glad concurrence lent.
 Fond of the royalty his slaves bestow'd,
 And by new power of wickedness made proud.

Where Casium high o'erlooks the shoaly strand,
 A bark with armed ruffians straight is mann'd, }
 And the task trusted to Achilles' hand. }

Can then Ægyptian souls thus proudly dare!
 Is Rome, ye gods! thus fall'n by Civil War!
 Can you to Nile transfer the Roman guilt,
 And let such blood by cowards hands be spilt? 740

Some kindred murderer at least afford,
 And let him fall by Cæsar's worthy sword,
 And thou, inglorious, feeble, beardless boy !
 Dar'st thou thy hand in such a deed employ ?
 Does not thy trembling heart, with horror, dread 745
 Jove's thunder, grumbling o'er thy guilty head ?
 Had not his arms with triumphs oft been crown'd,
 And ev'n the vanquish'd world his conquest own'd ;
 Had not the reverend senate call'd him head,
 And Cæsar given fair Julia to his bed, 750
 He was a Roman still : a name should be
 For ever sacred to a king, like thee.
 Ah, fool ! thus blindly by thyself undone,
 Thou seek'st his ruin, who upheld thy throne :
 He only could thy feeble power maintain, 755
 Who gave thee first o'er Ægypt's realm to reign.

The seamen, now, advancing near to shore,
 Strike the wide sail, and ply the plunging oar ;
 When the false miscreants the navy meet,
 And with dissembled cheer the Roman greet. 760
 They feign their hospitable land address'd,
 With ready friendship, to receive her guest ;
 Excusing much an inconvenient shore,
 Where shoals lie thick, and meeting currents roar :
 From his tall ship, unequal to the place, 765
 They beg him to their lighter bark to pass.

Had not the gods, unchangeably, decreed
 Devoted Pompey in that hour to bleed,
 A thousand signs the danger near foretel,
 Seen by his sad presaging friends too well. 770

Had

Had their low fawning justly been design'd,
 If truth could lodge in an Ægyptian mind,
 Their king himself with all his fleet had come,
 To lead, in pomp, his benefactor home.
 But thus Fate will'd ; and Pompey chose to bear 775
 A certain death, before uncertain fear.

While, now, aboard the hostile boat he goes,
 To follow him, the frantic matron vows,
 And claims her partnership in all his woes. }
 But, oh ! forbear (he cries) my love, forbear ; 780
 Thou and my son remain in safety here.
 Let this old head the danger first explore,
 And prove the faith of yon' suspected shore.
 He spoke ; but she, unmov'd at his commands,
 Thus loud exclaiming, stretch'd her eager hands : 785
 Whither, inhuman ! whither art thou gone ?
 Still must I weep our common griefs alone ?
 Joy still, with thee, forsakes my boding heart ;
 And fatal is the hour whene'er we part.
 Why did thy vessel to my Lesbos turn ? 790
 Why was I from the faithful island borne ?
 Must I all lands, all shores, alike, forbear,
 And only on the seas thy sorrows share ?
 Thus, to the winds, loud plain'd her fruitless tongue,
 While eager from the deck on high she hung ; 795
 Trembling with wild astonishment and fear,
 She dares not, while her parting lord they bear, }
 Turn her eyes from him once, or fix them there.
 On him his anxious navy all are bent,
 And wait, solicitous, the dire event. 800

No danger aim'd against his life they doubt;
 Care for his glory only, fills their thought:
 They wish he may not stain his name renown'd,
 By mean submission to the boy he crown'd.

Just as he enter'd o'er the vessel's side, 805

Hail, general! the curs'd Septimius cry'd,
 A Roman once in generous warfare bred,
 And oft in arms by mighty Pompey led;
 But now (what vile dishonour must it bring)

The ruffian slave of an Ægyptian king. 810

Fierce was he, horrible, inur'd to blood,
 And ruthless as the savage of the wood.

Oh, Fortune! who but would have call'd thee kind,
 And thought thee mercifully now inclin'd,

When thy o'er-ruling providence withheld 815

This hand of mischief from Pharsalia's field?

But, thus, thou scatter'st thy destroying swords,
 And every land thy victims thus affords.

Shall Pompey at a tyrant's bidding bleed!

Can Roman hands be to the task decreed!

Ev'n Cæsar, and his gods, abhor the deed.

Say you! who with the stain of murder brand

Immortal Brutus's avenging hand,

What monstrous title, yet to speech unknown,

To latest times shall mark Septimius down! 825

Now in the boat defenceless Pompey sate,

Surrounded and abandon'd to his fate.

Nor long they hold him in their power, aboard,

Ere every villain drew his ruthless sword:

The chief perceiv'd their purpose soon, and spread 830

His Roman gown with patience, o'er his head:

And

LUCAN'S PHARSALIA, Book VIII. 357

And when the curs'd Achilles pierc'd his breast,
 His rising indignation close repress'd.
 No sighs, no groans, his dignity profan'd,
 Nor tears his still unfully'd glory stain'd : 815
 Unmov'd and firm he fix'd him on his seat,
 And dy'd, as when he liv'd and conquer'd, great.
 Meanwhile, within his equal parting soul,
 These latest pleasing thoughts revolving roll.
 In this my strongest trial, and my last, 820
 As in some theatre I here am plac'd :
 The faith of Ægypt, and my fate, shall be
 A theme for present times, and late posterity.
 Much of my former life was crown'd with praise,
 And honours waited on my early days : 845
 Then, fearless, let me this dread period meet;
 And force the world to own the scene complete.
 Nor grieve, my heart! by such base hands to bleed;
 Whoever strikes the blow, 'tis Cæsar's deed.
 What, though this mangled carcase shall be torn, 850
 These limbs be tost about for public scorn;
 My long prosperity has found its end,
 And death comes opportunely, like a friend :
 It comes, to set me free from fortune's power,
 And gives, what she can rob me of no more. 855
 My wife and son behold me now, 'tis true;
 Oh! may no tears, no groans, my fate pursue!
 My virtue rather let their praise approve,
 Let them admire my death, and my remembrance love.
 Such constancy in that dread hour remain'd, 860
 And, to the last, the struggling soul sustain'd.

Not so the matron's feebl' powers repress'd
 The wild impatience of her frantic breast :
 With every stab her bleeding heart was torn,
 With wounds much harder to be seen, than borne. 865
 'Tis I, 'tis I have murder'd him ! (she cries)
 My love the sword and ruthless hand supplies.
 'Twas I allur'd him to my fatal isle,
 That cruel Cæsar first might reach the Nile ;
 For Cæsar sure is there ; no hand but his 870
 Has right to such a parricide as this.
 But whether Cæsar, or whoe'er thou art,
 Thou hast mistook the way to Pompey's heart :
 That sacred pledge in my sad bosom lies,
 There plunge thy dagger, and he more than dies. 875
 Me too, most worthy of thy fury know,
 The partner of his arms, and sworn your foe.
 Of all our Roman wives, I singly bore
 The camp's fatigue, the sea's tempestuous roar :
 No dangers, not the victor's wrath, I fear'd ; 880
 What mighty monarchs durst not do, I dar'd.
 These guilty arms did their glad refuge yield,
 And clasp'd him, flying from Pharsalia's field.
 Ah, Pompey ! dost thou thus thy faith reward ?
 Shalt thou be doom'd to die, and I be spar'd ? 885
 But Fate shall many means of death afford,
 Nor want th' assistance of a tyrant's sword.
 And you, my friends, in pity, let me leap
 Hence headlong, down amidst the tumbling deep :
 Or to my neck the strangling cordage tie ;
 If their be any friend of Pompey nigh,
 Transfix me, stab me, do but let me die.

 }
 }
 My

LUCAN'S PHARSALIA, Book VIII. 359

My lord ! my husband !—Yet thou art not dead ;
 And see ! Cornelia is a captive led :
 From thee their cruel hands thy wife detain, 895
 Reserv'd to wear th' insulting victor's chain.

She spoke ; and stiffening sunk in cold despair ;
 Her weeping maids the lifeless burden bear ;
 While the pale mariners the bark unmoor,
 Spread every sail, and fly the faithless shore. 900

Nor agonies, nor livid death, disgrace
 The sacred features of the hero's face ;
 In the cold visage, mournfully serene ;
 The same indignant majesty was seen ;
 There virtue still unchangeable abode, 905
 And scorn'd the spite of every partial god.

The bloody business now complete and done,
 New Furies urge the fierce Septimius on.
 He rends the robe that veil'd the hero's head,
 And to full view expos'd the recent dead ; 910
 Hard in his horrid gripe the face he press'd,
 While yet the quivering muscles life confess'd :
 He drew the dragging body down with haste,
 Then cross a rower's seat the neck he plac'd ;
 There, aukward, haggling, he divides the bone 915
 (The headsmen's art was then but rudely known).
 Straight on the spoil his Pharian partner flies,
 And robs the heartless villain of his prize.
 The head, his trophy, proud Achilles bears ;
 Septimius an inferior drudge appears,
 And in the meaner mischief poorly shares.
 Caught by the venerable locks, which grow,
 In hoary ringlets, on his generous brow,

To Ægypt's impious king that head they bear,
 That laurels us'd to bind, and monarchs fear. 925
 Those sacred lips, and that commanding tongue,
 On which the listening Forum oft has hung ;
 That tongue which could the world with ease restrain,
 And ne'er commanded war or peace in vain ;
 That face, in which success came smiling home, 930
 And doubled every joy it brought to Rome ;
 Now pale and wan, is fix'd upon a spear,
 And borne, for public view, aloft in air.
 The tyrant, pleas'd, beheld it ; and decreed
 To keep this pledge of his detested deed. 935
 His slaves straight drain the serous parts away,
 And arm the wasting flesh against decay ;
 Then drugs and gums through the void vessels pass,
 And for duration fix the stiffening mass.
 Inglorious boy ! degenerate and base ! 940
 Thou last and worst of the Lagæan race !
 Whose feeble throne, ere long, shall be compell'd,
 To thy lascivious sister's reign to yield :
 Canst thou, with altars, and with rites divine,
 The rash vain youth of Macedon inshrine ; 945
 Can Ægypt such stupendous fabrics build ;
 Can her wide plains with pyramids be fill'd ;
 Canst thou, beneath such monumental pride,
 Thy worthless Ptolomæan fathers hide ;
 While the great Pompey's headless trunk is toss'd 950
 In scorn, unbury'd, on thy barbarous coast ?
 Was it so much ? Could not thy care suffice,
 To keep him whole, and glut his father's eyes ?

LUCAN'S PHARSALIA, Book VIII. 361

In this, his fortune ever held the same,
Still wholly kind, or wholly cross, she came. 953

Patient, his long prosperity she bore,
But kept this death, and this sad day, in store.

No meddling god did e'er his power employ,
To ease his sorrows, or to damp his joy ;

Unmingled came the bitter and the sweet, 960
And all his good and evil was complete.

No sooner was he struck by fortune's hand,
But, see ! he lies unbury'd on the sand ;

Rocks tear him, billows toss him up and down,
And Pompey by a headless trunk is known. 965

Yet ere proud Cæsar touch'd the Pharian Nile,
Chance found his mangled foe a funeral pile :

In pity half, and half in scorn, she gave
A wretched, to prevent a nobler grave.

Cordus, a follower long of Pompey's fate, 970
(His quæstor in Idalian Cyprus late)

From a close cave, in covert where he lay,
Swift to the neighbouring shore betook his way :

Safe in the shelter of the gloomy shade, 980
And by strong ties of pious duty sway'd,

The fearless youth the watery strand survey'd. }
'Twas now the thickest darkness of the night,

And waning Phœbe lent a feeble light ;
Yet soon the glimmering goddess plainly shew'd

The paler corse, amidst the dusky flood. 980

The plunging Roman flies to its relief,
And with strong arms infolds the floating chief.

Long strove his labour with the tumbling main,
And dragg'd the sacred burden on with pain.

Nigh weary now, the waves instruct him well, 985
 To seize th' advantage of th' alternate swell :
 Borne on the mounting surge, to shore he flies,
 And on the beach in safety lands his prize.

There o'er the dead he hangs with tender care,
 And drops in every gaping wound a tear : 990
 Then, lifting to the gloomy skies his head,
 Thus to the stars, and cruel gods, he pray'd :

See, fortune ! where thy Pompey lies ! and oh !
 In pity, one, last little boon bestow.

He asks no heaps of frankincense to rise, 995
 No eastern odours to perfume the skies ;
 No Roman necks his patriot corse to bear,
 No reverend train of statues to appear ;
 No pageant shows his glories to record,
 And tell the triumphs of his conquering sword ; 1000
 No instruments in plaintive notes to sound.

No legions sad to march in solemn round ;
 A bier, no better than the vulgar need,
 A little wood the kindling flame to feed,
 With some poor hand to tend the homely fire, 1005
 Is all, these wretched relicks now require.

Your wrath, ye powers ! Cornelia's hand denies ;
 Let that, for every other loss, suffice ;
 She takes not her last leave, she weeps not here,
 And yet she is, ye gods ! she is too near. 1010

Thus while he spoke, he saw where through the shade
 A slender flame its gleaming light display'd ;
 There, as it chanc'd, abandon'd and unmourn'd,
 A poor neglected body lonely burn'd.

He

LUCAN'S PHARSALIA, Book VIII. 363

He seiz'd the kindled brands; and oh! (he said) 1015
 Whoe'er thou art, forgive me, friendless shade;
 And though unpity'd and forlorn thou lie,
 Thyself a better office shalt supply.

If there be sense in souls departed, thine
 To my great leader shall her rites resign: 1020
 With humble joy shall quit her meaner claim,
 And blush to burn, when Pompey wants the flame.

He said; and, gathering in his garment, bore
 The glowing fragments to the neighbouring shore.
 There soon arriv'd, the noble trunk he found, 1025
 Half wash'd into the flood, half resting on the ground.
 With diligence his hands a trench prepare,
 Fit it around, and place the body there.

No cloven oaks in lofty order lie,
 To lift the great patrician to the sky: 1030
 By chance a few poor planks were hard at hand,
 By some late shipwreck cast upon the strand;
 These pious Cordus gathers where they lay,
 And plants about the chief, as best he may.

Now while the blaze began to rise around, 1035
 The youth sat mournful by upon the ground:
 And ah (he cry'd) if this unworthy flame
 Disgrace thy great, majestic, Roman name;
 If the rude outrage of the stormy seas
 Seem better to thy ghost, than rites like these; 1040
 Yet let thy injur'd shade the wrong forget,
 Which duty and officious zeal commit.
 Fate seems itself, in my excuse to plead,
 And thy hard fortune justifies my deed,

I only wish'd, nor is that wish in vain, 1045
 To save thee from the monsters of the main;
 From vultures claws, from lions that devour,
 From mortal malice, and from Cæsar's power.
 No longer, then, this humbler flame withstand;
 'Tis lighted to thee by a Roman hand. 1050

If e'er the gods permit unhappy me,
 Once more, thy lov'd Hesperian land to see,
 With me thy exil'd ashes shall return,
 And chaste Cornelia give thee to thy urn.
 Mean-while, a signal shall thy care provide, 1055
 Some future Roman votary to guide;
 When with due rites thy fate he would deplore,
 And thy pale head to these thy limbs restore:
 Then shall he mark the witness of my stone,
 And, taught by me, thy sacred ghost atone. 1060

He spoke; and straight, with busy, pious hands,
 Heap'd on the smoaking corse the scatter'd brands,
 Slow sunk amidst the fire the wasting dead,
 And the faint flame with dropping marrow fed.
 Now 'gan the glittering stars to fade away, 1065
 Before the rosy promise of the day,
 When the pale youth th' unfinish'd rites forsook,
 And to the covert of his cave betook,

Ah! why thus rashly would thy fears disclaim
 That only deed, which must record thy name? 1070
 Ev'n Cæsar's self shall just applause bestow,
 And praise the Roman that inters his foe.
 Securely tell him where his son is laid,
 And he shall give thee back his mangled head.

But

LUCAN'S PHARSALIA, Book VIII. 365

But soon behold! the bolder youth returns, 1075

While, half consum'd, the smouldering carcase burns;

Ere yet the cleansing fire had melted down

The fleshy muscles, from the firmer bone.

He quench'd the relics in the briny wave,

And hid them, hasty, in a narrow grave: 1080

Then with a stone the sacred dust he binds,

To guard it from the breath of scattering winds:

And lest some heedless mariner should come,

And violate the warrior's humble tomb;

Thus with a line the monument he keeps, 1085

" Beneath this stone the once great Pompey sleeps."

Oh fortune! can thy malice swell so high?

Canst thou with Cæsar's every wish comply?

Must he, thy Pompey once, thus meanly lie?

But oh! forbear, mistaken man, forbear! 1090

Nor dare to fix the mighty Pompey there:

Where there are seas, or air, or earth, or skies,

Where-e'er Rome's empire stretches, Pompey lies:

Far be the vile memorial then convey'd!

Nor let this stone the partial gods upbraid. 1095

Shall Hercules all Oeta's heights demand,

And Nyssa's hill, for Bacchus only, stand;

While one poor pebble is the warrior's doom,

That fought the cause of liberty and Rome?

If fate decrees he must in Ægypt lie, 1100

Let the whole fertile realm his grave supply:

Yield the wide country to his awful shade,

Nor let us bear on any part to tread,

Fearful to violate the mighty dead.

But

But if one stone must bear the sacred name, 1105
 Let it be fill'd with long records of fame.
 There let the passenger, with wonder, read,
 The pirates vanquish'd, and the ocean freed;
 Sertorius taught to yield; the Alpine war;
 And the young Roman knight's triumphal car. 1110
 With these, the mighty Pontic king be plac'd,
 And every nation of the vanquish'd cast:
 Tell with what loud applause of Rome, he drove
 Thrice his glad wheels to Capitolian Jove:
 Tell too, the patriot's greatest, best renown,
 Tell, how the victor laid his empire down,
 And chang'd his armour for the peaceful gown. }
 But ah! what marbles to the task suffice!
 Instead of these, turn, Roman, turn thy eyes;
 Seek the known name our Fasti us'd to wear, 1120
 The noble mark of many a glorious year;
 The name that wont the trophy'd arch to grace,
 And ev'n the temples of the gods found place:
 Decline thee lowly, bending to the ground,
 And there that name, that Pompey may be found. 1125
 Oh fatal land! what curse can I bestow,
 Equal to those, we to thy mischiefs owe?
 Well did the wise Cumæan maid of yore
 Warn our Hesperian chiefs to shun thy shore.
 Forbid, just heavens! your dews to bless the soil, 1130
 And thou withhold thy waters, fruitful Nile!
 Like Ægypt, like the land of Æthiops, burn,
 And her fat earth to sandy deserts turn.
 Have we, with honours, dead Osiris crown'd,
 And mourn'd him to the tinkling timbrel's sound;

Receiv'd

Receiv'd her Isis to divine abodes,
 And rank'd her dogs deform'd with Roman gods;
 While, in despite to Pompey's injur'd shade,
 Low in her dust his sacred bones are laid!
 And thou, oh Rome! by whose forgetful hand 1140
 Altars and temples, rear'd to tyrants, stand,
 Canst thou neglect to call thy hero home,
 And leave his ghost in banishment to roam?
 What though the victor's frown, and thy base fear,
 Bad thee, at first, the pious task forbear; 1145
 Yet now, at least, oh let him now return,
 And rest with honour in a Roman urn.
 Nor let mistaken superstition dread,
 On such occasions, to disturb the dead:
 Oh! would commanding Rome my hand employ, 1150
 The impious task ~~should~~ be perform'd with joy:
 How would I fly to tear him from the tomb,
 And bear his ashes in my bosom home!
 Perhaps, when flames their dreadful ravage make,
 Or groaning earth shall from the center shake; 1155
 When blasting dews the rising harvest seize,
 Or nations sicken with some dire disease:
 The gods, in mercy to us, shall command
 To fetch our Pompey from th' accursed land.
 Then, when his venerable bones draw near,
 In long processions shall the priests appear, 1160
 And their great chief the sacred relicks bear.
 Or if thou still possess the Pharian shore,
 What traveller but shall thy grave explore;
 Whether he tread Syene's burning soil, 1165
 Or visit sultry Thebes, or fruitful Nile:

Or

Or if the merchants drawn by hopes of gain,
 Seek rich Arabia, and the ruddy main;
 With holy rites thy shade shall he atone,
 And bow before thy venerable stone. 1170
 For who but shall prefer thy tomb above
 The meaner fane of an Ægyptian Jove?
 Nor envy thou, if abject Romans raise
 Statues and temples, to their tyrant's praise;
 Though his proud name on altars may preside, 1175
 And thine be wash'd by every rolling tide;
 Thy grave shall the vain pageantry despise,
 Thy grave, where that great god, thy fortune, lies.
 Ev'n those who kneel not to the gods above,
 Nor offer sacrifice or prayer to Jove, 1180
 To the Bidental bend their humble eyes,
 And worship where the bury'd thunder lies.
 Perhaps fate wills, in honour to thy fame,
 No marble shall record thy mighty name.
 So may thy dust, ere long, be worn away, 1185
 And all remembrance of thy wrongs decay:
 Perhaps a better age shall come, when none
 Shall think thee ever laid beneath this stone;
 When Ægypt's boast of Pompey's tomb shall prove
 As unbeliev'd a tale, as Crete relates of Jove. 1190

LUCAN'S PHARSALIA.

B O O K IX.

THE ARGUMENT.

The poet having ended the foregoing book with the death of Pompey, begins this with his Apotheosis; from thence, after a short account of Cato's gathering up the relicks of the battle of Pharsalia, and transporting them to Cyrene in Africa, he goes on to describe Cornelia's passion upon the death of her husband. Amongst other things, she informs his son Sextus of his father's last commands, to continue the war in defence of the commonwealth. Sextus sets sail for Cato's camp, where he meets his elder brother Cn. Pompeius, and acquaints him with the fate of their father. Upon this occasion the poet describes the rage of the elder Pompey, and the disorders that happened in the camp, both which Cato appeases. To prevent any future inconvenience of this kind, he resolves to put them upon action, and in order to that to join with Juba. After a description of the Syrts, and their dangerous passage by them, follows Cato's speech to encourage the soldiers to march through the deserts of Libya; then an account of Libya, the deserts, and their march. In the middle of which is a beautiful digression concerning the temple of Jupiter-Ammon, with Labienus's persuasion to Cato to enquire of the oracle concerning the event of the war, and Cato's famous answer. From thence, after a warm elogy upon Cato, the author goes on to the account of the original of serpents in Afric; and this, with the description of the various kinds, and the several deaths of

the soldiers by them, is perhaps the most poetical part of this whole work. At Leptis he leaves Cato, and returns to Cæsar, whom he brings into Egypt, after having shewn him the ruins of Troy, and from thence taken an occasion to speak well of poetry in general, and himself in particular. Cæsar, upon his arrival on the coast of Ægypt, is met by an ambassador from Ptolemy with Pompey's head. He receives the present (according to Lucan) with a feigned abhorrence, and concludes the book with tears, and a seeming grief for the misfortune of so great a man.

NOR in the dying embers of its pile
 Slept the great soul upon the banks of Nile,
 Nor longer, by the earthy parts restrain'd,
 Amidst its wretched reliques was detain'd;
 But, active and impatient of delay, 5
 Shot from the mouldering heap, and upwards urg'd its
 way.

Far in those azure regions of the air
 Which border on the rolling starry sphere,
 Beyond our orb, and nearer to that height,
 Where Cynthia drives around her silver light; 10
 Their happy seats the demi-gods possess,
 Refin'd by virtue, and prepar'd for bliss;
 Of life unblam'd, a pure and pious race,
 Worthy that lower heaven and stars to grace,
 Divine, and equal to the glorious place. }
 There Pompey's soul, adorn'd with heavenly light, 16
 Soon shone among the rest, and as the rest was bright.
 New to the blest abode, with wonder fill'd,
 The stars and moving planets he beheld;

Then

LUCAN'S PHARSALIA, Book IX. 371

Then looking down on the sun's feeble ray,
 Survey'd our dusky, faint, imperfect day,
 And under what a cloud of night we lay.
 But when he saw, how on the shore forlorn
 His headless trunk was cast for public scorn;
 When he beheld, how envious fortune, still, 25
 Took pains to use a senseless carcase ill,
 He smil'd at the vain malice of his foe,
 And pity'd impotent mankind below,
 Then lightly passing o'er Emathia's plain,
 His flying navy scatter'd on the main, 30
 And cruel Cæsar's tents; he fix'd at last
 His residence in Brutus' sacred breast:

There brooding o'er his country's wrongs he sate,
 The state's avenger, and the tyrant's fate;
 There mournful Rome might still her Pompey find, 35
 There, and in Cato's free unconquer'd mind.

He, while in deep suspense the world yet lay,
 Anxious and doubtful whom it should obey,
 Hatred avow'd to Pompey's self did bear,
 Though his companion in the common war. 40

Though, by the senate's just command, they stood
 Engag'd together for the public good;

But dread Pharsalia did all doubts decide,
 And firmly fix'd him to the vanquish'd side.
 His helpless country, like an orphan left, 45

Friendless and poor, of all support bereft,

He took and cherish'd with a father's care,

He comforted, he bad her not to fear;

And taught her feeble hands once more the trade
 of war.

Nor lust of empire did his courage sway,
 Nor hate, nor proud repugnance to obey :
 Passions and private interest he forgot ;
 Not for himself, but liberty he fought.
 Straight to Corcyra's port his way he bent,
 The swift advancing victor to prevent ;
 Who, marching sudden on to new success,
 The scatter'd legions might with ease oppress,
 There, with the ruins of Æmathia's field,
 The flying host, a thousand ships he fill'd.
 Who that from land, with wonder, had descry'd
 The passing fleet, in all its naval pride,
 Stretch'd wide, and o'er the distant ocean spread,
 Could have believ'd those mighty numbers fled ?
 Malea o'erpass'd, and the Tænarian shore,
 With swelling sails he for Cythera bore :
 Then Crete he saw, and with a northern wind
 Soon left the fam'd Dictæan isle behind.
 Urg'd by the bold Phycuntine's churlish pride,
 (Their shores, their haven, to his fleet deny'd)
 The chief reveng'd the wrong, and as he pass'd,
 Laid their unhospitable city waste.
 Thence waded forward, to the coast he came
 Which took of old from Palinure its name.
 (Nor Italy this monument alone
 Can boast, since Libya's Palinure has shown
 Her peaceful shores were to the Trojan known.)
 From hence they soon descry with doubtful pain,
 Another navy on the distant main.
 Anxious they stand, and now expect the foe,
 Now their companions in the public woe :

LUCAN'S PHARSALIA, Book IX. 373

The victor's haste inclines them most to fear;
 Each vessel seems a hostile face to wear,
 And every sail they spy, they fancy Cæsar there.
 But oh those ships a different burden bore,
 A mournful freight they wafted to the shore: 85
 Sorrows that might tears, ev'n from Cato, gain,
 And teach the rigid Stoic to complain.

When long the sad Cornelia's prayers, in vain,
 Had try'd the flying navy to detain,
 With Sextus long had strove, and long implor'd, 90
 To wait the relicks of her murder'd lord;
 The waves, perchance, might the dear pledge restore,
 And waft him bleeding from the faithless shore:
 Still grief and love their various hopes inspire,
 Till she beholds her Pompey's funeral fire, 95
 Till on the land she sees th' ignoble flame
 Ascend, unequal to the hero's name;
 Then into just complaints at length she broke,
 And thus with pious indignation spoke:

Oh fortune! dost thou then disdain t'afford 100
 My love's last office to my dearest lord?
 Am I one chaste, one last embrace deny'd?
 Shall I not lay me by his clay-cold side,
 Nor tears to bathe his gaping wounds provide?
 Am I unworthy the sad torch to bear, 105
 To light the flame, and burn my flowing hair?
 To gather from the shore the noble spoil,
 And place it decent on the fatal pile?
 Shall not his bones and sacred dust be borne,
 In this sad bosom, to their peaceful urn? 110

Whate'er the last consuming flame shall leave,
 Shall not this widow'd hand by right receive,
 And to the gods the precious relicks give ?

Perhaps, this last respect, which I should show,
 Some vile Ægyptian hand does now bestow,
 Injurious to the Roman shade below.

Happy, my Crassus, were thy bones, which lay
 Expos'd to Parthian birds and beasts of prey !

Here the last rites the cruel gods allow,

And for a curse my Pompey's pile bestow. 120

For ever will the same sad fate return ?

Still an unburied husband must I mourn,

And weep my sorrows o'er an empty urn ?

But why should tombs be built, or urns be made ?

Does grief like mine require their feeble aid ? 125

Is he not lodg'd, thou wretch ! within thy heart,

And fix'd in every dearest vital part ?

O'er monuments surviving wives may grieve,

She ne'er will need them, who disdains to live.

But oh ! behold where yon malignant flames 130

Cast feebly forth their mean inglorious beams :

From my lov'd lord, his dear remains, they rise,

And bring my Pompey to my weeping eyes ;

And now they sink, the languid lights decay,

The cloudy smoke all eastward rolls away,

And wafts my hero to the rising day.

Me too the winds demand, with freshening gales ;

Envious they call, and stretch the swelling sails.

No land on earth seems dear as Ægypt now,

No land that crowns and triumphs did bestow,

And with new laurels bound my Pompey's brow.

That

That happy Pompey to my thoughts is lost,
 He that is left, lies dead on yonder coast;
 He, only he, is all I now demand;
 For him I linger near this cursed land : 145
 Endear'd by crimes, for horrors lov'd the more,
 I cannot, will not, leave the Pharian shore.
 Thou, Sextus, thou shalt prove the chance of war,
 And through the world thy father's ensigns bear,
 Then hear his last command, intrusted to my care.
 " When e'er my last, my fatal hour shall come,
 " Arm you, my sons, for liberty and Rome ;
 " While one shall of our free-born race remain,
 " Let him prevent the tyrant Cæsar's reign.
 " From each free city round, from every land, 155
 " Their warlike aid in Pompey's name demand.
 " These are the parties, these the friends he leaves,
 " This legacy your dying father gives.
 " If for the sea's wide rule your arms you bear,
 " A Pompey ne'er can want a navy there,
 " Heirs of my fame, my sons, shall wage my war.
 " Only be bold, unconquer'd in the fight, 162
 " And, like your father, still defend the right.
 " To Cato, if for liberty he stand,
 " Submit, and yield you to his ruling hand,
 " Brave, just, and only worthy to command."
 At length to thee, my Pompey, I am just,
 I have surviv'd, and well discharg'd my trust ;
 Through chaos now, and the dark realms below,
 To follow thee, a willing shade I go : 170

If longer with a lingering fate I strive,
 'Tis but to prove the pain of being alive,
 'Tis to be curs'd for daring to survive.

She, who could bear to see thy wounds, and live,
 New proofs of love, and fatal grief, shall give. 175
 Nor need she fly for succour to the sword,
 The steepy precipice, and deadly cord;
 She from herself shall find her own relief,
 And scorn to die of any death but grief.

So said the matron; and about her head 180
 Her veil she draws, her mournful eyes to shade.
 Resolv'd to shroud in thickest shades her woe,
 She seeks the ship's deep darksome hold below:
 There lonely left, at leisure to complain,
 She hugs her sorrows, and enjoys her pain; 185
 Still with fresh tears the living grief would feed,
 And fondly loves it, in her husband's stead.
 In vain the beating surges rage aloud,
 And swelling Eurys grumbles in the shroud;
 Her, nor the waves beneath, nor winds above, 190
 Nor all the noisy cries of fear can move;
 In sullen peace compos'd for death she lies,
 And, waiting, longs to hear the tempest rise;
 Then hopes the seamens vows shall all be crost,
 Prays for the storm, and wishes to be lost. 195

Soon from the Pharian coast the navy bore,
 And fought through foamy seas the Cyprian shore;
 Soft eastern gales prevailing thence alone,
 To Cato's camp and Libya waft them on.
 With mournful looks from land, (as oft, we know,
 A sad prophetic spirit waits on woe,)

Pompey

Pompey his brother and the fleet beheld,
 Now near advancing o'er the watery field :
 Straight to the beach with headlong haste he flies :
 Where is our father, Sextus, where ? he cries : 205
 Do we yet live ? Stands yet the sovereign state ?
 Or does the world, with Pompey, yield to fate ?
 Sink we at length before the conquering foe ?
 And is the mighty head of Rome laid low ?
 He said ; the mournful brother thus reply'd ;
 O happy thou ! whom lands and seas divide
 From woes, which did to these sad eyes betide :
 These eyes ! which of their horror still complain,
 Since they beheld our godlike father slain.
 Nor did his fate an equal death afford, 215
 Nor suffer'd him to fall by Cæsar's sword.
 Trusting in vain to hospitable gods,
 He dy'd, oppress'd by vile Ægyptian odds :
 By the curs'd monarch of Nile's slimy wave
 He fell, a victim to the crown he gave. 220
 Yes, I beheld the dire, the bloody deed ;
 These eyes beheld our valiant father bleed :
 Amaz'd I look'd, and scarce believ'd my fear,
 Nor thought th' Ægyptian could so greatly dare ;
 But still I look'd, and fancy'd Cæsar there.
 But, oh ! not all his wounds so much did move,
 Pierc'd my sad soul, and struck my filial love,
 As that his venerable head they bear,
 Their wanton trophy, fix'd upon a spear ;
 Through every town 'tis shown, the vulgar's sport, 230
 And the lewd laughter of the tyrant's court.

'Tis said, that Ptolemy preserves this prize,
 Proof of the deed, to glut the victor's eyes.
 The body, whether rent or borne away,
 By foul Ægyptian dogs, and birds of prey : 235
 Whether within their greedy maws entomb'd,
 Or by those wretched flames, we saw, consum'd ;
 Its fate as yet we know not, but forgive :
 That crime unpunish'd, to the gods we leave, }
 'Tis for the part preserv'd alone we grieve.

Scarce had he ended thus, when Pompey, warm
 With noble fury, calls aloud to arm ;
 Nor seeks in sighs and helpless tears relief,
 But thus in pious rage express'd his grief :

Hence all aboard, and haste to put to sea, 245
 Urge on against the winds our adverse way ;
 With me let every Roman leader go,
 Since Civil Wars were ne'er so just as now.
 Pompey's unbury'd relicks ask your aid,
 Call for due rites and honours to be paid. 250
 Let Ægypt's tyrant pour a purple flood,
 And sooth the ghost with his inglorious blood.
 Not Alexander shall his priests defend,
 Forc'd from his golden shrine he shall descend :
 In Mareotis deep I 'll plunge him down, 255
 Deep in the sluggish waves the royal carcase drown.
 From his proud pyramid Amasis torn,
 With his long dynasties my rage shall mourn, }
 And floating down their muddy Nile be borne.
 Each stately tomb and monumental stone, 260
 For thee, unburied Pompey, shall atone.

LUCAN'S PHARSALIA, Book IX. 379

Ifis no more shall draw the cheated crowd,
 Nor God Osiris in his linen shroud;
 Stript of their shrines, with scorn they shall be cast,
 To be by ignominious hands defac'd; 265
 Their holy Apis, of diviner breed,
 To Pompey's dust a sacrifice shall bleed,
 While burning deities the flame shall feed.
 Waste shall the land be laid, and never know
 The tiller's care, not feel the crooked plow:
 None shall be left for whom the Nile may flow:
 Till, the gods banish'd, and the people gone,
 Ægypt to Pompey shall be left alone.

He said; then hasty to revenge he flew,
 And seaward out the ready navy drew; 275
 But cooler Cato did the youth assuage,
 And praising much, compress'd his filial rage.

Meantime the shores, the seas, and skies around,
 With mournful cries for Pompey's death resound.
 A rare example have their sorrows shown, 280
 Yet in no age beside, nor people known,
 How falling power did with compassion meet,
 And crouds deplor'd the ruins of the great.
 But when the sad Cornelia first appear'd,
 When on the deck her mournful head she rear'd, 285
 Her locks hang rudely o'er the matron's face,
 With all the pomp of grief's disorder'd grace;
 When they beheld her, wasted quite with woe,
 And spent with tears that never ceas'd to flow,
 Again they feel their loss, again complain, 290
 And heaven and earth ring with their cries again.

Soon

Soon as she landed on the friendly strand,
 Her lord's last rites employ her pious hand;
 To his dear shade she builds a funeral pile,
 And decks it proud with many a noble spoil. 295
 There shone his arms with antic gold inlaid,
 There the rich robes which she herself had made,
 Robes to imperial Jove in triumph erst display'd: }
 The relicks of his past victorious days, }
 Now this his latest trophy serve to raise, }
 And in one common flame together blaze. }
 Such was the weeping matron's pious care:
 The soldiers, taught by her, their fires prepare;
 To every valiant friend a pile they build,
 That fell for Rome in curs'd Pharsalia's field: 305
 Stretch'd wide along the shores, the flames extend,
 And, grateful to the wandering shades, ascend.
 So when Apulian hinds, with art, renew
 The wintery pastures to their verdant hue,
 That flowers may rise, and springing grass return, 310
 With spreading flames the wither'd fields they burn,
 Garganus then and lofty Vultur blaze,
 And draw the distant wandering swains to gaze;
 Far are the glittering fires descry'd by night,
 And gild the dusky skies around with light. 315
 But, oh! not all the sorrows of the croud
 That spoke their free impatient thoughts aloud,
 That tax'd the gods, as authors of their woe,
 And charg'd them with neglect of things below;
 Not all the marks of the wild people's love, 320
 The hero's soul, like Cato's praise, could move;

Few

Few were his words, but from an honest heart,
 Where faction and where favour had no part,
 But truth made up for passion and for art. }

We 've lost a Roman citizen (he said): 325

One of the noblest of that name is dead;
 Who, though not equal to our fathers found,
 Nor by their strictest rules of justice bound,
 Yet from his faults this benefit we draw, }
 He, for his country's good, transgress'd her law,
 To keep a bold licentious age in awe. }

Rome held her freedom still, though he was great;
 He sway'd the senate, but they rul'd the state.
 When crouds were willing to have worn his chain,
 He chose his private station to retain, }
 That all might free, and equal all remain. }

War's boundless power he never sought to use,
 Nor ask'd, but what the people might refuse:
 Much he possess'd, and wealthy was his store, }
 Yet still he gather'd but to give the more, }
 And Rome, while he was rich, could ne'er be poor. }
 He drew the sword, but knew its rage to charm,
 And lov'd peace best, when he was forc'd to arm;
 Unmov'd with all the glittering pomp of power,
 He took with joy, but laid it down with more: 345

His chaster household and his frugal board, }
 Nor lewdness did, nor luxury afford, }
 Ev'n in the highest fortunes of their lord. }
 His noble name, his country's honour grown, }
 Was venerably round the nations known, }
 And as Rome's fairest light and brightest glory shone. }

When

When betwixt Marius and fierce Sylla toft,
 The commonwealth her ancient freedom loft,
 Some shadow yet was left, some shew of power;
 Now ev'n the name with Pompey is no more : 355
 Senate and people all at once are gone,
 Nor need the tyrant blush to mount the throne.
 Oh, happy Pompey ! happy in thy fate,
 Happy by falling with the falling state,
 Thy death a benefit the gods did grant, 360
 Thou might'st have liv'd those Pharian swords to want.
 Freedom, at least, thou dost by dying gain,
 Nor liv'st to see thy Julia's father reign;
 Free death is man's first bliss, the next is to be slain. }
 Such mercy only I from Juba crave, 365
 (If Fortune should ordain me Juba's slave)
 To Cæsar let him shew, but shew me dead,
 And keep my carcase, so he takes my head.
 He said, and pleas'd the noble shade below,
 More than a thousand orators could do; 370
 Though Tully too had lent his charming tongue,
 And Rome's full Forum with his praise had rung.
 But discord now infects the fullen croud,
 And now they tell their discontents aloud :
 When Tarchon first his flying ensigns bore, 375
 Call'd out to march, and hasten'd to the shore;
 Him Cato thus, pursuing as he mov'd,
 Sternly bespoke, and justly thus reprov'd :
 Oh, restless author of the roving war,
 Dost thou again piratic arms prepare ? 380
 Pompey, thy terror and thy scourge, is gone,
 And now thou hop'st to rule the seas alone.

He said, and bent his frown upon the rest,
Of whom one bolder thus the chief address'd,
And thus their weariness of war confess'd :

}

For Pompey's sake (nor thou disdain to hear)
The Civil War we wage, these arms we bear ;
Him we prefer'd to peace : but, Cato, now,
That cause, that master of our arms lies low.

Let us no more our absent country mourn, 390
But to our homes and household gods return ;
To the chaste arms from whose embrace we fled,
And the dear pledges of the nuptial bed.

For, oh ! what period can the war attend,
Which nor Pharsalia's field nor Pompey's death can end ?

The better times of flying life are past,
Let death come gently on in peace at last.

Let age at length with providential care
The necessary pile and urn prepare, 400
All rites the cruel Civil War denies,

Part ev'n of Pompey yet unbury'd lies.
Though vanquish'd, yet by no barbarian hand,
We fear not exile in a foreign land,

Nor are our necks by fortune now bespoke,
To bear the Scythian or Armenian yoke ; 405

The victor still a citizen we own,
And yield obedience to the Roman gown.
While Pompey liv'd, he bore the sovereign sway ;

Cæsar was next, and him we now obey ;
With reverence be the sacred shade ador'd, 410

But war has given us now another lord :
To Cæsar and superior chance we yield :

All was determin'd in Emathia's field.

Nor

Nor shall our arms on other leaders wait,
 Nor for uncertain hopes molest the state,
 We follow'd Pompey once, but now we follow Fate.
 What terms, what safety, can we hope for now,
 But what the victor's mercy shall allow?

Once Pompey's presence justify'd the cause,
 Then fought we for our liberties and laws;
 With him the honours of that cause lie dead,
 And all the sanctity of war is fled.

If, Cato, thou for Rome these arms dost bear,
 If still thy country only be thy care,
 Seek we the legions where Rome's ensigns fly,
 Where her proud eagles wave their wings on high:
 No matter who to Pompey's power succeeds,
 We follow where a Roman consul leads.

This said, he leap'd aboard; the youthful sort
 Join in his flight, and haste to leave the port;
 The senseless croud their liberty disdain,
 And long to wear victorious Cæsar's chain.
 Tyrannic power now sudden seem'd to threat
 The ancient glories of Rome's free-born state,
 Till Cato spoke, and thus deferr'd her fate:

Did then your vows and servile prayers conspire
 Nought but a haughty master to desire?
 Did you, when eager for the battle, come
 The slaves of Pompey, not the friends of Rome?
 Now, weary of the toil, from war you fly,
 And idly lay your useless armour by;
 Your hands neglect to wield the shining sword,
 Nor can you fight but for a king and lord.

Some

Some mighty chief you want, for whom to sweat;
 Yourselfs you know not, or at least forget,
 And fondly bleed, that others may be great:
 Meanly you toil, to give yourselves away;
 And die, to leave the world a tyrant's prey.
 The gods and fortune do at length afford
 A cause most worthy of a Roman sword. 450
 At length 'tis safe to conquer. Pompey now
 Cannot, by your success, too potent grow;
 Yet now, ignobly, you withhold your hands,
 When nearer liberty your aid demands.
 Of three who durst the sovereign power invade, 455
 Two by your fortune's kinder doom lie dead;
 And shall the Pharian sword and Parthian bow
 Do more for liberty and Rome, than you?
 Base as you are, in vile subjection go,
 And scorn what Ptolemy did ill bestow. 460
 Ignobly innocent, and meanly good,
 You durst not stain your hardy hands in blood;
 Feebly awhile you fought, but soon did yield,
 And fled the first from dire Pharsalia's field;
 Go then secure, for Cæsar will be good, 465
 Will pardon those who are with ease subdued;
 The pitying victor will in mercy spare
 The wretch, who never durst provoke his war.
 Go, fordid slaves! one lordly master gone,
 Like heirlooms go from father to the son. 470
 Still to enhance your servile merit more,
 Bear sad Cornelia weeping from the shore;
 Meanly for hire expose the matron's life,
 Metellus' daughter sell, and Pompey's wife;

Take too his sons : let Cæsar find in you 475
 Wretches that may ev'n Ptolemy out-do.
 But let not my devoted life be spar'd,
 The tyrant greatly shall that deed reward;
 Such is the price of Cato's hated head,
 That all your former wars shall well be paid ; 480
 Kill me, and in my blood do Cæsar right,
 'Tis mean to have no other guilt but flight.

He said, and stopp'd the flying naval power ;
 Back they return'd, repenting, to the shore.
 As when the bees their waxen town forsake, 485
 Careless in air their wandering way they take,
 No more in clustering swarms condens'd they fly,
 But fleet uncertain through the various sky ;
 No more from flowers they suck the liquid sweet,
 But all their care and industry forget : 490
 Then if at length the tinkling brass they hear,
 With swift amaze their flight they soon forbear ;
 Sudden their flowery labours they renew,
 Hang on the thyme, and sip the balmy dew.
 Meantime, secure on Hybla's fragrant plain, 495
 With joy exults the happy shepherd swain ;
 Proud that his art had thus preserv'd his store,
 He scorns to think his homely cottage poor.
 With such prevailing force did Cato's care
 The fierce impatient soldiers minds prepare,
 To learn obedience, and endure the war. }

And now their minds, unknowing of repose,
 With busy toil to exercise he chose ;
 Still with successive labours are they ply'd,
 And oft in long and weary marches try'd. 505

Before

Before Cyrene's walls they now sit down ;
 And here the victor's mercy well was shown,
 He takes no vengeance of the captive town ;
 Patient he spares, and bids the vanquish'd live,
 Since Cato, who could conquer, could forgive. 510

Hence, Libyan Juba's realms they mean t' explore,
 Juba, who borders on the swarthy Moor ;
 But Nature's boundaries the journey stay,
 The Syrts are fix'd athwart the middle way ;
 Yet led by daring Virtue on they press, 515
 Scorn opposition, and still hope success.

When nature's hand the first formation try'd,
 When seas from lands she did at first divide,
 The Syrts, not quite of sea nor land bereft,
 A mingled mass uncertain still she left ; 520
 For nor the land with seas is quite o'er-spread,
 Nor sink the waters deep their oozy bed,
 Nor earth defends its shore, nor lifts aloft its head.

The site with neither, and with each complies,
 Doubtful and inaccessible it lies ; 525

Or 'tis a sea with shallows bank'd around,
 Or 'tis a broken land with waters drown'd ;

Here shores advanc'd o'er Neptune's rule we find,
 And there an inland ocean lags behind.

Thus nature's purpose, by herself destroy'd,
 Is useless to herself and unemploy'd,
 And part of her creation still is void. 530

Perhaps, when first the world and time began,
 Her swelling tides and plenteous waters ran ;
 But long confining on the burning zone, 535
 The sinking seas have felt the neighbouring sun :

Still by degrees we see how they decay,
 And scarce resist the thirsty God of Day.
 Perhaps, in distant ages, 'twill be found,
 When future suns have run the burning round,
 These Syrts shall all be dry and solid ground;
 Small are the depths their scanty waves retain,
 And earth grows daily on the yielding main.

And now the loaden fleet with active oars
 Divide the liquid plain, and leave the shores, 545
 When cloudy skies a gathering storm presage,
 And Auster from the South began to rage.
 Full from the land the sounding tempest roars,
 Repels the swelling surge, and sweeps the shores;
 The wind pursues, drives on the rolling sand, 550
 And gives new limits to the growing land.
 'Spite of the seamen's toil, the storm prevails;
 In vain with skilful strength he hands the sails,
 In vain the cordy cables bind them fast,
 At once it rips and rends them from the mast; 555
 At once the winds the fluttering canvas tear,
 Then whirl and whisk it through the sportive air.
 Some, timely for the rising rage prepar'd,
 Furl the loose sheet, and lash it to the yard:
 In vain their care; sudden the furious blast 560
 Snaps by the board, and bears away the mast;
 Of tackling, sails, and masts, at once bereft,
 The ship a naked helpless hull is left.
 Forc'd round and round, she quits her purpos'd way,
 And bounds uncertain o'er the swelling sea. 565
 But happier some a steady course maintain,
 Who stand far out, and keep the deeper main.

Their

Their masts they cut, and, driving with the tide,
Safe o'er the surge beneath the tempest ride:

In vain did, from the southern coast, their foe, 570

All black with clouds, old stormy Auster-blow;

Lowly secure amidst the waves they lay,

Old ocean heav'd his back, and roll'd them on their way.

Some on the shallows strike, and doubtful stand,

Part beat by waves, part fix'd upon the sand. 575

Now pent amidst the shoals the billows roar,

Dash on the banks, and scorn the new-made shore:

Now by the wind driven on in heaps they swell,

The steadfast banks both winds and waves repel:

Still with united force they rage in vain,

The sandy piles their station fix'd maintain,

And lift their heads secure amidst the watery plain.

There 'scap'd from seas, upon the faithless strand,

With weeping eyes the shipwreck'd seamen stand,

And, cast ashore, look vainly out for land.

Thus some were lost; but far the greater part,

Preserv'd from danger by the pilot's art,

Keep on their course, a happier fate partake,

And reach in safety the Tritonian lake.

These waters to the tuneful god are dear, 580

Whose vocal shell the sea-green Nereids hear;

These Pallas loves, so tells reporting fame,

Here first from heaven to earth the goddess came,

(Heaven's neighbourhood the warmer clime betrays,
And speaks the nearer Sun's immediately rays) 585

Here her first footsteps on the brink she staid,

Here in the watery glass her form survey'd,

And call'd herself from hence the chaste Tritonian
maid.

Here Lethe's streams, from secret springs below,
Rise to the light; here heavily, and flow,
The silent dull forgetful waters flow.

Here, by the wakeful dragon kept of old,
Hesperian plants grew rich with living gold;
Long since, the fruit was from the branches torn,
And now the gardens their lost honours mourn. 605

Such was in ancient times the tale receiv'd,
Such by our good forefathers was believ'd;
Nor let enquirers the tradition wrong,
Or dare to question, now, the poet's sacred song.

Then take it for a truth, the wealthy wood 610

Here under golden boughs low bending stood;
On some large tree his folds the serpent wound,
The fair Hesperian virgins watch'd around,
And join'd to guard the rich forbidden ground.

But great Alcides came to end their care, 615
Stript the gay grove, and left the branches bare;
Then back returning sought the Argive shore,
And the bright spoil to proud Eurystheus bore.

These famous regions and the Syrts o'erpass,
They reach'd the Garamantian coast at last; 620
Here, under Pompey's care the navy lies,
Beneath the gentlest clime of Libya's skies.

But Cato's soul, by dangers unrestrain'd,
Ease and a dull unactive life disdain'd.

His daring virtue urges to go on, 625
Through desert lands, and nations yet unknown;
To march, and prove th' unhospitable ground,
To shun the Syrts, and lead the soldier round.

Since

Since now tempestuous seasons vex the sea,
And the declining year forbids the watery way; 630
He sees the cloudy drizzling winter near,
And hopes kind rains may cool the sultry air:
So happ'ly may they journey on secure,
Nor burning heats, nor killing frosts endure;
But while cool winds the winter's breath supplies,
With gentle warmth the Libyan sun may rise,
And both may join and temper well the skies.

But ere the toilsome march he undertook,
The hero thus the listning host bespoke:
Fellows in arms! whose blifs, whose chiefest good, 640
Is Rome's defence, and freedom bought with blood;
You, who, to die with liberty, from far
Have follow'd Cato in this fatal war,
Be now for virtue's noblest task prepar'd,
For labours many, perilous, and hard. 645
Think through what burning climes, what wilds we go:
No leafy shades the naked deserts know,
Nor silver streams through flowery meadows flow.
But horrors there, and various deaths abound,
And serpents guard th' unhospitable ground. 650
Hard is the way; but thus our fate demands;
Rome and her laws we seek amidst these sands.
Let those who, glowing with their country's love,
Resolve with me these dreadful plains to prove,
Nor of return nor safety once debate, 655
But only dare to go, and leave the rest to fate.
Think not I mean the dangers to disguise,
Or hide them from the cheated vulgar's eyes,

Those, only those, shall in my fate partake,
 Who love the daring for the danger's sake; 660
 Those who can suffer all the worst can come,
 And think it what they owe themselves and Rome.
 If any yet shall doubt, or yet shall fear;
 If life be, more than liberty, his care;
 Here, ere we journey farther, let him stay,
 Unglorious let him, like a slave, obey,
 And seek a master in some safer way.
 Foremost, behold, I lead you to the toil,
 My feet shall foremost print the dusty soil:
 Strike me the first, thou flaming God of Day, 670
 First let me feel thy fierce, thy scorching ray;
 Ye living poisons all, ye snaky train,
 Meet me the first upon the fatal plain.
 In every pain, which you my warriors fear,
 Let me be first, and teach you how to bear. 675
 Who sees me pant for drougth, or fainting first,
 Let him upbraid me, and complain of thirst.
 If e'er for shelter to the shades I fly,
 Me let him curse, me, for the sultry sky.
 If while the weary soldier marches on,
 Your leader by distinguish'd ease be known,
 Forake my cause, and leave me there alone.
 The sands, the serpents, thirst, and burning heat,
 Are dear to patience, and to virtue sweet;
 Virtue, that scorns on cowards terms to please, 685
 Or cheaply to be bought, or won with ease;
 But then she joys, then smiles upon her state,
 Then fairest to herself, then most complete,
 When glorious danger makes her truly great.

So Libya's plains alone shall wipe away 690

The foul dishonours of Pharsalia's day;

So shall your courage now transcend that fear:

You fled with glory there, to conquer here.

He said; and hardy love of toil inspir'd;

And every breast with godlike ardour fir'd. 695

Straight, careless of return, without delay

Through the wide waste he took his pathless way.

Libya, ordain'd to be his last retreat,

Receives the hero, fearless of his fate;

Here the good gods his last of labours doom,

Here shall his bones and sacred dust find room,

And his great head be hid, within an humble tomb. }

If this large globe be portion'd right by fame,

Then one third part shall sandy Libya claim:

But if we count, as suns descend and rise, 705

If we divide by east and west the skies,

Then, with fair Europe, Libya shall combine,

And both to make the western half shall join.

Whilst wide-extended Asia fills the rest,

Of all from Tanais to Nile possest,

And reigns sole empress of the dawning east. }

Of all the Libyan soil, the kindliest found

Far to the western seas extends its bound;

Where cooling gales, where gentle Zephyrs fly,

And setting suns adorn the gaudy sky: 715

And yet ev'n here no liquid fountain's vein

Wells through the soil, and gurgles o'er the plain;

But from our northern clime, our gentler heaven,

Refreshing dews and fruitful rains are driven;

ALL

All bleak, the god, cold Boreas, spreads his wing, 720
And with our winter gives the Libyan spring.

No wicked wealth infects the simple soil,

Nor golden ores disclose their shining spoil :

Pure is the glebe, 'tis earth, and earth alone,

To guilty pride and avarice unknown : 725

There citron groves, the native riches, grow,

There cool retreats and fragrant shades bestow,

And hospitably screen their guests below.

Safe by their leafy office, long they stood

A sacred, old, unviolated wood, 730

Till Roman luxury to Afric past,

And foreign axes laid their honours waste.

Thus utmost lands are ranfack'd, to afford

The far-fetch'd dainties, and the costly board.

But rude and wasteful all those regions lie

That border on the Syrts, and feel too nigh

Their sultry summer sun, and parching sky.

No harvest, there, the scatter'd grain repays,

But withering dies, and ere it shoots decays :

There never loves to spring the mantling vine, 740

Nor wanton ringlets round her elm to twine :

The thirsty dust prevents the swelling fruit,

Drinks up the generous juice, and kills the roots.

Through secret veins no tempering moistures pass,

To bind with viscous force the mouldering mass ; 745

But genial Jove, averse, disdains to smile,

Forgets, and curses the neglected soil.

Thence lazy Nature droops her idle head,

As every vegetable sense were dead ;

Thence

Thence the wide dreary plains one visage wear,
 Alike in summer, winter, spring appear,
 Nor feel the turns of the revolving year.
 Thin herbage here (for some ev'n here is found)

The Nasamonian hinds collect around;
 A naked race, and barbarous of mind, 755

That live upon the losses of mankind:
 The Syrts supply their wants and barren soil,
 And strow th' inhospitable shores with spoil.
 Trade they have none, but ready still they stand,
 Rapacious, to invade the wealthy strand,
 And hold a commerce, thus, with every distant land.

Through this dire country Cato's journey lay,
 Here he pursued, while Virtue led the way.

Here the bold youth, led by his high command,
 Fearless of storms and raging winds, by land 765
 Repeat the dangers of the swelling main,
 And strive with storms and raging winds again.

Here all at large, where nought restrains his force,
 Impetuous Ausser runs his rapid course;
 Nor mountains here, nor steadfast rocks resist, 770
 But free he sweeps along the spacious list.

No stable groves of ancient oaks arise,
 To tire his rage, and catch him as he flies;
 But wide, around, the naked plains appear,
 Here fierce he drives unbounded through the air,
 Roars and exerts his dreadful empire here.

The whirling dust, like waves in eddies wrought,
 Rising aloft, to the mid heaven is caught;
 There hangs a sullen cloud; nor falls again,
 Nor breaks, like gentle vapours, into rain. 780

Gazing,

Gazing, the poor inhabitant descries,
 Where high above his land and cottage flies;
 Bereft, he sees his lost possessions there,
 From earth transported, and now fix'd in air.
 Not rising flames attempt a bolder flight;
 Like smoke by rising flames uplifted, light
 The sands ascend, and stain the heavens with night.

But now, his utmost power and rage to boast,
 The stormy god invades the Roman host;
 The soldier yields, unequal to the shock, 790
 And staggers at the wind's stupendous stroke.
 Amaz'd he sees that earth, which lowly lay,
 Forc'd from beneath his feet, and torn away.
 Oh Libya! were thy pliant surface bound,
 And form'd a solid, close-compacted ground; 795
 Or hadst thou rocks, whose hollows deep below
 Would draw those ranging winds that loosely blow;
 Their fury, by thy firmer mass oppos'd,
 Or in those dark infernal caves inclos'd,
 Thy certain ruin would at once complete, 800
 Shake thy foundations, and unfix thy seat:
 But well thy sitting plains have learn'd to yield;
 Thus, not contending, thou thy place hast held,
 Unfix'd art fix'd, and flying keep'st the field.
 Helms, spears and shields, snatch'd from the warlike host,
 Through heaven's wide regions far away were tost;
 While distant nations, with religious fear,
 Beheld them, as some prodigy in air,
 And thought the gods by them denounc'd a war.
 Such haply was the chance, which first did raise 810
 The pious tale, in priestly Numa's days;

Such

LUCAN'S PHARSALIA, BOOK IX. 397

Such were those shields, and thus they came from heaven,
 A sacred charge to young patricians given;
 Perhaps, long since, to lawless winds a prey,
 From far barbarians were they forc'd away; 815
 Thence through long airy journeys safe did come,
 To cheat the croud with miracles at Rome.
 Thus, wide o'er Libya, rag'd the stormy south,
 Thus every way assail'd the Latian youth:
 Each several method for defence they try, 820
 Now wrap their garments tight, now close they lie:
 Now sinking to the earth, with weight they press,
 Now clasp it to them with a strong embrace,
 Scarce in that posture safe; the driving blast
 Bears hard, and almost heaves them off at last. 825
 Meantime a sandy flood comes rolling on,
 And swelling heaps the prostrate legions down;
 New to the sudden danger, and dismay'd,
 The frightened soldier hasty calls for aid,
 Heaves at the hill, and struggling rears his head. }
 Soon shoots the growing pile, and, rear'd on high,
 Lifts up its lofty summit to the sky:
 High sandy walls, like forts, their passage stay,
 And rising mountains intercept their way:
 The certain bounds which should their journey guide, }
 The moving earth and dusty deluge hide; }
 So landmarks sink beneath the flowing tide.
 As through mid seas uncertainly they move,
 Led only by Jove's sacred lights above:
 Part ev'n of them the Libyan clime denies, }
 Forbids their native northern stars to rise, }
 And shades the well-known lustre from their eyes. }

Now

Now near approaching to the burning zone,
 To warmer, calmer skies they journey'd on.
 The slackening storms the neighbouring sun confess,
 The heat strikes fiercer, and the winds grow less,
 Whilst parching thirst and fainting sweats increase. }
 As forward on the weary way they went,
 Panting with drought, and all with labour spent,
 Amidst the desert, desolate and dry, 850
 One chanc'd a little trickling spring to spy :
 Proud of the prize, he drain'd the scanty store,
 And in his helmet to the chieftain bore.
 Around, in crouds, the thirsty legions stood, -
 Their throats and clammy jaws with dust bestrew'd, }
 And all with wishful eyes the liquid treasure view'd. }
 Around the leader cast his careful look,
 Sternly the tempting envy'd gift he took, }
 Held it, and thus the giver fierce bespoke : }
 And think'st thou then that I want Virtue most ! 860
 Am I the meanest of this Roman host !
 Am I the first soft coward that complains !
 That shrinks, unequal to these glorious pains !
 Am I in ease and infamy the first ! }
 Rather be thou, base as thou art, accurs'd, }
 Thou that dar'st drink, when all beside thee thirst. }
 He said ; and wrathful stretching forth his hand,
 Pour'd out the precious draught upon the sand.
 Well did the water thus for all provide,
 Envy'd by none, while thus to all deny'd, }
 A little thus the general want supply'd. }
 Now to the sacred temple they draw near,
 Whose only altars Libyan lands revere ;

There,

There, but unlike the Jove by Rome ador'd,
 A form uncouth, stands heaven's Almighty Lord. 875
 No regal ensigns grace his potent hand,
 Nor shakes he there the lightning's flaming brand;
 But, ruder to behold, a horned ram
 Belies the god, and Ammon is his name.
 There though he reigns unrival'd and alone, 880
 O'er the rich neighbours of the Torrid Zone;
 Though swarthy Æthiops are to him confin'd,
 With Araby the blest, and wealthy Inde;
 Yet no proud domes are rais'd, no gems are seen,
 To blaze upon his shrines with costly sheen; 885
 But plain and poor, and unprophan'd he stood,
 Such as, to whom our great fore-fathers bow'd:
 A god of pious times, and days of old,
 That keeps his temple safe from Roman gold.
 Here, and here only, through wide Libya's space, 890
 Tall trees, the land, and verdant herbage grace;
 Here the loose sands by plenteous springs are bound,
 Knit to a mass, and moulded into ground:
 Here smiling nature wears a fertile dress,
 And all things here the present god confess. 895
 Yet here the sun to neither pole declines,
 But from his zenith vertically shines:
 Hence, ev'n the trees no friendly shelter yield,
 Scarce their own trunks the leafy branches shield;
 The rays descend direct, all round embrace, 900
 And to a central point the shadow chace.
 Here equally the middle line is found,
 To cut the radiant Zodiac in its round:

Here

Here unoblique the Bull and Scorpion rise,
 Nor mount too swift, nor leave too soon the skies;
 Nor Libra does too long the Ram attend,
 Nor bids the Maid the *fishy* sign descend.
 The Boys and Centaur justly time divide,
 And equally their several seasons guide:
 Alike the Crab and wintery Goat return,
 Alike the Lion and the flowing Urn.
 If any farther nations yet are known,
 Beyond the Libyan fires, and scorching zone;
 Northward from them the sun's bright course is made,
 And to the southward strikes the leaning shade:
 There slow Boötes, with his lazy wain
 Descending, seems to reach the watery main.
 Of all the lights which high above they see,
 No star what-e'er from Neptune's waves is free,
 The whirling axle drives them round, and plunges
 in the sea.

Before the temple's entrance, at the gate,
 Attending crowds of eastern pilgrims wait:
 These from the horned god expect relief:
 But all give way before the Latian chief.
 His host, (as crowds are superstitious still)
 Curious of fate, of future good and ill,
 And fond to prove prophetic Ammon's skill,
 Intreat their leader to the god would go,
 And from his oracle Rome's fortunes know:
 But Labienus chief the thought approv'd,
 And thus the common suit to Cato mov'd:

Chance, and the fortune of the way, he said,
 Have brought Jove's sacred counsels to our aid:

This

This greatest of the gods, this mighty chief,
 In each redress shall be a sure relief; 935
 Shall point the distant dangers from afar,
 And teach the future fortunes of the war.

To thee, O Cato! pious! wise! and just!
 Their dark decrees the cautious gods shall trust;
 To thee their fore-determin'd will shall tell: 940
 Their will has been thy law, and thou hast kept it well.
 Fate bids thee now the noble thought improve;
 Fate brings thee here, to meet and talk with Jove.

Inquire betimes, what various chance shall come
 To impious Cæsar, and thy native Rome;
 Try to avert, at least, thy country's doom. }
 Ask if these arms our freedom shall restore:
 Or else, if laws and right shall be no more.

Be thy great breast with sacred knowledge fraught,
 To lead us in the wandering maze of thought: 950
 Thou, that to virtue ever wert inclin'd
 Learn what it is, how certainly defin'd,
 And leave some perfect rule to guide mankind. }

Full of the god that dwelt within his breast,
 The hero thus his secret mind express'd, 955
 And in-born truths reveal'd; truths which might well
 Become ev'n oracles themselves to tell.

Where would thy fond, thy vain enquiry go?
 What mystic fate, what secret, would'st thou know?
 Is it a doubt if death should be my doom,
 Rather than live till kings and bondage come,
 Rather than see a tyrant crown'd in Rome? }
 Or would'st thou know if, what we value here,
 Life, be a trifle hardly worth our care?

What by old age and length of days we gain, 965
 More than to lengthen out the sense of pain?
 Of if this world, with all its forces join'd,
 The universal malice of mankind, }
 Can shake or hurt the brave and honest mind?
 If stable virtue can her ground maintain, 970
 Whilst fortune feebly threats and frowns in vain?
 If truth and justness with uprightness dwell,
 And honesty consist in meaning well?
 If right be independent of success,
 And conquest cannot make it more nor less? 975
 Are these, my friend, the secrets thou would'st know,
 Those doubts for which to oracles we go?
 'Tis known, 'tis plain, 'tis all already told,
 And horned Ammon can no more unfold.
 From God deriv'd, to God by nature join'd, 980
 We act the dictates of his mighty mind:
 And though our priests are mute, and temples still,
 God never wants a voice to speak his will.
 When first we from the teeming womb were brought, }
 With in-born precepts then our souls were fraught,
 And then the maker his new creatures taught, }
 Then when he form'd, and gave us to be men,
 He gave us all our useful knowledge, then.
 Canst thou believe, the vast eternal mind
 Was e'er to Syrts and Libyan sands confin'd? 990
 That he would choose this waste, this barren ground, }
 To teach the thin inhabitants around, }
 And leave his truth in wilds and deserts drown'd? }
 Is

Is there a place that God would choose to love
 Beyond this earth, the seas, yon heaven above,
 And virtuous minds, the noblest throne for Jove?
 Why seek we farther then? behold around,
 How all thou seest does with the god abound,
 Jove is alike in all, and always to be found.

Let those weak minds, who live in doubt and fear, 1000
 To juggling priests for oracles repair;

One certain hour of death to each decreed,
 My fix'd, my certain soul from doubt has freed.

The coward and the brave are doom'd to fall;
 And when Jove told this truth, he told us all. 1005

So spoke the hero; and, to keep his word,

Nor Ammon, nor his oracle explor'd;

But left the croud at freedom to believe,

And take such answers as the priest should give.

Foremost on foot he treads the burning sand, 1010

Bearing his arms in his own patient hand;

Scorning another's weary neck to press,

Or in a lazy chariot loll at ease:

The panting soldier at his toil succeeds,

Where no command, but great example leads. 1015

Sparing of sleep, still for the rest he wakes,

And at the fountain, last, his thirst he slakes;

Whene'er by chance some living stream is found,

He stands, and sees the cooling draughts go round,

Stays till the last and meanest drudge be past, 1020

And, till his slaves have drunk, disdains to taste.

If true good men deserve immortal fame,

If virtue, though distress'd, be still the same;

Whate'er our fathers greatly dar'd to do,
 Whate'er they bravely bore, and wisely knew,
 Their virtues all are his, and all their praise his due. }

Whoe'er, with battles fortunately fought,
 Whoe'er, with Roman blood, such honours brought?

This triumph, this, on Libya's utmost bound,
 With death and desolation compass'd round, 1030

To all thy glories, Pompey, I prefer,
 Thy trophies, and thy third triumphal car,
 To Marius' mighty name, and great Jugurthine war. }

His country's father here, O Rome, behold,
 Worthy thy temples, priests, and shrines of gold! 1035

If e'er thou break'st thy lordly master's chain,
 If liberty be e'er restor'd again,

Him shalt thou place in thy divine abodes,
 Swear by his holy name, and rank him with thy gods.

Now to those sultry regions were they past,
 Which Jove to stop inquiring mortals plac'd,
 And as their utmost, southern, limits cast. }

Thirsty, for springs they search the desert round,
 And only one, amidst the sands, they found.

Well stor'd it was, but all access was barr'd; 1045

The stream ten thousand noxious serpents guard:
 Dry aspics on the fatal margin stood,

And Dipsas thirsted in the middle flood.

Back from the stream the frightened soldier flies,
 Though parch'd, and languishing for drink, he dies: 1150

The chief beheld, and said, You fear in vain,
 Vainly from safe and healthy draughts abstain,
 My soldier, drink, and dread not death or pain. }

When

When urg'd to rage, their teeth the serpents fix,
And venom with our vital juices mix; 1055

The pest infus'd through every vein runs round,
Infects the mass, and death is in the wound.

Harmless and safe, no poison here they shed:

He said; and first the doubtful draught essay'd;

He, who through all their march, their toil, their
thirst, 1060

Demanded, here alone, to drink the first.

Why plagues, like these, infect the Libyan air,

Why deaths unknown in various shapes appear;

Why, fruitful to destroy, the cursed land

Is temper'd thus, by nature's secret hand; 1065

Dark and obscure the hidden cause remains,

And still deludes the vain enquirer's pains;

Unless a tale for truth may be believ'd,

And the good-natur'd world be willingly deceiv'd.

Where western waves on farthest Libya beat,

Warm'd with the setting sun's descending heat,

Dreadful Medusa fix'd her horrid seat. }

No leafy shade, with kind protection, shields

The rough, the squalid, unfrequented fields;

No mark of shepherds, or the plowman's toil, 1075

To tend the flocks, or turn the mellow soil:

But, rude with rocks, the region all around

Its mistress, and her potent visage, own'd.

'Twas from this monster to afflict mankind,

That nature first produc'd the snaky kind: 1080

On her, at first their forked tongues appear'd;

From her, their dreadful hissings first were heard.

Some wreath'd in folds upon her temples hung;
 Some backwards to her waste depended long;
 Some with their rising crests her forehead deck; 1085
 Some wanton play, and lash her swelling neck:
 And while her hands the curling vipers comb,
 Poisons distil around, and drops of livid foam.

None, who beheld the fury, could complain;
 So swift their fate, preventing death and pain: 1090
 Ere they had time to fear, the change came on,
 And motion, sense, and life, were lost in stone.
 The soul itself, from sudden flight debarr'd,
 Congealing, in the body's fortune shar'd.
 The dire Eumenides could rage inspire, 1095
 But could no more; the tuneful Thracian lyre
 Infernal Cerberus did soon assuage,
 Lull'd him to rest, and sooth'd his triple rage;
 Hydra's seven heads the bold Alcides view'd,
 Safely he saw, and what he saw, subdued: 1100
 Of these in various terrors each excell'd;
 But all to this superior fury yield.
 Phorcus and Cæto, next to Neptune he,
 Immortal both, and rulers of the sea,
 This monster's parents did their offspring dread; 1105
 And from her sight her sister Gorgons fled.
 Old ocean's waters, and the liquid air,
 The universal world her power might fear:
 All nature's beauteous works she could invade,
 Through every part a lazy numbness shed,
 And over all a stony surface spread. }
 Birds in their flight were stopt, and ponderous grown,
 Forgot their pinions, and fell senseless down.

Beasts

Beasts to the rocks were fix'd, and all around
Were tribes of stone and marble nations found. 1115

No living eyes so fell a sight could bear;
Her snakes themselves, all deadly though they were,
Shot backward from her face, and shrunk away for
fear. }

By her, a rock Titanian, Atlas grew,
And heaven by her the giants did subdue: 1120

Hard was the fight, and Jove was half dismay'd,

Till Pallas brought the Gorgon to his aid:

The heavenly nation laid aside their fear,

For soon she finish'd the prodigious war;

To mountains turn'd, the monster race remains, 1125

The trophies of her power on the Phlegræan plains.

To seek this monster, and her fate to prove,

The son of Danaë and golden Jove, }

Attempts a flight through airy ways above,

The youth Cyllenian Hermes' aid implor'd; 1130

The god assisted with his wings the sword,

His sword, which late made watchful Argus bleed,

And Iö from her cruel keeper freed:

Unwedded Pallas lent a sister's aid;

But ask'd, for recompence, Medusa's head. 1135

Eastward she warns her brother bend his flight,

And from the Gorgon realms avert his sight;

Then arms his left with her refulgent shield,

And shews how there the foe might be beheld.

Deep slumbers had the drouy fiend possess'd, 1140

Such as drew on, and well might seem, her last:

And yet she slept not whole; one half her snakes

Watchful, to guard their horrid mistress, wakes

The rest dishevel'd, loosely, round her head,
And o'er her drousy lids and face were spread. 1145
Backward the youth draws near, nor dares to look,
But blindly, at a venture, aims a stroke :
His faltering hand the virgin goddess guides,
And from the monster's neck her snaky head divides.
But oh ! what art, what numbers, can express 1150
The terrors of the dying Gorgon's face !
What clouds of poison from her lips arise !
What death, what vast destruction, threaten'd in her
eyes !
'Twas somewhat that immortal gods might fear,
More than the warlike maid herself could bear. 1155
The victor Perseus still had been subdued,
Though, wary still, with eyes averse he stood :
Had not his heavenly sister's timely care
Veil'd the dread visage with the hissing hair.
Seiz'd of his prey, heavenwards, uplifted light, 1160
On Hermes' nimble wings, he took his flight.
Now thoughtful of his course, he hung in air,
And meant through Europe's happy clime to steer ;
Till pitying Pallas warn'd him not to blast
Her fruitful fields, nor lay her cities' waste. 1165
For who would not have upwards cast their sight,
Curious to gaze at such a wondrous flight ?
Therefore, by gales of gentle Zephyrs borne,
To Libya's coast the hero minds to turn.
Beneath the sultry line, expos'd it lies 1170
To deadly planets, and malignant skies.
Still, with his fiery steeds, the god of day
Drives through that heaven, and makes his burning way.

No land more high erects its lofty head,
 The silver moon in dim eclipse to shade; 1175
 If through the summer signs direct she run,
 Nor bends obliquely, north or south to shun }
 The envious earth that hides her from the sun,
 Yet could this soil accurst, this barren field,
 Increase of deaths, and poisonous harvests yield. 1180
 Where-e'er sublime in air the victor flew,
 The monster's head distill'd a deadly dew; }
 The earth receiv'd the seed, and pregnant grew,
 Still as the putrid gore dropt on the sand,
 'Twas temper'd up by nature's forming hand; 1185
 The glowing climate makes the work complete,
 And broods upon the mass, and lends it genial heat.

First of those plagues the drousy Asp appear'd,
 Then first her crest and swelling neck she rear'd;
 A larger drop of black congealing blood 1190
 Distinguish'd her amidst the deadly brood.
 Of all the serpent race are none so fell,
 None with so many deaths such plenteous venom swell;
 Chill in themselves, our colder climes they shun,
 And choose to bask in Afric's warmer sun; 1195
 But Nile no more confines them now: What bound
 Can for insatiate avarice be found!
 Freight'd with Libyan deaths our merchants come,
 And poisonous Asps are things of price at Rome.

Her scaly folds th' Hæmorrhoids unbends, 1200
 And her vast length along the sand extends;
 Where-e'er she wounds, from every part the blood
 Gushes resistless in a crimson flood.

Amphibious

Amphibious some do in the Syrts abound,
And now on land, in waters now are found. 1205

Slimy Chelyders the parch'd earth distain,
And trace a reeking furrow on the plain.

The spotted Cenchris, rich in various dyes,
Shoots in a line, and forth directly flies :

Not Theban marbles are so gayly dress'd, 1210
Nor with such party-colour'd beauties grac'd.

Safe in his earthly hue and dusky skin,
Th' Ammodites lurks in the sands unseen :

The Swimmer there the crystal stream pollutes ;
And swift, through air, the flying Javelin shoots. 1215

The Scytale, ere yet the spring returns,
There casts her coat ; and there the Dipfas burns ;

The Amphisbæna doubly arm'd appears,
At either end a threatening head she rears.

Rais'd on his active tail the Pareas stands, 1220
And, as he passes, furrows up the sands.

The Prestor by his forming jaws is known ;
The Seps invades the flesh and firmer bone,

Dissolves the mass of man, and melts his fabric down. } 1225

The Basilisk, with dreadful hissings heard,
And from afar by every serpent fear'd,

To distance drives the vulgar, and remains
The lonely monarch of the desert plains.

And you, ye dragons of the scaly race,
Whom glittering gold and shining armours grace, 1230

In other nations harmless are you found,
This guardian Genii and protectors own'd ;

In

In Afric only are you fatal ; there,
 On wide-expanded wings, sublime you rear
 Your dreadful forms, and drive the yielding air. }
 The lowing kine in droves you chase, and cull
 Some master of the herd, some mighty bull :
 Around his stubborn sides your tails you twist,
 By force compress, and burst his brawny chest.
 Not elephants are by their larger size 1240
 Secure, but, with the rest, become your prize.
 Resistless in your might, you all invade,
 And for destruction need not poison's aid.

Thus, though a thousand plagues around them
 spread, }
 A weary march the hardy soldiers tread,
 Through thirst, through toil and death, by Cato led.
 Their chief, with pious grief and deep regret,
 Each moment mourns his friends untimely fate ;
 Wondering, he sees some small, some trivial wound
 Extend a valiant Roman on the ground. 1250
 Aulus, a noble youth of Tyrrhene blood,
 Who bore the standard, on a Dipfas trode ;
 Backward the wrathful serpent bent her head,
 And, fell with rage, th' unheeded wrong repay'd.
 Scarce did some little mark of hurt remain, 1255
 And scarce he found some little sense of pain ;
 Nor could he yet the danger doubt, nor fear
 That death, with all its terrors, threaten'd there.
 When lo ! unseen, the secret venom spreads,
 And every nobler part at once invades ; 1260
 Swift flames consume the marrow and the brain,
 And the scorch'd entrails rage with burning pain ;
 Upon

Upon his heart the thirsty poisons prey,
 And drain the sacred juice of life away.
 No kindly floods of moisture bathe his tongue, 1265
 But cleaving to the parched roof it hung;
 No trickling drops distil, no dewy sweat,
 To ease his weary limbs, and cool the raging heat.
 Nor could he weep; ev'n grief could not supply
 Streams for the mournful office of his eye,
 The never-failing source of tears was dry. }
 Frantic he flies, and with a careless hand }
 Hurls the neglected eagle on the sand;
 Nor hears, nor minds, his pitying chief's command.
 For springs he seeks, he digs, he proves the ground,
 For springs, in vain, explores the desert round, 1276
 For cooling draughts, which might their aid impart,
 And quench the burning venom in his heart.
 Plung'd in the Tanais, the Rhone, or Po,
 Or Nile, whose wandering streams o'er Ægypt flow, }
 Still would he rage, still with the fever glow.
 The scorching climate to his fate conspires,
 And Libya's sun assists the Dipsas' fires.
 Now every where for drink, in vain he pries,
 Now to the Syrts and briny seas he flies; }
 The briny seas delight, but seem not to suffice.
 Nor yet he knows what secret plague he nurs'd,
 Nor found the poison, but believ'd it thirst.
 Of thirst, and thirst alone, he still complains,
 Raving for thirst, he tears his swelling veins; 1290
 From every vessel drains a crimson flood,
 And quaffs in greedy draughts his vital blood.

This

This Cato saw, and straight, without delay,
 Commands the legions on to urge their way;
 Nor give th' enquiring soldier time to know 1295
 What deadly deeds a fatal thirst could do.

But soon a fate more sad, with new surprize,
 From the first object turns their wondering eyes.
 Wretched Sabellus by a Seps was stung;
 Fix'd to his leg, with deadly teeth, it hung: 1300
 Sudden the soldier shook it from the wound,
 Transfix'd and nail'd it to the barren ground.

Of all the dire destructive serpent race,
 None have so much of death, though none are less.
 For straight, around the part, the skin withdrew,
 The flesh and shrinking sinews backward flew, }
 And left the naked bones expos'd to view.
 The spreading poisons all the parts confound,
 And the whole body sinks within the wound.

The brawny thighs no more their muscles boast, 1310
 But, melting, all in liquid filth are lost;
 The well-knit groin above, and ham below,
 Mixt in one putrid stream, together flow;
 The firm Peritonæum, rent in twain,
 No more the pressing entrails could sustain, }

It yields, and forth they fall, at once they gush amain. }
 Small relics of the mouldering mass were left,
 At once of substance, as of form bereft;
 Dissolv'd the whole in liquid poison ran,
 And to a nauseous puddle shrunk the man. 1320

Then burst the rigid nerves, the manly breast,
 And all the texture of the heaving chest;

Resistless

Resistless way the conquering venom made,
 And secret nature was at once display'd ;
 Her sacred privacies all open lie 1325
 To each prophane, enquiring, vulgar eye.

Then the broad shoulders did the pest invade,
 Then o'er the valiant arms and neck it spread ;
 Last sunk, the mind's imperial seat, the head. }
 So snows dissolv'd by southern breezes run, 1330
 So melts the wax before the noon-day sun.

Nor ends the wonder here ; though flames are known
 To waste the flesh, yet still they spare the bone :
 Here none were left, no least remains were seen ;
 No marks to shew, that once the man had been. 1335
 Of all the plagues which curse the Libyan land,
 (If death and mischief may a crown demand)
 Serpent, the palm is thine. Though others may
 Boast of their power to force the soul away, }
 Yet soul and body both become thy prey.

A fate of different kind Nafidius found,
 A burning Prester gave the deadly wound ;
 And straight a sudden flame began to spread,
 And paint his visage with a glowing red.
 With swift expansion swells the bloated skin,
 Nought but an undistinguished mass is seen, }
 While the fair human form lies lost within.
 The puffy poison spreads, and heaves around,
 Till all the man is in the monster drown'd.
 No more the steely plate his breast can stay, 1350
 But yields, and gives the bursting poison way.
 Not waters so, when fire the rage supplies,
 Bubbling on heaps, in boiling cauldrons rise :

Nor

Nor swells the stretching canvas half so fast,
 When the sails gather all the driving blast,
 Strain the tough yards, and bow the lofty mast.
 The various parts no longer now are known,
 One headless formless heap remains alone;
 The feather'd kind avoid the fatal feast,
 And leave it deadly to some hungry beast; 1360
 With horror seiz'd, his sad companions too,
 In haste from the unbury'd carcase flew;
 Look'd back, but fled again, for still the monster grew. }

But fertile Libya still new plagues supplies,
 And to more horrid monsters turns their eyes. 1365
 Deeply the fierce Hæmorrhoids impress
 Her fatal teeth on Tullus' valiant breast,
 The noble youth: with virtue's love inspir'd,
 Her, in her Cato, follow'd and admir'd;
 Mov'd by his great example, vow'd to share, 1370
 With him, each chance of that disastrous war.
 And as when mighty Rome's spectators meet
 In the full theatre's capacious seat,
 At once, by secret pipes and channels fed,
 Rich tinctures gush from every antique head; 1375
 At once ten thousand saffron currents flow,
 And rain their odours on the croud below:
 So the warm blood at once from every part
 Ran purple poison down, and drain'd the fainting heart.
 Blood falls for tears, and o'er his mournful face 1380
 The ruddy drops their tainted passage trace:
 Where-e'er the liquid juices find a way,
 There streams of blood, there crimson rivers stray:

His

His mouth and gushing nostrils pour a flood,
 And ev'n the pores ooze out the trickling blood; 1385
 In the red deluge all the parts lie drown'd,
 And the whole body seems one bleeding wound.

Lævus, a colder Aspic bit, and straight
 His blood forgot to flow, his heart to beat;
 Thick shades upon his eye-lids seem'd to creep, 1390
 And lock him fast in everlasting sleep:
 No sense of pain, no torment did he know,
 But sunk in slumbers to the shades below.

Not swifter death attends the noxious juice,
 Which dire Sabæan Aconites produce. 1395
 Well may their crafty priests divine, and well
 The fate which they themselves can cause, foretel.

Fierce from afar a darting Javelin shot,
 (For such, the serpents name has Afric taught)
 And through unhappy Paulus' temples flew; 1400
 Nor poison, but a wound, the soldier slew.
 No flight so swift, so rapid none we know,
 Stones for the sounding sling, compar'd, are slow,
 And the shaft loiters from the Scythian bow. }

A basilisk bold Murrus kill'd in vain, 1405
 And nail'd it dying to the sandy plain;
 Along the spear the sliding venom ran,
 And sudden, from the weapon, seiz'd the man:
 His hand first touch'd, ere it his arm invade,
 Soon he divides it with his shining blade: 1410
 The serpent's force by sad example taught,
 With his lost hand, his ransom'd life he bought.

Who that the scorpion's insect form surveys,
 Would think that ready death his call obeys? 1414
 Threatening

Threatening, he rears his knotty tail on high;
 The vast Orion thus he doom'd to die,
 And fix'd him, his proud trophy in the sky.

Or could we the Salpuga's anger dread,
 Or fear upon her little cell to tread?

Yet she the fatal threads of life commands, 1420
 And quickens oft the Stygian sisters' hands.

Pursued by dangers, thus they pass'd away
 The restless night, and thus the cheerless day;
 Ev'n earth itself they fear'd, the common bed,
 Where each lay down to rest his weary head: 1425

There no kind trees their leafy couches strow,
 The sands no turf nor mossy beds bestow;
 But tir'd, and fainting with the tedious toil,
 Expos'd they sleep upon the fatal soil.

With vital heat they brood upon the ground, 1430
 And breathe a kind attractive vapour round.

While chill, with colder night's ungentle air,
 To man's warm breast his snaky foes repair,
 And find, ungrateful guests, a shelter there.
 Thence fresh supplies of poisonous rage return, 1435
 And fiercely with recruited deaths they burn.

Restore, thus sadly oft the soldier said,
 Restore Emathia's plains, from whence we fled;
 This grace, at least, ye cruel gods afford,
 That we may fall beneath the hostile sword. 1440

The Dipsa's here in Cæsar's triumph share,
 And fell Cerastræ wage his civil war.
 Or let us haste away, press farther on,
 Urge our bold passage to the burning zone,
 And die by those æthereal flames alone.

Afric, thy deserts we accuse no more,
 Nor blame, oh nature! thy creating power:
 From man, thou wisely didst these wilds divide,
 And for thy monsters here alone provide;
 A region waste and void of all beside.
 Thy prudent care forbade the barren field,
 The yellow harvest's ripe increase to yield;
 Man and his labours well thou didst deny.
 And bad'st him from the land of poisons fly.
 We, impious we, the bold irruption made; 1455
 We, this the serpent's world, did first invade;
 Take then our lives a forfeit for the crime,
 Whoe'er thou art, that rul'st this cursed clime:
 What god soe'er, that only lov'st to reign,
 And dost the commerce of mankind disdain; 1460
 Who, to secure thy horrid empire's bound,
 Hast fixt the Syrts, and torrid realms around;
 Here the wild waves, there the flames scorching breath,
 And fill'd the dreadful middle space with death.
 Behold, to thy retreats our arms we bear, 1465
 And with Rome's civil rage prophane thee here;
 Ev'n to thy inmost seats we strive to go,
 And seek the limits of the world to know.
 Perhaps more dire events attend us yet;
 New deaths, new monsters, still we go to meet. 1470
 Perhaps to those far seas our journey bends,
 Where to the waves the burning sun descends;
 Where, rushing headlong down heaven's azure steep,
 All red he plunges in the hissing deep.
 Low sinks the pole, declining from its height, 1475
 And seems to yield beneath the rapid weight,

Nor

Nor farther lands from fame herself are known,
 But Mauritanian Juba's realms alone.
 Perhaps, while, rashly daring, on we pass,
 Fate may discover some more dreadful place; 1480

Till, late repenting, we may wish in vain
 To see these serpents, and these sands again.
 One joy at least do these sad regions give,
 Ev'n here we know 'tis possible to live;
 That, by the native plagues, we may perceive.
 Nor ask we now for Asia's gentler day,

Nor now for European suns we pray;
 Thee, Afric, now, thy absence we deplore,
 And sadly think we ne'er shall see thee more.
 Say, in what part, what climate, art thou lost? 1490

Where have we left Cyrene's happy frost?
 Cold skies we felt, and frosty winter there,
 While more than summer suns are raging here,
 And break the laws of the well-order'd year.

Southward, beyond earth's limits, are we pass'd, 1495
 And Rome, at length, beneath our feet is plac'd.
 Grant us, ye gods, one pleasure ere we die,
 Add to our harder fate this only joy,
 That Cæsar may pursue, and follow where we fly.

Impatient, thus the soldier oft complains, 1500
 And seems, by telling, to relieve his pains.
 But most the virtues of their matchless chief
 Inspire new strength, to bear with every grief;
 All night, with careful thoughts and watchful eyes,
 On the bare sands expos'd the hero lies; 1505

In every place alike, in every hour,
 Dares his ill fortune, and defies her power.

Unweary'd still, his common care attends
 On every fate, and cheers his dying friends :
 With ready haste at each sad call he flies, 1510
 And more than health, or life itself, supplies ;
 With virtue's noblest precepts arms their souls,
 And ev'n their sorrows, like his own, controls.
 Where-e'er he comes, no signs of grief are shown ;
 Grief, an unmanly weakness, they disown, }
 And scorn to sigh, or breathe one parting groan. }
 Still urging on his pious cares, he strove
 The sense of outward evils to remove ;
 And, by his presence, taught them to disdain
 The feeble rage and impotence of pain. 1520
 But now, so many toils and dangers past,
 Fortune grew kind, and brought relief at last.
 Of all who scorching Afric's sun endure,
 None like the swarthy Pfyllians are secure.
 Skill'd in the lore of powerful herbs and charms, 1525
 Them, nor the serpent's tooth, nor poison harms ;
 Nor do they thus in arts alone excel,
 But nature too their blood has temper'd well, }
 And taught with vital force the venom to repel. }
 With healing gifts and privileges grac'd, 1530
 Well in the land of serpents were they plac'd ;
 Truce with the dreadful tyrant, death, they have,
 And border safely on his realm, the grave.
 Such is their confidence in true-born blood,
 That oft with asps they prove their doubtful brood ;
 When wanton wives their jealous rage inflame, 1536
 The new-born infant clears or damns the dame ;

If subject to the wrathful serpent's wound,
 The mother's shame is by the danger found;
 But if unhurt the fearless infant laugh; 1540
 The wife is honest, and the husband safe.
 So when Jove's bird, on some tall cedar's head,
 Has a new race of generous eaglets bred,
 While yet unplum'd, within the nest they lie,
 Wary she turns them to the eastern sky;
 Then if, unequal to the god of day,
 Abash'd they shrink, and shun the potent ray,
 She spurns them forth, and casts them quite away: }
 But if with daring eyes unmov'd they gaze,
 Withstand the light, and bear the golden blaze; 1550
 Tender she broods them with a parent's love,
 The future servants of her master Jove.
 Nor safe themselves, alone, the Pnyllians are,
 But to their guests extend their friendly care.
 First, where the Roman camp is mark'd, around }
 Circling they pass, then, chanting, charm the ground
 And chace the serpents with the mystic sound.
 Beyond the farthest tents rich fires they build,
 That healthy medicinal odours yield;
 There foreign Galbanum dissolving fries, 1560
 And crackling flames from humble Wall-wort rise;
 There Tamarisk, which no green leaf adorns,
 And there the spicy Syrian Costos burns.
 There Centory supplies the wholesome flame,
 That from Thessalian Chiron takes its name; 1565
 The gummy Larch-Tree, and the Thapsos there,
 Wound-wort and Maiden-weed, perfume the air.

There the large branches of the long-liv'd hart,
 With Southern-wood, their odours strong impart.
 The monsters of the land, the serpents fell, 1570
 Fly far away, and shun the hostile smell.

Securely thus they pass the nights away;
 And if they chance to meet a wound by day,
 The Pſyllian artiſts ſtraight their ſkill diſplay. }
 Then ſtrives the Leach the power of charms to ſhow,
 And bravely combats with the deadly foe : 1576

With ſpittle firſt, he marks the part around,
 And keeps the poiſon priſoner in the wound;
 Then ſudden he begins the magic ſong,
 And rolls the numbers haſty o'er his tongue ; 1580

Swift he runs on ; nor pauses once for breath,
 To ſtop the progreſs of approaching death :
 He fears the cure might ſuffer by delay,
 And life be loſt but for a moment's ſtay.

Thus oft, though deep within the veins it lies, 1585
 By magic numbers chac'd, the miſchief flies :
 But if it hear too ſlow, if ſtill it ſtay,

And ſcorn the potent charmer to obey ;
 With forceful lips he faſtens on the wound,
 Drains out, and ſpits the venom to the ground. 1590

Thus, by long uſe and oft experience taught,
 He knows from whence his hurt the patient got ;
 He proves the part through which the poiſon paſt,
 And knows each various ſerpent, by the taſte.

The warriors thus reliev'd, amidſt their pains, 1595
 Held on their paſſage through the deſert plains :
 And now the ſilver empreſs of the night
 Had loſt, and twice regain'd, her borrow'd light,

While

While Cato, wandering o'er the wasteful field,
Patient in all his labours, she beheld. 1600

At length condens'd in clods the sands appear,
And shew a better soil and country near:

Now from afar thin tufts of trees arise,
And scattering cottages delight their eyes.

But when the soldier once beheld again 1605

The raging lion shake his horrid mane,
What hopes of better lands his soul possest!

What joys he felt, to view the dreadful beast!

Leptis at last they reach'd, that nearest lay,

There free from storms, and the sun's parching ray, }

At ease they pass'd the wintery year away.

When fated with the joys which slaughters yield,
Retiring Cæsar left Emathia's field;

His other cares laid by, he fought alone

To trace the footsteps of his flying son. 1615

Led by the guidance of reporting fame,

First to the Thracian Hellespont he came.

Here young Leander perish'd in the flood,

And here the tower of mournful Hero stood:

Here, with a narrow stream, the flowing tide, 1620

Europe, from wealthy Asia, does divide.

From hence the curious victor passing o'er,

Admiring sought the fam'd Sigæan shore.

There might he tombs of Grecian chiefs behold,

Renown'd in sacred verse by bards of old. 1625

There the long ruins of the walls appear'd,

Once by great Neptune, and Apollo, rear'd:

There stood old Troy, a venerable name;

For ever consecrate to deathless fame.

Now blasted mossy trunks with branches fear, 1630

Brambles and weeds, a loathsome forest rear ;

Where once, in palaces of regal state,

Old Priam, and the Trojan princes, sat.

Where temples once, on lofty columns born,

Majestic did the wealthy town adorn, 1635

All rude, all waste and desolate is lay'd,

And even the ruin'd ruins are decay'd.

Here Cæsar did each story'd place survey,

Here saw the rock, where, Neptune to obey,

Hesione was bound the monster's prey. }

Here, in the covert of a secret grove,

The blest Anchises clasp'd the queen of love :

Here fair Oenone play'd, here stood the cave

Where Paris once the fatal judgment gave ;

Here lovely Ganymede to heaven was born, 1645

Each rock, and every tree, recording tales adorn.

Here all that does of Xanthus' stream remain,

Creeps a small brook along the dusty plain.

Whilst careless and securely on they pass,

The Phrygian guide forbids to press the grass ; 1650

This place, he said, for ever sacred keep,

For here the sacred bones of Hector sleep.

Then warns him to observe, where, rudely cast,

Disjointed stones lay broken and defac'd :

Here his last fate, he cries, did Priam prove ; 1655

Here, on this altar of Hercæan Jove.

O poesy divine ! O sacred song !

To thee, bright fame and length of days belong ;

Thou, goddess ! thou eternity canst give,

And bid secure the mortal hero live. 1660

Nor

LUCAN'S PHARSALIA, Book IX. 425

Nor, Cæsar, thou disdain, that I rehearse
Thee, and thy wars, in no ignoble verse;
Since, if in aught the Latian Muse excel,
My name, and thine, immortal I foretel;
Eternity our labours shall reward, 1665
And Lucan flourish, like the Grecian bard;
My numbers shall to latest times convey
The tyrant Cæsar, and Pharsalia's day.

When long the chief his wondering eyes had cast,
On ancient monuments of ages past; 1670
Of living turf an altar straight he made,
Then on the fire rich gums and incense laid,
And thus, successful in his vows, he pray'd. }
Ye shades divine! who keep this sacred place,
And thou, Æneas! author of my race, 1675
Ye powers, whoe'er from burning Troy did come,
Domestic gods of Alba, and of Rome,
Who still preserve your ruin'd country's name,
And on your altars guard the Phrygian flame:
And thou, bright maid, who art to men deny'd; }
Pallas, who dost thy sacred privilege confide
To Rome, and in her inmost temple hide;
Hear, and auspicious to my vows incline,
To me, the greatest of the Julian line:
Prosper my future ways; and lo! I vow 1685
Your ancient state and honours to bestow;
Ausonian hands shall Phrygian walls restore,
And Rome repay, what Troy conferr'd before.
He said; and hasted to his fleet away,
Swift to repair the loss of this delay. 1690

Up

Up sprung the wind, and, with a freshening gale;
 The kind north-west fill'd every swelling sail;
 Light o'er the foamy waves the navy flew,
 Till Asia's shores and Rhodes no more they view.
 Six times the night her sable round had made,
 The seventh now passing on, the chief survey'd
 High Pharos shining through the gloomy shade;
 The coast descry'd, he waits the rising day,
 Then safely to the port directs his way.
 There wide with crouds o'erspread he sees the shore,
 And echoing hears the loud tumultuous roar,
 Distrustful of his fate, he gives command
 To stand aloof, nor trust the doubted land;
 When lo! a messenger appears, to bring
 A fatal pledge of peace from Ægypt's king: 1705
 Hid in a veil, and closely cover'd o'er,
 Pompey's pale visage in his hand he bore.
 An impious orator the tyrant sends,
 Who thus, with fitting words, the monstrous gift com-
 mends.

Hail! first and greatest of the Roman name; 1710
 In power most mighty, most renown'd in fame:
 Hail! rightly now, the world's unrival'd lord!
 That benefit thy Pharian friends afford.
 My king bestows the prize thy arms have sought,
 For which Pharsalia's field, in vain, was fought. 1715
 No task remains for future labours now;
 The civil wars are finish'd at a blow:
 To heal Thessalia's ruins, Pompey fled
 To us for succour, and by us lies dead.

Thee,

LUCAN'S PHARSALIA, Book IX. 427

Thee, Cæsar, with this costly pledge we buy, 1720

Thee to our friendship, with this victim, tie.

Ægypt's proud sceptre freely then receive,

Whate'er the fertile flowing Nile can give:

Accept the treasures which this deed has spar'd;

Accept the benefit, without reward. 1725

Deign, Cæsar! deign to think my royal lord

Worthy the aid of thy victorious sword:

In the first rank of greatness shall he stand;

He, who could Pompey's destiny command.

Nor frown disdainful on the proffer'd spoil, 1730

Because not dearly bought with blood and toil;

But think, oh think, what sacred ties were broke,

How friendship pleaded, and how nature spoke:

That Pompey, who restor'd Auletes' crown,

The father's ancient guest was murder'd by the son. 1735

Then judge thyself, or ask the world and fame,

If services like these deserve a name.

If gods and men the daring deed abhor;

Think, for that reason, Cæsar owes the more;

This blood *for thee*, though not *by thee*, was spilt; 1740

Thou hast the benefit, and we the guilt.

He said, and straight the horrid gift unveil'd,

And stedfast to the gazing victor held.

Chang'd was the face, deform'd with death all o'er,

Pale, ghastly, wan, and stain'd with clotted gore,

Unlike the Pompey Cæsar knew before. }

He, nor at first disdain'd the fatal boon,

Nor started from the dreadful sight too soon.

Awhile his eyes the murderous scene endure,

Doubting they view; but shun it, when secure. 1750

At

At length he stood convinc'd, the deed was done ;
He saw 'twas safe to mourn his lifeless son :
And straight the ready tears, that staid till now,
Swift at command with pious semblance flow :
As if detesting, from the sight he turns, 1755
And groaning, with a heart triumphant mourns.
He fears his impious thought should be descry'd,
And seeks in tears the swelling joy to hide.
Thus the curst Pharian tyrant's hopes were cross'd,
Thus all the merit of his gift was lost ; 1760
Thus for the murder Cæsar's thanks were spar'd ;
He chose to mourn it, rather than reward.
He who, relentless, through Pharsalia rode,
And on the senate's mangled fathers trode ;
He who, without one pitying sigh, beheld 1765
The blood and slaughter of that woeful field ;
Thee, murder'd Pompey, could not ruthless see,
But pay'd the tribute of his grief to thee.
Oh mystery of fortune, and of fate !
Oh ill-consorted piety and hate ! 1770
And canst thou, Cæsar, then thy tears afford,
To the dire object of thy vengeful sword ?
Didst thou, for this, devote his hostile head,
Pursue him living, to bewail him dead ?
Could not the gentle ties of kindred move ? 1775
Wert thou not touch'd with thy sad Julia's love ?
And weep'st thou now ? dost thou these tears provide
To win the friends of Pompey to thy side ?
Perhaps, with secret rage thou dost repine,
That he should die by any hand but thine : 1780

Thence

Thence fall thy tears, that Ptolemy has done
A murder, due to Cæsar's hand alone.

What secret springs soe'er these currents know,
They ne'er, by piety, were taught to flow.
Or didst thou kindly, like a careful friend,
Pursue him flying, only to defend? 1785

Well was his fate deny'd to thy command!
Well was he snatch'd by fortune from thy hand!
Fortune withheld this glory from thy name,
Forbad thy power to save, and spar'd the Roman shame.

Still he goes on to vent his griefs aloud, 1791
And artful, thus, deceives the easy crowd.

Hence from my sight, nor let me see thee more;
Haste, to thy king his fatal gift restore.

At Cæsar have you aim'd the deadly blow, 1795
And wounded Cæsar worse than Pompey now;

The cruel hands by which this deed was done,
Have torn away the wreaths my sword had won,

That noblest prize this civil war could give,
The victor's right to bid the vanquish'd live. 1800

Then tell your king, his gift shall be repay'd;
I would have sent him Cleopatra's head; }

But that he wishes to behold her dead.
How has he dar'd, this Ægypt's petty lord, }

To join his murders to the Roman sword? 1805
Did I, for this, in heat of war, distain }

With noblest blood Emathia's purple plain,
To licence Ptolemy's pernicious reign? }

Did I with Pompey scorn the world to share?
And can I an Ægyptian partner bear?

In vain the warlike trumpet's dreadful sound
 Has rous'd the universe to arms around;
 Vain was the shock of nations, if they own,
 Now, any power on earth but mine alone.
 Thither to your impious shores I came, 1815
 'Twas to assert at once my power and fame;
 Lest the pale fury Envy should have said,
 Your crimes I damn'd not, or your arms I fled.
 Nor think to fawn before me and deceive;
 I know the welcome you prepare to give. 1820
 Thessalia's field preserves me from your hate,
 And guards the victor's head from Pompey's fate.
 What ruin, Gods! attended on my arms,
 What dangers unforeseen! what waiting harms!
 Pompey, and Rome, and exile, were my fear;
 See yet a fourth, see Ptolemy appear!
 The boy-king's vengeance loiters in the rear.
 But we forgive his youth, and bid him know
 Pardon and life's the most we can bestow.
 For you, the meaner herd, with rites divine, 1830
 And pious cares, the warrior's head inshrine:
 Atone with penitence the injur'd shade,
 And let his ashes in their urn be laid;
 Pleas'd, let his ghost lamenting Cæsar know,
 And feel my presence here, ev'n in the realms below. 1835
 Oh, what a day of joy was lost to Rome,
 When hapless Pompey did to Ægypt come!
 When, to a father and a friend unjust,
 He rather chose the Pharian boy to trust.
 The wretched world that loss of peace shall rue, 1840
 Of peace, which from our friendship might ensue:
 But

But thus the gods their hard decrees have made;
In vain, for peace, and for repose, I pray'd;
In vain implor'd, that wars and rage might end,
That, suppliant-like, I might to Pompey bend,
Beg him to live, and once more be my friend.
Then had my labours met their just reward,
And, Pompey, thou in all my glories shar'd;
Then, jars and enmities all past and gone,
In pleasure had the peaceful years roll'd on;
All should forgive, to make the joy complete;
Thou shouldst thy harder fate, and Rome my wars forget.

Fast falling still the tears, thus spoke the chief,
But found no partner in the specious grief.
Oh! glorious liberty! when all shall dare
A face, unlike their mighty lord, to wear!
Each in his breast the rising sorrow kept,
And thought it safe to laugh, though Cæsar wept.

LUCAN'S PHARSALIA.

B O O K X.

THE ARGUMENT.

Cæsar, upon his arrival in Ægypt, finds Ptolemy engaged in a quarrel with his sister Cleopatra; whom, at the instigation of Photinus, and his other evil counsellors, he had deprived of her share in the kingdom, and imprisoned: she finds means to escape, comes privately to Cæsar, and puts herself under his protection. Cæsar interposes in the quarrel, and reconciles them. They in return entertain him with great magnificence and luxury at the Royal Palace in Alexandria. At this feast Cæsar, who at his first arrival had visited the tomb of Alexander the Great, and whatever else was curious in that city, enquires of the chief priest Achoreus, and is by him informed of the course of the Nile, its stated increase and decrease, with the several causes that had been till that time assigned for it. In the mean time Photinus writes privately to Achilles, to draw the army to Alexandria, and surprize Cæsar; this he immediately performs, and besieges the palace. But Cæsar, having set the city and many of the Ægyptian ships on fire, escapes to the island and tower of Pharos, carrying the young king and Photinus, whom he still kept in his power with him; there having discovered the treachery of Photinus, he puts him to death. At the same time Arsinoë, Ptolemy's younger sister, having by the advice of her tutor, the eunuch Ganymedes, assumed the regal authority, orders Achilles to be killed likewise, and renews the war against Cæsar.

Upon

Upon the mole between Pharos and Alexandria he is encompassed by the enemy, and very near being slain, but at length breaks through, leaps into the sea, and with his usual courage and good fortune swims in safety to his own fleet.

SOON as the victor reach'd the guilty shore,
 Yet red with stains of murder'd Pompey's gore,
 New toils his still prevailing fortune met,
 By impious Ægypt's genius hard beset.
 The strife was now, if this detested land
 Should own imperial Rome's supreme command,
 Or Cæsar bleed beneath some Pharian hand.
 But thou, oh Pompey! thy diviner shade,
 Came timely to this cruel father's aid;
 Thy influence the deadly sword withstood, 10
 Nor suffer'd Nile, again, to blush with Roman blood.
 Safe in the pledge of Pompey, slain so late,
 Proud Cæsar enters Alexandria's gate:
 Ensigns on high the long procession lead;
 The warrior and his armed train succeed. 15
 Meanwhile, loud-murmuring, the moody throng
 Behold his Fasces borne in state along:
 Of innovations fiercely they complain,
 And scornfully reject the Roman reign.
 Soon saw the chief th' untoward bent they take, 20
 And found that Pompey fell not for his sake.
 Wisely, howe'er, he did his secret fear,
 And held his way, with well-dissembled cheer.
 Careless, he runs their gods and temples o'er,
 The monuments of Macedonian power; 25

But neither god, nor shrine, nor mystic rite,
 Their city, nor her walls, his soul delight:
 Their caves beneath his fancy chiefly led,
 To search the gloomy mansions of the dead:
 Thither with secret pleasure he descends,
 And to the guide's recording tale attends. 30

There the vain youth who made the world his prize,
 That prosperous robber, Alexander, lies.
 When pitying death, at length, had freed mankind,
 To sacred rest his bones were here consign'd: 35
 His bones, that better had been toss'd and hurl'd,
 With just contempt, around the injur'd world.
 But Fortune spar'd the dead; and partial Fate,
 For ages, fix'd his Pharian empire's date.

If e'er our long-lost liberty return, 40
 That carcase is reserv'd for public scorn:
 Now, it remains a monument confess,
 How one proud man could lord it o'er the rest,
 To Macedon, a corner of the earth,
 The vast ambitious spoiler ow'd his birth: 45
 There, soon, he scorn'd his father's humbler reign,
 And view'd his vanquish'd Athens with disdain.

Driv'n headlong on, by Fate's resistless force,
 Through Asia's realms he took his dreadful course:
 His ruthless sword laid Human Nature waste, 50
 And desolation follow'd where he pass'd.

Red Ganges blush'd, and fam'd Euphrates' flood,
 With Persian this, and that with Indian blood.
 Such is the bolt which angry Jove employs,
 When, undistinguishing, his wrath destroys: 55

Such

Such to mankind, portentous meteors rise,
 Trouble the gazing earth; and blast the skies.
 Nor flame, nor flood, his restless rage withstand,
 Nor Syrts unfaithful, nor the Libyan sand :
 O'er waves unknown he meditates his way, 60
 And seeks the boundless empire of the sea ;
 Ey'n to the utmost west he would have gone,
 Where Tethys' lap receives the setting sun ;
 Around each pole his circuit would have made,
 And drunk from secret Nile's remotest head, }
 When nature's hand his wild ambition stay'd.
 With him, that power his pride had lov'd so well,
 His monstrous universal empire, fell :
 No heir, no just successor left behind, }
 Eternal wars he to his friends assign'd,
 To tear the world, and scramble for mankind. }
 Yet still he dy'd the master of his fame,
 And Parthia to the last rever'd his name :
 The haughty East from Greece receiv'd her doom,
 With lower homage than she pays to Rome. 75
 Though from the frozen pole our empire run,
 Far as the journeys of the southern sun ;
 In triumph though our conquering eagles fly,
 Where-e'er soft Zephyrs fan the western sky ;
 Still to the haughty Parthian must we yield, 80
 And mourn the loss of Carræ's dreadful field :
 Still shall the race untam'd their pride avow,
 And lift those heads aloft which Pella taught to bow.

From Casium now the beardless monarch came,
 To quench the kindling Alexandrian's flame. 85

Th' unwarlike rabble soon the tumult cease,
 And he, their king, remains the pledge of peace;
 When, veil'd in secrecy, and dark disguise,
 To mighty Cæsar, Cleopatra flies.
 Won by persuasive gold, and rich reward,
 Her keeper's hand her prison gates unbarr'd,
 And a light galley for her flight prepar'd. }
 Oh, fatal form! thy native Ægypt shame!
 Thou lewd perdition of the Latian name!
 How wert thou doom'd our furies to increase, 95
 And be what Helen was to Troy and Greece!
 When with an host, from vile Canopus led,
 Thy vengeance aim'd at great Augustus' head;
 When thy shrill timbrèl's sound was heard from far,
 And Rome herself shook at the coming war; 100
 When doubtful fortune, near Leucadia's strand,
 Suspended long the world's supreme command, }
 And almost gave it to a woman's hand.
 Such daring courage swells her wanton heart,
 While Roman lovers Roman fires impart: 105
 Glowing alike with greatness and delight,
 She rose still bolder from each guilty night.
 Then blame me, hapless, Antony, no more,
 Lost and undone by fatal beauty's power;
 If Cæsar, long inur'd to rage and arms, 110
 Submits his stubborn heart to those soft charms;
 If, reeking from Emathia's dreadful plain,
 And horrid with the blood of thousands slain,
 He sinks lascivious in a lewd embrace,
 While Pompey's ghastly spectre haunts the place, 115
 If

If Julia's chafteft name he can forget,
 And raife her, brethren of a baftard fet;
 If indolently he permits, from far,
 Bold Cato to revive the fainting war;
 If he can give away the fruits of blood, 120
 And fight to make a strumpet's title good.

To him, difdaining or to feign a tear,
 Or spread her artfully difhevel'd hair,
 In comely sorrow's decent garb array'd,
 And trufting to her beauty's certain aid, }
 In words like thefe began the Pharian maid.

If loyal birth and the Lagæan name,
 Thy favouring pity, greateft Cæfar, claim,
 Redrefs my wrongs, thus-humbly I implore,
 And to her ftate an injur'd-queen reftore. 130

Here fhed thy jufter influence, and rife
 A ftar auspicious to Ægyptian skies.
 Nor is it ftrange for Pharos to behold
 A woman's temples bound with regal gold:
 No laws our fofter fex's powers refrain, 135
 But undiftinguish'd equally we reign.

Vouchsafe my royal father's will to read,
 And learn what dying Ptolemy decreed:
 My juft pretentions ftand recorded there,
 My brother's empire and his bed to fhare. 140

Nor would the gentle boy his love refufe,
 Did curs'd Pothinus leave him free to choofe;
 But now in vaffalage he holds his crown,
 And acts by power and paffions not his own.
 Nor is my foul on empire fondly fet, 145
 But could with eafe my royal rights forget;

So thou the throne from vile dishonour save,
 Restore the master, and depose the slave.
 What scorn, what pride, his haughty bosom swell,
 Since, at his bidding, Roman Pompey fell! 150
 (Ev'n now, which oh! ye righteous gods, avert,
 His sword is level'd at thy noble heart)
 Thou and mankind are wrong'd, when he shall dare,
 Or in thy prize, or in thy crime to share.

In vain her words the warrior's ears assail'd, 155
 Had not her face beyond her tongue prevail'd;
 From thence resistless eloquence she draws,
 And with the sweet persuasion gains her cause.
 His stubborn heart dissolves in loose delight,
 And grants her suit, for one lascivious night. 160
 Ægypt and Cæsar, now, in peace agreed,
 Riot and feasting to the war succeed:
 The wanton queen displays her wealthy store,
 Excess unknown to frugal Rome before.
 Rich, as some fane by lavish zealots rear'd, 165
 For the proud banquet, stood the hall prepar'd:
 Thick golden plates the latent beams infold,
 And the high roof was fretted o'er with gold:
 Of solid marble all, the walls were made,
 And onyx ev'n the meaner floor inlay'd; 170
 While porphyry and agat, round the court,
 In massy columns, rose a proud support.
 Of solid ebony each post was wrought,
 From swarthy Meroë profusely brought:
 With ivory was the entrance crusted o'er, 175
 And polish'd tortoise hid each shining door;

While

LUCAN'S PHARSALIA, Book X. 439

While on the cloudy spots enchas'd was seen
The lively emerald's never-fading green.

Within, the royal beds and couches shone,
Beamy and bright with many a costly stone, 130

In glowing purple rich the coverings lie;
Twice had they drunk the noblest Tyrian dye:

Others, as Pharian artists have the skill
To mix the party-colour'd web at will,
With winding trails of various silks were made, 135

Where branching gold set off the rich brocade.

Around, of every age, and choicer form,
Huge crowds, whole nations of attendants swarm:

Some wait in yellow rings of golden hair,
The vanquish'd Rhine shew'd Cæsar none so fair: 140

Others were seen with swarthy woolly heads,
Black as eternal night's unchanging shades.

Here squealing eunuchs, a dismember'd train,
Lament the loss of genial joys in vain:

There nature's noblest work, a youthful band, 195
In the full pride of blooming manhood stand.

All duteous on the Pharian princes wait,
The princes round the board recline in state,
With mighty Cæsar, more than princes great. }

On ivory feet the citron board was wrought, 200
Richer than those with captive Juba brought.

With every wile ambitious beauty tries
To fix the daring Roman's heart her prize.

Her brother's meaner bed and crown she scorns,
And with fierce hopes for nobler empire burns; 205

Collects the mischiefs of her wanton eyes,

And her faint cheeks with deeper roses-dyes;

Amidst the braidings of her flowing hair,
 The spoils of orient rocks and shells appear ;
 Like midnight stars, ten thousand diamonds deck 210
 The comely rising of her graceful neck :
 Of wondrous work, a thin transparent lawn
 O'er each soft breast in decency was drawn ;
 Where still by turns the parting threads withdrew,
 And all the panting bosom rose to view. 215
 Her robe, her every part, her air, confess
 The power of female skill exhausted in her dress.
 Fantastic madness of unthinking pride,
 To boast that wealth, which prudence strives to hide !
 In Civil Wars such treasures to display, 220
 And tempt a soldier with the hopes of prey !
 Had Cæsar not been Cæsar, impious, bold,
 And ready to lay waste the world for gold,
 But just as all our frugal names of old ;
 This wealth could Curius or Fabricius know, 225
 Or ruder Cincinnatus from the plow,
 As Cæsar, they had seiz'd the mighty spoil,
 And to enrich their Tiber robb'd the Nile.
 Now, by a train of slaves, the various feast
 In massy gold magnificent was plac'd : 230
 Whatever earth, or air, or seas afford,
 In vast profusion crowns the labouring board.
 For dainties, Ægypt every land explores,
 Nor spares those very gods her zeal adores.
 The Nile's sweet wave capacious crystals pour, 235
 And gems of price the grapes delicious store ;
 No growth of Mareotis' marshy fields,
 But such as Meroë maturer yields ;

Where

LUCAN'S PHARSALIA, Book X. 441

Where the warm sun the racy juice refines,
 And mellows into age the infant wines. 240
 With wreaths of Nard the guests their temples bind,
 And blooming roses of immortal kind;
 Their dropping locks with oily odours flow,
 Recent from near Arabia, where they grow:
 The vigorous spices breathe their strong perfume, 245
 And the rich vapour fills the spacious room.

Here Cæsar Pompey's poverty disdain'd,
 And learn'd to waste that world his arms had gain'd.
 He saw th' Ægyptian wealth with greedy eyes,
 And wish'd some fair pretence to seize the prize. 250
 Sated at length with the prodigious feast,
 Their weary appetites from riot ceas'd;
 When Cæsar, curious of some new delight,
 In conversation sought to wear the night:
 Then gently thus address the good old priest, 255
 Reclining decent in his linen vest.

O wise Achoreus! venerable seer!
 Whose age bespeaks thee heaven's peculiar care,
 Say from what origin thy nation sprung,
 What boundaries to Ægypt's land belong? 260
 What are thy people's customs, and their modes,
 What rites they teach, what forms they give their gods?
 Each ancient sacred mystery explain,
 Which monumental sculptures yet retain.
 Divinity disdains to be confin'd, 265
 Fain would be known, and reverenc'd by mankind.
 'Tis said, thy holy predecessors thought
 Cecropian Plato worthy to be taught:

And

And sure the fages of your schools have known
No soul more form'd for science than my own. 270

Fame of my potent rival's flight, 'tis true,
To this your Pharian shore my journey drew;
Yet know, the love of learning led me too. }

In all the hurries of tumultuous war,
The stars, the gods, and heavens, were still my care.
Nor shall my skill to fix the rolling year
Inferior to Eudoxus' art appear.

Long has my curious soul, from early youth,
Toil'd in the noble search of sacred truth:

Yet still no views have urg'd my ardour more, 280

Than Nile's remotest fountain to explore,
Then say what source the famous stream supplies,
And bids it at revolving periods rise;

Shew me that head from whence, since time begun,

The long succession of his waves has run; 285

This let me know, and all my toils shall cease,

The sword be sheath'd, and earth be blest with peace.

The warrior spoke; and thus the scer reply'd:

Nor shalt thou, mighty Cæsar, be deny'd.

Our fires forbid all, but themselves, to know, 290

And kept with care profaner laymen low:

My soul, I own, more generously inclin'd,

Would let in daylight to inform the blind.

Nor would I truth in mysteries restrain,

But make the gods, their power, and precepts, plain; 295

Would teach their miracles, would spread their praise,

And well-taught minds to just devotion raise.

Know then, to all those stars, by nature driven

In opposition to revolving heaven, }

Some one peculiar influence was given. }

The sun the seasons of the year supplies,
 And bids the evening and the morning rise;
 Commands the planets with superior force,
 And keeps each wandering light to his appointed course.
 The silver moon o'er briny seas presides, 305
 And heaves huge ocean with alternate tides.
 Saturn's cold rays in icy climes prevail;
 Mars rules the winds, the storm, and rattling hail;
 Where Jove ascends, the skies are still serene;
 And fruitful Venus is the genial queen: 310
 While every limpid spring, and falling stream,
 Submits to radiant Hermes' reigning beam.
 When in the Crab the humid ruler shines,
 And to the sultry Lion near inclines,
 There fix'd immediate o'er Nile's latent source, 315
 He strikes the watery stores with ponderous force;
 Nor can the flood bright Maia's son withstand,
 But heaves, like ocean at the moon's command;
 His waves ascend, obedient as the seas,
 And reach their destin'd height by just degrees. 320
 Nor to its bank returns th' enormous tide,
 Till Libra's equal scales the days and nights divide.
 Antiquity, unknowing and deceiv'd,
 In dreams of Ethiopian fables believ'd:
 From hills they taught, how melting currents ran, 325
 When the first swelling of the flood began.
 But, ah, how vain the thought! no Boreas there
 In icy bonds constrains the wintry year,
 But sultry southern winds eternal reign,
 And scorching suns the swarthy natives stain. 330

Yet more, whatever flood the frost congeals,
 Melts as the genial spring's return he feels;
 While Nile's redundant waters never rise,
 Till the hot Dog inflames the summer skies;
 Nor to his banks his shrinking stream confines, 335
 Till high in heaven th' autumnal balance thines.
 Unlike his watery brethren he presides,
 And by new laws his liquid empire guides.
 From dropping seasons no increase he knows,
 Nor feels the fleecy showers of melting snows. 340
 His river swells not idly, ere the land
 The timely office of his waves demand;
 But knows his lot, by Providence assign'd,
 To cool the season, and refresh mankind.
 Whene'er the Lion sheds his fires around, 345
 And Cancer burns Syene's parching ground;
 Then, at the prayer of nations, comes the Nile,
 And kindly tempers up the mouldering soil.
 Nor from the plains the covering god retreats,
 Till the rude fervour of the skies abates; 350
 Till Phœbus into milder autumn fades,
 And Meroë projects her lengthening shades.
 Nor let inquiring scepticks ask the cause,
 'Tis Jove's command, and these are Nature's laws.

Others of old, as vainly too, have thought 355
 By western winds the spreading deluge brought;
 While at fix'd times, for many a day, they last,
 Possess the skies, and drive a constant blast;
 Collected clouds united Zephyrs bring,
 And shed huge rains from many a dropping wing,
 To heave the flood, and swell th' abounding spring. }

Or

Or when the airy brethren's steadfast force
 Resists the rushing current's downward course,
 Backward he rolls indignant, to his head :
 While o'er the plains his heapy waves are spread. 365

Some have believ'd, that spacious channels go
 Through the dark entrails of the earth below ;
 Through these, by turns, revolving rivers pass,
 And secretly pervade the mighty mass ;
 Through these the sun, when from the north he flies, 370
 And cuts the glowing Æthiopic skies,
 From distant streams attracts their liquid stores,
 And through Nile's spring th' assembled waters pours :
 Till Nile, o'er-burden'd, disembogues the load,
 And spews the foamy deluge all abroad. 375

Sages there have been too, who long maintain'd,
 That ocean's waves through porous earth are drain'd ;
 'Tis thence their saltness they no longer keep,
 By slow degrees still freshening as they creep :
 Till at a period, Nile receives them all, 380
 And pours them loosely spreading, as they fall.

The stars, and sun himself, as some have said,
 By exhalations from the deep are fed ;
 And when the golden ruler of the day
 Through Cancer's fiery sign pursues his way, }
 His beams attract too largely from the sea ; }
 The refuse of his draughts the nights return,
 And more than fill the Nile's capacious urn.

Were I the dictates of my soul to tell,
 And speak the reasons of the watery swell, 390
 To Providence the task I should assign,
 And find the cause in workmanship divine.

Less streams we trace, unerring, to their birth,
 And know the parent Earth which brought them forth :
 While this, as early as the world begun, 395
 Ran thus, and must continue thus to run ;
 And still, unfathom'd by our search, shall own
 No cause, but Jove's commanding will alone.

Nor, Cæsar, is thy search of knowledge strange ;
 Well may thy boundless soul desire to range, 400
 Well may she strive Nile's fountain to explore ;
 Since mighty kings have sought the same before ;
 Each for the first discoverer would be known,
 And hand, to future times, the secret down ;
 But still their powers were exercis'd in vain, 405
 While latent nature mock'd their fruitless pain.
 Philip's great son, whom Memphis still records,
 The chief of her illustrious scepter'd lords,
 Sent, of his own, a chosen number forth,
 To trace the wondrous stream's mysterious birth. 410
 Through Æthiopia's plains they journey'd on,
 Till the hot sun oppos'd the burning zone :
 There, by the god's resistless beams repell'd,
 An unbeginning stream they still beheld.
 Fierce came Sesostris from the eastern dawn, 415
 On his proud car by captive monarchs drawn ;
 His lawless will, impatient of a bound,
 Commanded Nile's hid fountain to be found :
 But sooner much the tyrant might have known
 Thy fam'd Hesperian Po, or Gallic Rhone. 420
 Cambyzes too, his daring Persians led,
 Where hoary age makes white the Ethiop's head ;

Till

Till sore distress'd and destitute of food,
 He stain'd his hungry jaws with human blood;
 Till half his host the other half devour'd, 425
 And left the Nile behind them unexplor'd.

Of thy forbidden head, thou sacred stream,
 Nor fiction dares to speak, nor poets dream.
 Through various nations roll thy waters down,
 By many seen, though still by all unknown; }
 No land presumes to claim thee for her own.
 For me, my humble tale no more shall tell,
 Than what our just records demonstrate well;
 Than God, who bade thee thus mysterious flow,
 Permits the narrow mind of man to know. 435

Far in the south the daring waters rise,
 As in disdain of Cancer's burning skies;
 Thence, with a downward course, they seek the main,
 Direct against the lazy northern wain;
 Unless when, partially, thy winding tide 440
 Turns to the Libyan or Arabian side.

The distant Seres first behold the flow;
 Nor yet thy spring the distant Seres know.

'Midst sooty Ethiops, next, thy current roams;
 The sooty Ethiops wonder whence it comes: 445

Nature conceals thy infant stream with care,
 Nor lets thee, but in majesty, appear.

Upon thy banks astonish'd nations stand,
 Nor dare assign thy rise, to one peculiar land.

Exempt from vulgar laws thy waters run, 450
 Nor take their various seasons from the sun:

Though high in heaven the fiery solstice stand,
 Obedient winter comes at thy command.

From

From pole to pole thy boundless waves extend;
 One never knows thy rise, nor one thy end. 455
 By Meroë thy stream divided roves,
 And winds encircling round her ebon groves;
 Of sable hue the costly timbers stand,
 Dark as the swarthy natives of the land:
 Yet, though tall woods in wide abundance spread, 460
 Their leafy tops afford no friendly shade;
 So vertically shine the solar rays,
 And from the Lion dart the downward blaze.
 From thence, through deserts dry, thou journey'st on,
 Nor shrink'st, diminish'd by the Torrid Zone, }
 Strong in thyself, collected, full, and one.
 Anon, thy streams are parcel'd o'er the plain,
 Anon the scatter'd currents meet again;
 Jointly they flow, where Philæ's gates divide
 Our fertile Ægypt from Arabia's side; 470
 Thence, with a peaceful, soft descent, they creep,
 And seek, insensibly, the distant deep;
 Till through seven mouths the famous flood is lost,
 On the last limits of our Pharian coast;
 Where Gaza's isthmus rises, to restrain 475
 The Erythræan from the midland main.
 Who that beholds thee, Nile! thus gently flow,
 With scarce a wrinkle on thy glassy brow,
 Can guess thy rage, when rocks resist thy force,
 And hurl thee headlong in thy downward course; 480
 When spouting cataracts thy torrent pour,
 And nations tremble at the deafening roar;
 When thy proud waves with indignation rise,
 And dash their foamy fury to the skies?

These

These wonders reedy Abatos can tell, 485
 And the tall cliffs that first declare thy swell;
 The cliffs with ignorance of old believ'd
 Thy parent veins, and for thy spring receiv'd.
 From thence huge mountains nature's hand provides,
 To bank thy too luxurious river's sides; 490
 As in a vale thy current she restrains,
 Nor suffers thee to spread the Libyan plains:
 At Memphis, first, free liberty she yields,
 And lets thee loose to float the thirsty fields.

In unsuspected peace securely laid,
 Thus waste they silent night's declining shade.

Meanwhile accustom'd Furies still infest, }
 With usual rage, Pothinus' horrid breast;
 Nor can the ruffian's hand from slaughter rest.
 Well may the wretch, distain'd with Pompey's blood,
 Think every other dreadful action good.

Within him still the snaky sisters dwell,
 And urge his soul with all the powers of hell.
 Can fortune to such hands such mischief doom,
 And let a slave revenge the wrongs of Rome! 505

Prevent th' example, pre-ordain'd to stand
 The great renown of Brutus' righteous hand!
 Forbid it, gods! that Cæsar's hallow'd blood,
 To Liberty by Fate a victim vow'd,
 Should on a less occasion e'er be spilt, 510

And prove a vile Ægyptian eunuch's guilt.
 Harden'd by crimes, the bolder villain, now,
 Avows his purpose with a daring brow;
 Scorns the mean aids of falsehood and surprize,
 And openly the victor chief defies. 515

Vain in his hopes, nor doubting to succeed,
He trusts that Cæsar must, like Pompey, bleed.

The feeble boy to curs'd Achillas' hand
Had, with his army, given his crown's command;
To him, by wicked sympathy of mind, 520
By leagues and brotherhood of murder join'd,
To him, the first and fittest of his friends,
Thus, by a trusty slave, Pothinus sends :

While stretch'd at ease the great Achillas lies,
And sleep sits heavy on his slothful eyes, 525
The bargain for our native land is made,
And the dishonest price already paid.
The former rule no longer now we own,
Usurping Cleopatra wears the crown.
Dost thou alone withdraw thee from her state, 530
Nor on the bridals of thy mistress wait?
To-night at large she lavishes her charms,
And riots in luxurious Cæsar's arms.
Ere long her brother may the wanton wed,
And reap the refuse of the Roman's bed ; 535
Doubly a bride, then doubly shall she reign,
While Rome and Ægypt wear, by turns, her chain.
Nor trust thou to thy credit with the boy,
When arts and eyes, like hers, their powers employ.
Mark with what ease her fatal charms can mould 540
The heart of Cæsar, ruthless, hard, and old?
Were the soft king his thoughtless head to rest,
But for a night, on her incestuous breast ;
His crown and friends he 'd barter for the bliss,
And give thy head and mine for one lewd kiss ; 545

LUCAN'S PHARSALIA, Book X. 451

On crosses, or in flames, we should deplore
 Her beauty's terrible resistless power.
 On both, her sentence is already pass'd,
 She dooms us dead, because we kept her chaste.
 What potent hand shall then assistance bring? 550
 Cæsar's her lover, and her husband king.
 Haste, I adjure thee by our common guilt,
 By that great blood which we in vain have spilt,
 Haste, and let war, let death, with thee return,
 And the funereal torch for Hymen's burn. 555
 Whate'er embrace the hostile charmer hold,
 Find, and tranfix her in the luscious fold.
 Nor let the fortune of this Latian Lord
 Abash thy courage, or restrain thy sword;
 In the same glorious guilty paths we tread, 560
 That rais'd him up, the world's imperious head.
 Like him, we seek dominion for our prize,
 And hope, like him, by Pompey's fall to rise.
 Witness the stains of yonder blushing wave,
 Yon bloody shore, and yon inglorious grave. 565
 Why fear we then to bring our wish to pass?
 This Cæsar is not more than Pompey was.
 What though we boast nor birth, nor noble name,
 Nor kindred with some purple monarch claim?
 Conscious of Fate's decree, such aid we scorn, 570
 And know we were for mighty mischief born.
 See, how kind Fortune, by this offer'd prey,
 Finds means to purge all past offence away:
 With grateful thanks Rome shall the deed approve,
 And this last merit the first crime remove. 575

Stripp'd of his titles, and the pomp of power,
 Cæsar's a single soldier and no more.
 Think then how easily the task were done,
 How soon we may an injur'd world atone;
 Finish all wars, appease each Roman shade, 580
 By sacrificing one devoted head.
 Fearless, ye dread united legions, go;
 Rush, all undaunted, on your common foe:
 This right, ye Romans! to your country do;
 Ye Pharians! this your king expects from you. 585
 But chief, Achillas! may the praise be thine;
 Haste thou, and find him on his bed supine,
 Weary with toiling lust, and gorg'd with wine. }
 Then strike, and what their Cato's prayers demand,
 The gods shall give to thy more favour'd hand. 590

Nor fail'd the message, fitted to persuade;
 But, prone to blood, the willing chief obey'd.
 No noisy trumpets sound the loud alarm,
 But silently the moving legions arm:
 All unperceiv'd, for battle they prepare, 595
 And bustle through the night with busy care.
 The mingled bands who form'd this mongrel host,
 To the disgrace of Rome, were Romans most;
 A herd, who had they not been lost to shame,
 And long forgetful of their country's name, 600
 Had blush'd to own ev'n Ptolemy their head;
 Yet now were by his meaner vassal led.
 Oh! mercenary war, thou slave of gold!
 How is thy faithless courage bought and sold!

For

For base reward thy hireling hands obey;
 Unknowing right or wrong, they fight for pay,
 And give their country's great revenge away. }
 Ah, wretched Rome! for whom thy fate prepares,
 In every nation, new domestic wars;
 The fury, that from pale Thessalia fled, 610
 Rears on the banks of Nile her baleful head.
 What could protecting Ægypt more have done,
 Had she receiv'd the haughty victor's son?
 But thus the gods our sinking state confound,
 Thus tear our mangled empire all around; 615
 In every land fit instruments employ,
 And suffer ruthless slaughter to destroy.
 Thus ev'n Ægyptian parricides presume
 To meddle in the sacred cause of Rome;
 Thus, had not Fate those hands of murder ty'd, 620
 Success had crown'd the vile Achillas' side.
 Nor wanted fit occasion for the deed;
 Timely the traitors to the place succeed,
 While in security the careless guest,
 Lingerin' as yet, his couch supinely prest: 625
 No gates, no guards, forbad their open way,
 But all dissolv'd in sleep and surfeits lay;
 With ease the victor at the board had bled,
 And lost in riot his defenceless head;
 But pious caution now their rage withstands, 630
 And care for Ptolemy withholds their hands:
 With reverence and remorse, unknown before,
 They dread to spill their royal master's gore;
 Lest, in the tumult of the murderous night,
 Some erring mischief on his youth may light. 635

Sway'd by this thought, not doubting to succeed,
They hold it fitting to defer the deed.

Gods ! that such wretches should so proudly dare !
Can such a life be theirs to take, or spare ?

Till dawn of day the warrior stood repriev'd, 644
And Cæsar at Achillas' bidding liv'd.

Now o'er aspiring Casium's eastern head
The rosy light by Lucifer was led ;
Swift through the land the piercing beams were borne,
And glowing Ægypt felt the kindling morn : 645

When from proud Alexandria's walls, afar,
The citizens behold the coming war.
The dreadful legions shine in just array,
And firm, as to the battle, hold their way.

Conscious, mean while, of his unequal force, 650
Straight to the palace Cæsar bends his course :

Nor in the lofty bulwarks dares confide,
Their ample circuit stretching far too wide :
To one fix'd part his little band retreats,
There mans the walls and towers, and bars the gates.
There fear, there wrath, by turns, his bosom tears ;
He fears, but still with indignation fears.

His daring soul, restrain'd, more fiercely burns,
And proudly the ignoble refuge scorns.

The captive lion thus, with generous rage, 660
Reluctant foams, and roars, and bites his cage.

Thus, if some power could Mulciber inflave,
And bind him down in Ætna's smoky cave,
With fires more fierce th' imprison'd god would glow,
And bellow in the dreadful deeps below. 665

He

He who so lately, with undaunted pride,
 The power of mighty Pompey's arms defy'd;
 With justice and the senate on his side;
 Who, with a cause which gods and men must hate,
 Stood up, and struggled for success with fate;
 Now abject foes and slaves insulting fears,
 And shrinks beneath a shower of Pharian spears.
 The warrior who disdain'd to be confin'd
 By Tyrian Gades, or the eastern Inde,
 Now in a narrow house conceals that head,
 From which the fiercest Scythians once had fled,
 And horrid Moors beheld with awful dread:
 From room to room irresolute he flies,
 And on some guardian bar or door relies.
 So boys and helpless maids, when towns are won, 680
 To secret corners for protection run.
 Still by this side the beardless king he bears,
 Ordain'd to share in every ill he fears:
 If he must die, he dooms the boy to go,
 Alike devoted to the shades below; 685
 Resolves his head a victim first shall fall,
 Hurl'd at his slaves from off the lofty wall.
 So from Æëtes fierce Medea fled,
 Her sword still aim'd at young Absyrtos' head;
 Whene'er she sees her vengeful fire draw nigh, 690
 Ruthless she dooms the wretched boy should die.
 Yet ere these cruel last extremes he proves,
 By gentler steps of peace the Roman moves:
 He sends an envoy, in the royal name,
 To chide their fury, and the war disclaim. 695

But impious they nor gods nor kings regard,
 Nor universal laws, by all rever'd;
 No right of sacred characters they know,
 But tear the olive from the hallow'd brow;
 To death the messenger of peace pursue, 700
 And in his blood their horrid hands embrue.

Such are the palms which curs'd Ægyptians claim,
 Such prodigies exalt their nation's name.
 Nor purple Theffaly's destructive shore,
 Nor dire Pharnaces, nor the Libyan Moor, 705
 Nor every barbarous land, in every age,
 Equal a soft Ægyptian eunuch's rage.

Incessant still the roar of war prevails,
 While the wild host the royal pile assails.
 Void of device, no thundering rams they bring, 710
 Nor kindling flames with spreading mischief fling:
 Bellowing around they run with fruitless pain,
 Heave at the doors, and thrust and strive in vain:
 More than a wall, great Cæsar's fortune stands,
 And mocks the madness of their feeble hands. 715

On one proud side the lofty fabric stood
 Projected bold into th' adjoining flood;
 There, fill'd with armed bands, their barks draw near,
 But find the same defending Cæsar there:
 To every part the ready warrior flies, 720
 And with new rage the fainting fight supplies;
 Headlong he drives them with his deadly blade,
 Nor seems to be invaded, but t' invade.
 Against the ships Phalaric darts he aims;
 Each dart with pitch and livid sulphur flames. 725

The

The spreading fire o'er-runs their unctuous sides,
 And, nimbly mounting, on the top-mast rides :
 Planks, yards and cordage, feed the dreadful blaze ;
 The drowning vessel hisses in the seas ;
 While floating arms and men, promiscuous strow'd, 730
 Hide the whole surface of the azure flood.
 Nor dwells destruction on their fleet alone,
 But, driven by winds, invades the neighbouring town :
 On rapid wings the sheety flames they bear,
 In wavy lengths, along the reddening air. 735
 Not much unlike, the shooting meteors fly,
 In gleamy trails, athwart the midnight sky.

Soon as the croud behold their city burn,
 Thither, all headlong, from the siege they turn.
 But Cæsar, prone to vigilance and haste, 740
 To snatch the just occasion ere it pass'd,
 Hid in the friendly night's involving shade,
 A safe retreat to Pharos timely made.
 In elder times of holy Proteus' reign,
 Ah isle it stood, incompass'd by the main : 745
 Now by a mighty mole the town it joins,
 And from wide seas the safer port confines.
 Of high importance to the chief it lies,
 To him brings aid, and to the foe denies :
 In close restraint the captive town is held, 750
 While free behind he views the watery field.
 There safe, with curs'd Pothinus in his power,
 Cæsar defers the villain's doom no more.
 Yet, ah ! by means too gentle he expires ;
 No gashing knives he feels, no scorching fires ; 755
 Nor

Nor were his limbs by grinning tigers torn,
 Nor pendent on the horrid cross are borne:
 Beneath the sword the wretch resigns his breath,
 And dies too gloriously by Pompey's death.

Mean-while, by wily Ganymede convey'd, 760
 Arsinoë, the younger royal maid,

Fled to the camp; and with a daring hand
 Assumes the sceptre of supreme command:
 And, for her feeble brother was not there,
 She calls herself the sole Lagæan heir.

Then, since he dares dispute her right to reign,
 She dooms the fierce Achilles to be slain.

With just remorse, repenting fortune paid
 This second victim to her Pompey's shade.

But oh! nor this, nor Ptolemy, nor all 770
 The race of Lagos doom'd at once to fall,
 Not hecatombs of tyrants shall suffice,
 Till Brutus strikes, and haughty Cæsar dies.

Nor yet the rage of war was hush'd in peace,
 Nor would that storm, with him who rais'd it, cease.

A second eunuch to the task succeeds,
 And Ganymede the power of Ægypt leads:
 He cheers the drooping Pharians with success,
 And urg'd the Roman chief with new distress.
 Such dangers did one dreadful day afford,
 As annals might to latest times record,
 And consecrate to fame the warrior's sword.

While to their barks his faithful band descends,
 Cæsar the mole's contracted space defends.

Part from the croud'd key aboard were pass'd, 785
 The careful chief remain'd among the last;

When

When sudden Ægypt's furious powers unite,
 And fix on him alone th' unequal fight.
 By land the numerous foot, by sea the fleet,
 At once surround him, and prevent retreat. 790
 No means for safety or escape remain,
 To fight, or fly, were equally in vain :
 A vulgar period on his wars attends,
 And his ambitious life obscurely ends.
 No seas of gore, no mountains of the slain, 795
 Renown the fight on some distinguish'd plain :
 But meanly in a tumult must he die,
 And, over-borne by crowds, inglorious lie :
 No room was left to fall as Cæsar should,
 So little were the hopes, his foes and fate allow'd. 800
 At once the place and danger he surveys,
 The rising mound, and the near neighbouring seas :
 Some fainting struggling doubts as yet remain :
 Can he, perhaps, his navy still regain ?
 Or shall he die, and end th' uncertain pain ? }
 At length, while madly thus perplex'd he burns,
 His own brave Scæva to his thought returns ;
 Scæva, who in the breach undaunted stood,
 And singly made the dreadful battle good ;
 Whose arm advancing Pompey's host repell'd, 810
 And, coop'd within a wall, the captive leader held.
 Strong in his soul the glorious image rose,
 And taught him, sudden, to disdain his foes ;
 The force oppos'd in equal scales to weigh,
 Himself was Cæsar, and Ægyptians they ; 815
 To trust that fortune, and those gods, once more,
 That never fail'd his daring hopes before.

Threatening, aloft his flaming blade he shook,
And through the throng his course resistless took :
Hands, arms, and helmed heads before him fly, 820
While mingling screams and groans ascend the sky.
So winds, imprison'd, force their furious way,
Tear up the earth, and drive the foamy sea.
Just on the margin of the mound he stay'd,
And for a moment, thence, the flood survey'd : 825
Fortune divine ! be present now, he cry'd ;
And plung'd, undaunted, in the foamy tide.
Th' obedient deep, at fortune's high command,
Receiv'd the mighty master of the land ;
Her servile waves officious Tethys spread, 830
To raise with proud support his awful head.
And, for he scorn'd th' inglorious race of Nile
Should pride themselves in aught of Cæsar's spoil,
In his left hand, above the water's power,
Papers and scrolls of high import he bore ; 835
Where his own labours faithfully record
The battles of ambition's ruthless sword :
Safe in his right, the deadly steel he held,
And plow'd, with many a stroke, the liquid field ;
While his fix'd teeth tenaciously retain 840
His ample Tyrian robe's imperial train ;
Th' incumber'd folds the curling surface sweep,
Come slow behind, and drag along the deep.
From the high mole, from every Pharian prow,
A thousand hands a thousand javelins throw ; 845
The thrilling points dip bloodless in the waves,
While he their idle wrath securely braves.

So when some mighty serpent of the main
 Rolls his huge length athwart the liquid plain,
 Whether he range voracious for the prey, 350
 Or to the sunny shore directs his way,
 Him if by chance the fishers view from far,
 With flying darts they wage a distant war :
 But the fell monster, unappall'd with dread,
 Above the seas exerts his poisonous head ; 355
 He rears his livid crest and kindling eyes,
 And, terrible, the feeble foe defies ;
 His swelling breast a foamy path divides,
 And, careless, o'er the murmuring flood he glides.

Some looser Muse, perhaps, who lightly treads 360
 The devious paths where wanton fancy leads,
 In heaven's high court, would feign the queen of love,
 Kneeling in tears before the throne of Jove,
 Imploring, sad, th' almighty father's grace,
 For the dear offspring of her Julian race. 365
 While to the just recording Romans eyes,
 Far other forms, and other gods arise ;
 The guardian furies round him rear their heads,
 And Nemesis the shield of safety spreads ;
 Justice and fate the floating chief convey, 370
 And Rome's glad genius wafts him on his way ;
 Freedom and laws the Pharian darts withstand,
 And save him for avenging Brutus' hand.
 His friends, unknowing what the gods decree,
 With joy receive him from the swelling sea ;
 In peals on peals their shouts triumphant rise,
 Roll o'er the distant flood, and thunder to the skies,

THE FIRST PART OF THE HISTORY OF THE
LIFE OF SAMUEL JOHNSON
BY JAMES BOSWELL
IN TWO VOLUMES
LONDON: Printed by A. MILLAR, in Pall-mall; and by J. DODD, in St. Pauls Church-yard. 1791.

4 AP 54

THE SECOND PART OF THE HISTORY OF THE
LIFE OF SAMUEL JOHNSON
BY JAMES BOSWELL
IN TWO VOLUMES
LONDON: Printed by A. MILLAR, in Pall-mall; and by J. DODD, in St. Pauls Church-yard. 1791.

THE THIRD PART OF THE HISTORY OF THE
LIFE OF SAMUEL JOHNSON
BY JAMES BOSWELL
IN TWO VOLUMES
LONDON: Printed by A. MILLAR, in Pall-mall; and by J. DODD, in St. Pauls Church-yard. 1791.

C O N T E N T S.

PREFACE, containing some Account of Lucan, Page 1

LUCAN'S PHARSALIA, Book I.	41
II.	81
III.	120
IV.	159
V.	203
VI.	244
VII.	287
VIII.	328
IX.	369
X.	432

THE END OF ROWE'S LUCAN.

CONTENTS

PRELIMINARY ACCOUNT OF LUCAS

Page

LUCAS'S RESEARCHES, Book I.

41

I.

42

II.

100

III.

103

IV.

203

V.

206

VI.

207

VII.

208

VIII.

209

IX.

210

X.

211

XI.

212

XII.

213

XIII.

THE HISTORY OF LUCAS

4 AP 54

